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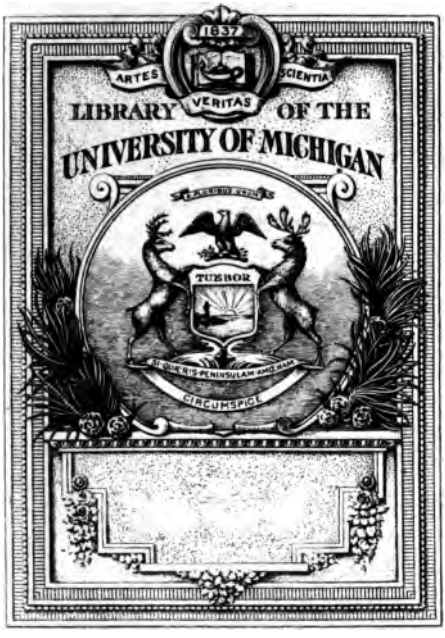

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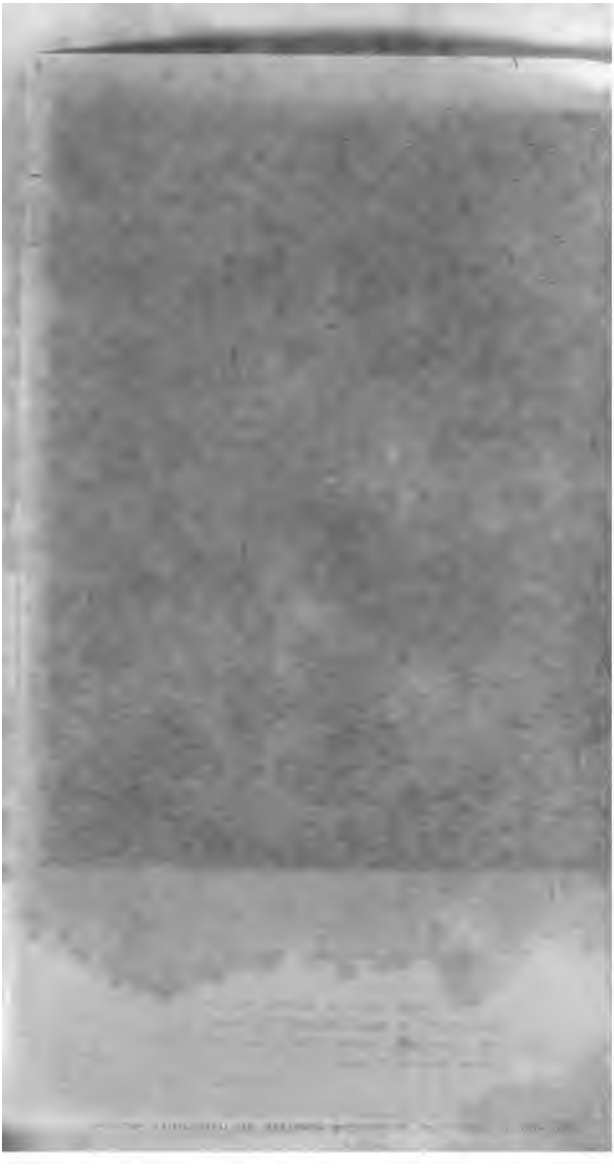

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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

COMPRISING

HIS POEMS,

CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THE EDITOR,

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.

POET LAUREATE, ETC.

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THE

ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

VOL. I.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER,

THE FOLLOWING

TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY,

A POEM THAT EXHIBITS

IN THE CHARACTER OF ITS HEROINE

AN EXAMPLE OF ALL DOMESTIC VIRTUE,

IS WITH EQUAL PROPRIETY AND RESPECT

INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

THE

ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

In a council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulysses, still a wanderer. They resolve to grant him a safe return to Ithaca. Minerva descends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Mentes directs him in what manner to proceed. Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the suitors are occasionally suggested.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

MUSE, make the man thy theme, for shrewdness famed
And genius versatile, who far and wide
A Wanderer, after Ilium overthrown,
Discovered various cities, and the mind
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote.
He numerous woes, on Ocean toss'd, endured,
Anxious to save himself, and to conduct
His followers to their home; yet all his care
Preserved them not; they perish'd self-destroy'd
By their own fault; infatuate! who devour'd
The oxen of the all-o'erseeing Sun,
And, punish'd for that crime, return'd no more.
Daughter divine of Jove, these things record,
As it may please thee, even in our ears.
The rest, all those who had perdition 'scaped
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home;
Him only, of his country and his wife
Alike desirous, in her hollow grots
Calypso, Goddess beautiful, detain'd
Wooing him to her arms. But when, at length,

(Many a long year elapsed,) the year arrived
Of his return (by the decree of Heaven)
To Ithaca, not even then had he,
Although surrounded by his people, reach'd
The period of his sufferings and his toils.
Yet all the Gods, with pity moved, beheld
His woes, save Neptune; He alone with wrath
Unceasing and implacable pursued
Godlike Ulysses to his native shores.
But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians sought,
(The Æthiopians, utmost of mankind,
These Eastward situate, those toward the West,)
Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs.
There sitting, pleased he banquetted; the Gods
In Jove's abode, meantime, assembled all,
'Midst whom the Sire of heaven and earth began.
For he recalled to mind Ægisthus slain
By Agamemnon's celebrated son
Orestes, and retracing in his thought
That dread event, the Immortals thus address'd.
  Alas! how prone are human-kind to blame
The Powers of Heaven! From us, they say, proceed
The ills which they endure, yet more than Fate
Herself inflicts, by their own crimes incur.
So now Ægisthus, by no force constrain'd
Of Destiny, Atrides' wedded wife
Took to himself, and him at his return
Slew, not unwarn'd of his own dreadful end
By us; for we commanded Hermes down
The watchful Argicide, who bade him fear

Alike, to slay the King, or woo the Queen:
For that Atrides' son Orestes, soon
As grown mature, and eager to assume
His sway imperial, should avenge the deed.
So Hermes spake, but his advice moved not
Ægisthus, on whose head the whole arrear
Of vengeance heap'd, at last, hath therefore fallen.
Whom answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed.
Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all supreme!
And well he merited the death he found;
So perish all who shall, like him, offend.
But with a bosom anguish-rent I view
Ulysses, hapless Chief, who from his friends
Remote, affliction hath long time endured
In yonder wood-land isle, the central boss
Of Ocean. That retreat a Goddess holds,
Daughter of sapient Atlas, who the abyss
Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high
Himself upbears which separate earth from heaven.
His daughter, there, the sorrowing Chief detains,
And ever with smooth speech insidious seeks
To wean his heart from Ithaca; meantime
Ulysses, happy might he but behold
The smoke ascending from his native land,
Death covets. Canst thou not, Olympian Jove!
At last relent? Hath not Ulysses oft
With victims slain amid Achaia's fleet
Thee gratified while yet at Troy he fought?
How hath he then so deep incensed thee, Jove?
To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Daughter beloved?
Can I forget Ulysses? Him forget
So noble, who in wisdom all mankind
Excels, and who hath sacrificed so oft
To us whose dwelling is the boundless heaven?
Earth-circling Neptune—He it is whose wrath
Pursues him ceaseless for the Cyclops' sake
Polypheme, strongest of the giant race,
Whom of his eye Ulysses hath deprived.
For Him, Thoösa bore, Nymph of the sea
From Phorcys sprung, by Ocean's mighty power
Impregnated in caverns of the Deep.
E'er since that day, the Shaker of the shores,
Although he slay him not, yet devious drives
Ulysses from his native isle afar.
Yet come—in full assembly his return
Contrive we now, both means and prosperous end;
So Neptune shall his wrath remit, whose power
In contest with the force of all the Gods
Exerted single, can but strive in vain.
  To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed.
Oh Jupiter! above all Kings enthroned!
If the Immortals ever-blest ordain
That wise Ulysses to his home return,
Dispatch we then Hermes the Argicide,
Our messenger, hence to Ogygia's isle,
Who shall inform Calypso, nymph divine,
Of this our fixt resolve, that to his home
Ulysses, toil-enduring Chief, repair.
Myself will hence to Ithaca, meantime,

His son to animate, and with new force
Inspire, that (the Achaians all convened
In council,) he may, instant, bid depart
The suitors from his home, who, day by day,
His numerous flocks and fatted herds consume.
And I will send him thence to Sparta forth,
And into sandy Pylus, there to hear
(If hear he may) some tidings of his Sire,
And to procure himself a glorious name.
This said, her golden sandals to her feet
She bound, ambrosial, which o'er all the earth
And o'er the moist flood waft her fleet as air;
Then, seizing her strong spear pointed with brass,
In length and bulk and weight a matchless beam,
With which the Jove-born Goddess levels ranks
Of Heroes, against whom her anger burns,
From the Olympian summit down she flew,
And on the threshold of Ulysses' hall
In Ithaca, and within his vestibule
Apparent stood; there, grasping her bright spear,
Mentes[1] she seem'd, the hospitable Chief
Of Taphos' isle. She found the haughty throng
The suitors; they before the palace gate
With ivory cubes sported, on numerous hides
Reclined of oxen which themselves had slain.
The heralds and the busy menials there

[1] We are told that Homer was under obligations to Mentes, who had frequently given him a passage in his ship to different countries which he wished to see, for which reason he has here immortalized him.

Minister'd to them; these their mantling cups
With water slaked; with bibulous sponges those
Made clean the tables, set the banquet on,
And portion'd out to each his plenteous share.
Long ere the rest Telemachus himself
Mark'd her, for sad amid them all he sat,
Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative
His noble Sire, and questioning if yet
Perchance the Hero might return to chase
From all his palace that imperious herd,
To his own honour lord of his own home.
Amid them musing thus, sudden he saw
The Goddess, and sprang forth, for he abhorr'd
To see a guest's admittance long delay'd;
Approaching eager, her right hand he seized,
The brazen spear took from her, and in words
With welcome wing'd Minerva thus address'd.
  Stranger, all hail! to share our cordial love
Thou comest; the banquet finish'd, thou shalt next
Inform me wherefore thou hast here arrived.
  So saying, toward the spacious hall he moved,
Follow'd by Pallas, and, arriving soon
Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright spear
Within a pillar's cavity, long time
The armoury where many a spear had stood,
Bright weapons of his own illustrious Sire.
Then, leading her toward a footstool'd throne
Magnificent, which first he overspread
With linen, there he seated her, apart
From that rude throng, and for himself disposed

A throne of various colours at her side,
Lest, stunn'd with clamour of the lawless band,
The new-arrived should loth perchance to eat,
And that more free he might the stranger's ear
With questions of his absent Sire address.
And now a maiden charged with golden ewer,
And with an argent laver, pouring first
Pure water on their hands, supplied them, next,
With a resplendent table, which the chaste
Directress of the stores furnish'd with bread
And dainties, remnants of the last regale.
Then, in his turn, the sewer[2] with savoury meats,
Dish after dish, served them, of various kinds,
And golden cups beside the chargers placed,
Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine.
Ere long, in rush'd the suitors, and the thrones
And couches occupied, on all whose hands
The heralds pour'd pure water; then the maids
Attended them with bread in baskets heap'd,
And eager they assail'd the ready feast.
At length, when neither thirst nor hunger more
They felt unsatisfied, to new delights
Their thoughts they turn'd, to song and sprightly dance,
Enlivening sequel of the banquet's joys.
An herald, then, to Phemius' hand consign'd
His beauteous lyre; he through constraint regaled
The suitors with his song, and while the chords
He struck in prelude to his pleasant strains,

[2] Milton uses the word—

——————— Sewers and seneschals.

Thy questions satisfy. Behold in me
Mentes, the offspring of a Chief renown'd
In war, Anchialus; and I rule, myself,
An island race, the Taphians oar-expert.
With ship and mariners I now arrive,
Seeking a people of another tongue
Athwart the gloomy flood, in quest of brass
For which I barter steel, ploughing the waves
To Temesa. My ship beneath the woods
Of Neïus, at yonder field that skirts
Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides.
We are hereditary guests; our Sires
Were friends long since; as, when thou seest him next,
The Hero old Laertes will avouch,
Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more
The city now, but in sequester'd scenes
Dwells sorrowful, and by an ancient dame
With food and drink supplied oft as he feels
Refreshment needful to him, while he creeps
Between the rows of his luxuriant vines.
But I have come drawn hither by report,
Which spake thy Sire arrived, though still it seems
The adverse Gods his homeward course retard.
For not yet breathless lies the noble Chief,
But in some island of the boundless flood
Resides a prisoner, by barbarous force
Of some rude race detain'd reluctant there.
And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods
Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd
I yet trust shall come to pass.

Telemachus his head inclining nigh
To Pallas' ear, lest others should his words
Witness, the blue-eyed Goddess thus bespake.
My inmate and my friend! far from my lips
Be every word that might displease thine ear!
The song—the harp,—what can they less than charm
These wantons? who the bread unpurchased eat
Of one whose bones on yonder continent
Lie mouldering, drench'd by all the showers of heaven,
Or roll at random in the billowy deep.
Ah! could they see him once to his own isle
Restored, both gold and raiment they would wish
Far less, and nimbleness of foot instead.
But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate
Past question perish'd, and what news soe'er
We hear of his return, kindles no hope
In us, convinced that he returns no more.
But answer undissembling; tell me true;
Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where
Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship
Camest thou? Why steer'd the mariners their course
To Ithaca, and of what land are they?
For that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure.
This also tell me, hast thou now arrived
New to our isle, or wast thou heretofore
My father's guest? since many to our house
Resorted in those happier days, for he
Drew powerful to himself the hearts of all.
Then Pallas thus, Goddess cœrulean-eyed.
I will with all simplicity of truth

Thy questions satisfy. Behold in me
Mentes, the offspring of a Chief renown'd
In war, Anchialus; and I rule, myself,
An island race, the Taphians oar-expert.
With ship and mariners I now arrive,
Seeking a people of another tongue
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Dwells sorrowful, and by an ancient dame
With food and drink supplied oft as he feels
Refreshment needful to him, while he creeps
Between the rows of his luxuriant vines.
But I have come drawn hither by report,
Which spake thy Sire arrived, though still it seems
The adverse Gods his homeward course retard.
For not yet breathless lies the noble Chief,
But in some island of the boundless flood
Resides a prisoner, by barbarous force
Of some rude race detain'd reluctant there.
And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods
Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd
Nor prophet, I yet trust shall come to pass.

He shall not, henceforth, live an exile long
From his own shores, no, not although in bands
Of iron held, but will ere long contrive
His own return; for in expedients, framed
With wondrous ingenuity, he abounds.
But tell me true; art thou, in stature such,
Son of himself Ulysses? for thy face
And eyes bright-sparkling, strongly indicate
Ulysses in thee. Frequent have we both
Conversed together thus, thy Sire and I,
Ere yet he went to Troy, the mark to which
So many Princes of Achaia steer'd.
Him since I saw not, nor Ulysses me.
To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
Stranger! I tell thee true; my mother's voice
Affirms me his, but, since no mortal knows
His derivation, I affirm it not.
Would I had been son of some happier sire,
Ordain'd in calm possession of his own
To reach the verge of life. But now, report
Proclaims me his, whom I of all mankind
Unhappiest deem.—Thy question is resolved.
Then answer thus Pallas blue-eyed return'd.
From no ignoble race, in future days,
The Gods shall prove thee sprung, whom so endow'd
With every grace Penelope hath borne.
But tell me true. What festival is this?
This throng,—whence are they? wherefore hast thou need
Of such a multitude? Behold I here

A banquet, or a nuptial feast? for these
Meet not by contribution[3] to regale,
With such brutality and din they hold
Their riotous banquet! A wise man and good
Arriving, now, among them, at the sight
Of such enormities would much be wroth.
To whom replied Telemachus discrete.
Since, stranger! thou hast ask'd, learn also this.
While yet Ulysses with his people dwelt,
His presence warranted the hope that here
Virtue should dwell and opulence; but Heaven
Hath cast for us, at length, a different lot,
And he is lost, as never man before.
For I should less lament even his death,
Had he among his friends at Ilium fallen,
Or in the arms of his companions died,
Troy's siege accomplish'd. Then his tomb the Greeks
Of every tribe had built, and for his son,
He had immortal glory atchieved; but now,
By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach
Of eye or ear he lies; and hath to me
Grief only, and unceasing sighs bequeath'd.
Nor mourn I for his sake alone; the Gods
Have plann'd for me still many a woe beside;
For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,

[3] Ἔρανος, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at least contributed something; but it seems to have been a meeting at which strict sobriety was observed, else Pallas would not have inferred from the noise and riot of this, that it was not such a one.

Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd
Zacynthus, others also, rulers here
In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek
In marriage, and my household stores consume.
But neither she those nuptial rites abhorr'd
Refuses absolute, nor yet consents
To end them; they my patrimony waste
Meantime, and will not long spare even me.
To whom, with deep commiseration pang'd,
Pallas replied. Alas! great need hast thou
Of thy long absent father to avenge
These numerous wrongs; for could he now appear
There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, shield,
And grasping his two spears, such as when first
I saw him drinking joyous at our board,
From Ilus son of Mermeris, who dwelt
In distant Ephyre, just then return'd,
(For thither also had Ulysses gone
In his swift bark, seeking some poisonous drug
Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen,
Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods
Ilus refused him, and my father free
Gave to him, for he loved him past belief;)
Could now, Ulysses, clad in arms as then,
Mix with these suitors, short his date of life
To each, and bitter should his nuptials prove.
But these events, whether he shall return
To take just vengeance under his own roof,
Or whether not, lie all in the Gods' lap.
Meantime I counsel thee, thyself to think

By what means likeliest thou shalt expel
These from thy doors. Now mark me: close attend.
To-morrow, summoning the Greecian Chiefs
To council, speak to them, and call the Gods
To witness that solemnity. Bid go
The suitors hence, each to his own abode.
Thy mother—if her purpose be resolved
On marriage, let her to the house return
Of her own potent father, who, himself,
Shall furnish forth her matrimonial rites,
And ample dower, such as it well becomes
A darling daughter to receive, bestow.
But hear me now; thyself I thus advise.
The prime of all thy ships preparing, mann'd
With twenty rowers, voyage hence to seek
Intelligence of thy long-absent Sire.
Some mortal may inform thee, or a word[4],
Perchance, by Jove directed (safest source
Of notice to mankind) may reach thine ear.
First voyaging to Pylus, there enquire
Of noble Nestor; thence to Sparta tend,
To question Menelaus amber-hair'd,
Latest arrived of all the host of Greece.
There should'st thou learn that still thy father lives,
And hope obtain of his return, although
Distress'd, thou wilt be patient yet a year.

[4] Ὄσσα—a word spoken, with respect to the speaker, casually; but with reference to the inquirer supposed to be sent for his information by the especial appointment and providential favour of the Gods.

But should'st thou there hear tidings that he breathes
No longer, to thy native isle return'd,
First heap his tomb; then with such pomp perform
His funeral rites as his great name demands,
And make thy mother's spousals, next, thy care.
These duties satisfied, deliberate last
Whether thou shalt these troublers of thy house
By stratagem, or by assault, destroy:
For thou art now no child, nor longer mayest
Sport like one. Hast thou not the proud report
Heard, how Orestes hath renown acquired
With all mankind his father's murtherer
Ægisthus slaying, the deceiver base
Who slaughter'd Agamemnon? Oh my friend!
(For with delight thy vigorous growth I view,
And just proportion,) be thou also bold,
And merit praise from ages yet to come.
But I will to my vessel now repair,
And to my mariners, whom, absent long,
I may perchance have troubled. Weigh thou well
My counsel; let not my advice be lost.
To whom Telemachus discrete replied.
Stranger! thy words bespeak thee much my friend,
Who, as a father teaches his own son,
Has taught me, and I never will forget.
But, though in haste thy voyage to pursue,
Yet stay, that in the bath refreshing first
Thy limbs now weary, thou may'st sprightlier seek
Thy gallant bark, charged with some noble gift
Of finish'd workmanship, which thou shalt keep

As my memorial ever; such a boon
As men confer on guests whom much they love.
Then Pallas thus, Goddess cœrulean-eyed.
Retard me not, for go I must; the gift
Which liberal thou desirest to bestow,
Give me at my return, that I may bear
The treasure home; and, in exchange, thyself
Expect some gift equivalent from me.
She spake, and as with eagle-wings upborne,
Vanish'd incontinent, but him inspired
With daring fortitude, and on his heart
Dearer remembrance of his Sire impress'd
Than ever. Conscious of the wonderous change,
Amazed he stood, and in his secret thought
Revolving all, believed his guest a God.
The youthful Hero to the suitors then
Repair'd; they silent, listen'd to the song
Of the illustrious Bard; he the return
Deplorable of the Achaian host
From Ilium by command of Pallas, sang.
Penelope, Icarius' daughter, mark'd
Meantime the song celestial, where she sat
In the superior palace; down she came,
By all the numerous steps of her abode;
Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her.
She then, divinest of her sex, arrived
In presence of that lawless throng, beneath
The portal of her stately mansion stood,
Between her maidens, and with lucid veil
Her lovely features mantling. There, profuse
She wept, and thus the sacred bard bespake.

Phemius! for many a sorrow-soothing strain
Thou know'st beside, such as exploits record
Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme;
Give them of those a song, and let themselves
Their wine drink noiseless; but this mournful strain
Break off, unfriendly to my bosom's peace,
And which of all hearts nearest touches mine;
With such regret my dearest lord I mourn,
Remembering still an husband praised from side
To side, and in the very heart of Greece.

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.
My mother! wherefore should it give thee pain
If the delightful bard that theme pursue
To which he feels his mind impell'd? the bard
Blame not, but rather Jove, who, as he wills,
Materials for poetic art supplies.
No fault is his, if the disastrous fate
He sing of the Achaians, for the song
Wins ever from the hearers most applause
That has been least in use. Of all who fought
At Troy, Ulysses hath not lost, alone,
His day of glad return; but many a Chief
Hath perish'd also. Seek thou then again
Thy own apartment, spindle ply and loom,
And task thy maidens; management belongs
To men of joys convivial, and of men
Especially to me, chief ruler here.

She heard astonish'd; and the prudent speech
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,
Again with her attendant maidens sought

Her upper chamber. There arrived, she wept
Her lost Ulysses, till Minerva bathed
Her weary lids in dewy sleep profound.
Then echoed through the palace dark-bedimm'd
With evening shades, the suitors' boisterous roar,
For each the royal bed burn'd to partake,
Whom thus Telemachus discrete address'd.
All ye my mother's suitors, though addict
To contumacious wrangling fierce, suspend
Your clamour, for a course to me it seems
More decent far, when such a bard as this,
Godlike for sweetness, sings, to hear his song.
To-morrow meet we in full council all,
That I may plainly warn you to depart
From this our mansion. Seek ye where ye may
Your feasts; consume your own, alternate fed
Each at the other's cost; but if it seem
Wisest in your account and best, to eat
Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
Of one man, rendering[5] no account of all,
Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry
Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope
That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,
Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
To bleed, and of your blood ask[5] no account.

[5] There is in the Original an evident stress laid on the word Νήποινοι, which is used in both places. It was a sort of Lex Talionis which Telemachus hoped might be put in force against them; and that Jove would demand no satisfaction for the lives of those, who made him none for the waste of his property.

He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghast
At his undaunted hardiness of speech.
Then thus Antinoüs spake, Eupithes' son.
Telemachus! the Gods, methinks, themselves
Teach thee sublimity, and to pronounce
Thy matter fearless. Ah forbid it, Jove!
That one so eloquent should with the weight
Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charged,
A realm, by claim hereditary, thine.
Then prudent thus Telemachus replied.
Although my speech, Antinoüs, may, perchance,
Provoke thee, know that I am not averse
From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me such.
Seems it to thee a burthen to be fear'd
By men above all others? trust me, no.
There is no ill in royalty; the man
So station'd, waits not long ere he obtain
Riches and honour. But I grant that Kings
Of the Achaians may no few be found
In sea-girt Ithaca both young and old,
Of whom since great Ulysses is no more,
Reign whoso may; but King, myself, I am
In my own house, and over all my own
Domestics, by Ulysses gained for me.
To whom Eurymachus replied, the son
Of Polybus. What Greecian Chief shall reign
In sea-girt Ithaca, must be referr'd
To the Gods' will, Telemachus! meantime
Thou hast unquestionable right to keep
Thy own, and to command in thy own house.

May never that man on her shores arrive,
While an inhabitant shall yet be left
In Ithaca, who shall by violence wrest
Thine from thee. But permit me, noble Sir!
To ask thee of thy guest. Whence came the man?
What country claims him? Where are to be found
His kindred and his patrimonial fields?
Brings he glad tidings of thy Sire's approach
Homeward? or came he to receive a debt
Due to himself? How swift he disappear'd!
Nor opportunity to know him gave
To those who wish'd it; for his face and air
Him speak not of Plebeian birth obscure.
Whom answer'd thus Telemachus discrete.
Eurymachus! my father comes no more.
I can no longer, now, tidings believe,
If such arrive; nor heed I more the song
Of sooth-sayers whom my mother may consult.
But this my guest hath known in other days
My father, and he came from Taphos, son
Of brave Anchialus, Mentes by name,
And Chief of the sea-practised Taphian race.
So spake Telemachus, but in his heart
Knew well his guest a Goddess from the skies.
Then they to dance and heart-enlivening song
Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve,
And dusky evening found them joyous still.
Then each, to his own house retiring, sought
Needful repose. Meantime Telemachus
To his own lofty chamber, built in view

Of the wide hall, retired; but with a heart
In various musings occupied intense.
Sage Euryclea, bearing in each hand
A torch, preceded him; her sire was Ops,
Pisenor's son, and in her early prime,
At his own cost Laertes made her his,
Paying with twenty beeves her purchase-price.
Nor in less honour than his spotless wife
He held her ever, but his consort's wrath
Fearing, at no time call'd her to his bed.
She bore the torches, and with truer heart
Loved him than any of the female train,
For she had nursed him in his infant years.
He open'd his broad chamber-valves, and sat
On his couch-side; then, putting off his vest
Of softest texture, placed it in the hands
Of the attendant dame discrete, who first
Folding it with exactest care, beside
His bed suspended it, and, going forth,
Drew by its silver ring the portal close,
And fasten'd it with bolt and brace secure.
There lay Telemachus, on finest wool
Reposed, contemplating all night his course
Prescribed by Pallas to the Pylian shore.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Telemachus having convened an assembly of the Greecians, publicly calls on the Suitors to relinquish the house of Ulysses. During the continuance of the Council he has much to suffer from the petulance of the Suitors, from whom having informed them of his design to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulysses, he asks a ship, with all things necessary for the purpose. He is refused, but is afterwards furnished with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privity of his mother, and the Goddess sails with him.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK II.

AURORA, rosy daughter of the dawn,
Now tinged the East, when, habited again,
Uprose Ulysses' offspring from his bed.
Athwart his back his faulchion keen he slung,
His sandals bound to his unsullied feet,
And, Godlike, issued from his chamber-door.
At once the clear-voiced heralds he enjoin'd
To call the Greeks to council; they aloud
Gave forth the summons, and the throng began.
When all were gather'd, and the assembly full,
Himself, his hand arm'd with a brazen spear,
Went also; nor alone he went; his hounds
Fleet-footed follow'd him a faithful pair.
O'er all his form Minerva largely shed
Majestic grace divine, and, as he went,
The whole admiring concourse gazed on him.
The seniors gave him place, and down he sat
On his paternal Throne. Then grave arose
The Hero, old Ægyptius; bow'd with age
Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd.

His son had with Ulysses, godlike Chief,
On board his fleet to steed-famed Ilium gone,
The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave
The savage Cyclops slew, and on his flesh
At evening made obscene his last regale.
Three sons he had beside, a suitor one,
Eurynomus; the other two, employ
Found constant managing their Sire's concerns.
Yet he forgat not, father as he was
Of these, his absent eldest whom he mourn'd
Ceaseless, and thus his speech, weeping, began.
  Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends!
Nor council here nor session hath been held
Since great Ulysses left his native shore.
Who now convenes us? what especial need
Hath urged him, whether of our youth he be,
Or of our senators by age matured?
Have tidings reach'd him of our host's return,
Which here he would divulge? or brings he aught
Of public import on a different theme?
I deem him, whomsoe'er he be, a man
Worthy to prosper, and may Jove vouchsafe
The full performance of his chief desire!
  He ended, and Telemachus rejoiced
In that good omen. Ardent to begin,
He sat not long, but moving to the midst,
Received the sceptre from Pisenor's hand,
His prudent herald, and addressing, next,
The hoary Chief Ægyptius, thus began.
  Not far remote, as thou shalt soon thyself

Perceive, oh venerable Chief! he stands,
Who hath convened this council. I, am He.
I am in chief the sufferer. Tidings none
Of the returning host I have received,
Which here I would divulge, nor bring I aught
Of public import on a different theme,
But my own trouble, on my own house fallen,
And two-fold fallen. One is, that I have lost
A noble father, who, as fathers rule
Benign their children, govern'd once yourselves;
The other, and the more alarming ill,
With ruin threatens my whole house, and all
My patrimony with immediate waste.
Suitors, (their children who in this our isle
Hold highest rank,) importunate besiege
My mother, though desirous not to wed;
And rather than resort to her own Sire
Icarius, who might give his daughter dower,
And portion her to whom he most approves,
(A course which, only named, moves their disgust,)
They chuse, assembling all within my gates
Daily to make my beeves, my sheep, my goats
Their banquet, and to drink without restraint
My wine; whence ruin threatens us and ours;
For I have no Ulysses to relieve
Me and my family from this abuse.
Ourselves are not sufficient; we, alas!
Too feeble should be found, and yet to learn
How best to use the little force we own;
Else, had I power, I would, myself, redress

The evil; for it now surpasses far
All sufferance, now they ravage uncontroul'd,
Nor show of decency vouchsafe me more.
Oh be[1] ashamed yourselves; blush at the thought
Of such reproach as ye shall sure incur
From all our neighbour states, and fear beside
The wrath of the Immortals, lest they call
Yourselves one day to a severe account.
I pray you by Olympian Jove, by her
Whose voice convenes all councils, and again
Dissolves them, Themis, that henceforth ye cease,
That ye permit me, oh my friends! to wear
My days in solitary grief away,
Unless Ulysses, my illustrious Sire,
Hath in his anger any Greecian wrong'd
Whose wrongs ye purpose to avenge on me,
Inciting these to plague me. Better far
Were my condition, if yourselves consumed
My substance and my revenue; from you
I might obtain, perchance, righteous amends
Hereafter; you I might with vehement suit
O'ercome, from house to house pleading aloud
For recompense, till I at last prevail'd;
But now, with darts of anguish ye transfix
My inmost soul, and I have no redress.
He spake impassion'd, and to earth cast down

[1] The reader is to be reminded that this is not an assembly of the suitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himself to the feelings of the Ithacans at large.

His sceptre, weeping. Pity at the sight
Seized all the people; mute the assembly sat
Long time, none dared to greet Telemachus
With answer rough, till of them all, at last,
Antinoüs, sole arising, thus replied.
Telemachus, intemperate in harangue,
High-sounding orator! it is thy drift
To make us all odious; but the offence
Lies not with us the suitors; she alone
Thy mother, who in subtlety excels,
And deep-wrought subterfuge, deserves the blame.
It is already the third year, and soon
Shall be the fourth, since with delusive art
Practising on their minds, she hath deceived
The Greecians; message after message sent
Brings hope to each, by turns, and promise fair,
But she, meantime, far otherwise intends.
Her other arts exhausted all, she framed
This stratagem; a web of amplest size
And subtlest woof beginning, thus she spake.
Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief
Ulysses is no more, press not as yet
My nuptials; wait till I shall finish, first,
A funeral robe (lest all my threads decay)
Which for the ancient Hero I prepare,
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest;
Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,
Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.
So spake the Queen, and unsuspicious, we

With her request complied. Thenceforth, all day
She wove the ample web, and by the aid
Of torches ravell'd it again at night.
Three years by such contrivance she deceived
The Greecians; but when (three whole years elapsed)
The fourth arrived, then conscious of the fraud,
A damsel of her train told all the truth,
And her we found raveling the beauteous work.
Thus, through necessity she hath, at length,
Perform'd the task, and in her own despight.
Now therefore, for the information clear
Of thee thyself, and of the other Greeks,
We answer. Send thy mother hence, with charge
That him she wed, on whom her father's choice
Shall fall, and whom she shall herself approve.
But if by long procrastination still
She persevere, wearing our patience out,
Attentive only to display the gifts
By Pallas so profusely dealt to her,
Works of surpassing skill, ingenious thought,
And subtle shifts, such as no beauteous Greek
(For aught that we have heard) in ancient times
E'er practised, Tyro, or Alcmena fair,
Or fair Mycene, of whom none in art
E'er match'd Penelope, although we yield
To this her last invention little praise,
Then know, that these her suitors will consume
So long thy patrimony and thy goods,
As she her present purpose shall indulge,
With which the Gods inspire her. Great renown

She to herself insures, but equal woe
And devastation of thy wealth to thee;
For neither to our proper works at home
Go we, of that be sure, nor yet elsewhere,
Till him she wed, to whom she most inclines.
  Him prudent, then, answer'd Telemachus.
Antinoüs! it is not possible
That I should thrust her forth against her will,
Who both produced and rear'd me. Be he dead,
Or still alive, my Sire is far remote;
And should I, voluntary, hence dismiss
My mother to Icarius, I must much
Refund, which hardship were and loss to me.
So doing, I should also wrath incur
From my offended Sire, and from the Gods
Still more; for she, departing, would invoke
Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach
Beside would follow me from all mankind.
That word I, therefore never will pronounce.
No; if ye judge your treatment at her hands
Injurious to you, go ye forth yourselves,
Forsake my mansion; seek where else ye may
Your feasts; consume your own; alternate feed
Each at the other's cost. But if it seem
Wisest in your account and best to eat
Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
Of one man, rendering no account of all,
Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry
Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope
That Jove in retribution of the wrong,

Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
To bleed, and of your blood ask no account.
So spake Telemachus, and while he spake,
The Thunderer from a lofty mountain-top
Turn'd off two eagles; on the winds, awhile,
With outspread pinions ample side by side
They floated; but, ere long, hovering aloft,
Right o'er the midst of the assembled Chiefs
They wheel'd around, clang'd all their numerous plumes,
And with a downward look eyeing the throng,
Death boded, ominous; then rending each
The other's face and neck, they sprang at once
Toward the right, and darted through the town.
Amazement universal, at that sight,
Seized the assembly, and with anxious thought
Each scann'd the future; amidst whom arose
The Hero Halitherses, ancient Seer,
Offspring of Mastor; for in judgement he
Of portents augural, and in forecast
Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,
And prudent thus the multitude bespake.
Ye men of Ithaca, give ear! hear all!
Though chief my speech shall to the suitors look,
For, on their heads devolved, comes down the woe.
Ulysses shall not from his friends, henceforth,
Live absent long, but, hasting to his home,
Comes even now, and as he comes, designs
A bloody death for these, whose bitter woes
No few shall share, inhabitants with us
Of pleasant Ithaca; but let us frame

Effectual means maturely to suppress
Their violent deeds, or rather let themselves
Repentant cease; and soonest shall be best.
Not inexpert, but well-inform'd I speak
The future, and the accomplishment announce
Of all which when Ulysses with the Greeks
Embark'd for Troy, I to himself foretold.
I said that, after many woes, and loss
Of all his people, in the twentieth year,
Unknown to all, he should regain his home,
And my prediction shall be now fulfill'd.
Him, then, Eurymachus thus answer'd rough
The son of Polybus. Hence to thy house,
Thou hoary dotard! there, prophetic, teach
Thy children to escape woes else to come.
Birds numerous flutter in the beams of day,
Not all predictive. Death, far hence remote
Hath found Ulysses, and I would to heaven
That, where he died, thyself had perish'd too:
Thou hadst not then run o'er with prophecy
As now, nor provocation to the wrath
Given of Telemachus, in hope to win,
Perchance, for thine some favour at his hands.
But I to *thee* foretell, skill'd as thou art
In legends old, (nor shall my threat be vain,)
That if by artifice thou move to wrath
A younger than thyself, no matter whom,
Woe first the heavier on himself shall fall,
Nor shalt thou profit him by thy attempt;
And we will charge thee also with a mulct,

Which thou shalt pay with difficulty, and bear
The burthen of it with an aching heart.
As for Telemachus, I him advise,
Myself, and press the measure on his choice
Earnestly, that he send his mother hence
To her own father's house, who shall, himself,
Set forth her nuptial rites, and shall endow
His daughter sumptuously, and as he ought.
For this expensive wooing, as I judge,
Till then shall never cease; since we regard
No man—no—not Telemachus, although
In words exuberant; neither fear we aught
Thy vain prognostics, venerable sir!
But only hate thee for their sake the more.
Waste will continue and disorder foul
Unremedied, so long as she shall hold
The suitors in suspense, for, day by day,
Our emulation goads us to the strife,
Nor shall we, going hence, seek to espouse
Each his own consort suitable elsewhere.
To whom, discrete, Telemachus replied.
Eurymachus, and ye the suitor train
Illustrious, I have spoken; ye shall hear
No more this supplication urged by me.
The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth.
But give me instantly a gallant bark
With twenty rowers, skill'd their course to win
To whatsoever haven; for I go
To sandy Pylus, and shall hasten thence
To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain

Of my long-absent Sire, or from the lips
Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchsafed
Himself, best source of notice to mankind.
If, there inform'd that still my father lives
I hope conceive of his return, although
Distress'd, I shall be patient yet a year.
But should I learn, haply, that he survives
No longer, then, returning, I will raise
At home his tomb, will with such pomp perform
His funeral rites, as his great name demands,
And give my mother's hand to whom I may.
  This said, he sat, and after him arose
Mentor, illustrious Ulysses' friend,
To whom, embarking thence, he had consign'd
All his concerns, that the old Chief might rule
His family, and keep the whole secure.
Arising, thus the senior, sage, began.
  Hear me, ye Ithacans! be never King
Henceforth, benevolent, gracious, humane
Or righteous, but let every sceptred hand
Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,
Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd
With such paternal gentleness and love,
Remembers the divine Ulysses more!
That the imperious suitors thus should weave
The web of mischief and atrocious wrong,
I grudge not; since at hazard of their heads
They make Ulysses' property a prey,
Persuaded that the Hero comes no more.
But much the people move me; how ye sit

All mute, and though a multitude, yourselves,
Opposed to few, risk not a single word
To check the licence of these bold intruders!
  Then thus Liocritus, Evenor's son.
Injurious Mentor! headlong orator!
How darest thou move the populace against
The suitors? Trust me they should find it hard,
Numerous as they are, to cope with us,
A feast the prize. Or should the King himself
Of Ithaca, returning, undertake
To expel the jovial suitors from his house,
Much as Penelope his absence mourns,
His presence should afford her little joy;
For fighting sole with many, he should meet
A dreadful death. Thou, therefore, speak'st amiss.
As for Telemachus, let Mentor him
And Halytherses furnish forth, the friends
Long valued of his Sire, with all dispatch;
Though him I judge far likelier to remain
Long time contented an enquirer here,
Than to perform the voyage now proposed.
  Thus saying, Liocritus dissolved in haste
The council, and the scatter'd concourse sought
Their several homes, while all the suitors flock'd
Thence to the palace of their absent King.
Meantime, Telemachus from all resort
Retiring, in the surf of the grey Deep
First laved his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd.
  O Goddess! who wast yesterday a guest
Beneath my roof, and didst enjoin me then

A voyage o'er the sable Deep in quest
Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire!
Which voyage, all in Ithaca, but most
The haughty suitors, obstinate impede,
Now hear my suit and gracious interpose!
  Such prayer he made; then Pallas, in the form,
And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,
In accents wing'd, him kindly thus bespake.
  Telemachus! thou shalt hereafter prove
Nor base, nor poor in talents. If, in truth,
Thou have received from heaven thy father's force
Instill'd into thee, and resemblest him
In promptness both of action and of speech,
Thy voyage shall not useless be, or vain.
But if Penelope produced thee not
His son, I, then, hope not for good effect
Of this design which, ardent, thou pursuest.
Few sons their fathers equal; most appear
Degenerate; but we find, though rare, sometimes
A son superior even to his Sire.
And since thyself shalt neither base be found
Nor spiritless, nor altogether void
Of talents, such as grace thy royal Sire,
I therefore hope success of thy attempt.
Heed not the suitors' projects; neither wise
Are they, nor just, nor aught suspect the doom
Which now approaches them, and in one day
Shall overwhelm them all. No long suspense
Shall hold thy purposed enterprize in doubt,
Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,

Thou shalt receive, who with a bark well-oar'd
Will serve thee, and myself attend thee forth.
But haste, join thou the suitors, and provide,
In separate vessels stow'd, all needful stores,
Wine in thy jars, and flour, the strength of man,
In skins close seam'd. I will, meantime, select
Such as shall voluntary share thy toils.
In sea-girt Ithaca new ships and old
Abound, and I will chuse, myself, for thee
The prime of all, which without more delay
We will launch out into the spacious Deep.
  Thus Pallas spake, daughter of Jove; nor long,
So greeted by the voice divine, remain'd
Telemachus, but to his palace went
Distress'd in heart. He found the suitors there
Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted swine
Roasting; when with a laugh Antinoüs flew
To meet him, fasten'd on his hand, and said.
  Telemachus, in eloquence sublime,
And of a spirit not to be controul'd!
Give harbour in thy breast on no account
To after-grudge or enmity, but eat,
Far rather, cheerfully as heretofore,
And freely drink, committing all thy cares
To the Achaians, who shall furnish forth
A gallant ship and chosen crew for thee,
That thou may'st hence to Pylus with all speed,
Tidings to learn of thy illustrious Sire.
  To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
Antinoüs! I have no heart to feast

With guests so insolent, nor can indulge
The pleasures of a mind at ease, with you.
Is 't not enough, suitors, that ye have used
My noble patrimony as your own
While I was yet a child? now, grown mature,
And competent to understand the speech
Of my instructors, feeling, too, a mind
Within me conscious of augmented powers,
I will attempt your ruin, be assured,
Whether at Pylus, or continuing here.
I go, indeed, (nor shall my voyage prove
Of which I speak, bootless or vain,) I go
An humble passenger, who neither bark
Nor rowers have to boast my own, denied
That honour (so ye judged it best) by you.
He said, and from Antinoüs' hand his own
Drew sudden. Then their delicate repast
The busy suitors on all sides prepared,
Still taunting as they toil'd, and with sharp speech
Sarcastic wantoning, of whom a youth,
Arrogant as his fellows, thus began.
I see it plain, Telemachus intends
Our slaughter; either he will aids procure
From sandy Pylus, or will bring them arm'd
From Sparta; such is his tremendous drift.
Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,
He will proceed, seeking some baneful herb
Which cast into our cup, shall drug us all.
To whom some haughty suitor thus replied.
Who knows but that himself, wandering the sea

From all his friends and kindred far remote,
May perish like Ulysses? Whence to us
Should double toil ensue, on whom the charge
To parcel out his wealth would then devolve,
And to endow his mother with the house
For his abode whom she should chance to wed.
So sported they; but he, ascending, sought
His father's lofty chamber, where his heaps
He kept of brass and gold, garments in chests,
And oils of fragrant scent, a copious store.
There many a cask with season'd nectar fill'd
The grape's pure juice divine, beside the wall
Stood orderly arranged, waiting the hour
(Should e'er such hour arrive) when, after woes
Numerous, Ulysses should regain his home.
Secure that chamber was with folding doors
Of massy planks compact, and, night and day,
Within it ancient Euryclea dwelt,
Guardian discrete of all the treasures there,
Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus address'd.
Nurse! draw me forth sweet wine into my jars,
Delicious next to that which thou reservest
For our poor wanderer; if escaping death
At last, divine Ulysses e'er return.
Fill twelve, and stop them close; pour also meal
Well-mill'd (full twenty measures) into skins
Close-seam'd, and mention what thou dost to none.
Place them together; for at even-tide
I will convey them hence, soon as the Queen,
Retiring to her couch, shall seek repose.

For hence to Sparta will I take my course,
And sandy Pylus, tidings there to hear
(If hear I may) of my loved Sire's return.
He ceased; then wept his gentle nurse that sound
Hearing, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
My child! ah, wherefore hath a thought so rash
Possess'd thee? whither, only and beloved,
Seek'st thou to ramble, travelling, alas!
To distant climes? Ulysses is no more;
Dead lies the hero in some land unknown,
And thou no sooner shalt depart, than these
Will plot to slay thee, and divide thy wealth.
No, stay with us who love thee. Need is none
That thou should'st on the barren Deep distress
Encounter, roaming without hope or end.
Whom, prudent, thus answer'd Telemachus.
Take courage, nurse! for not without consent
Of the Immortals I have thus resolved.
But swear, that till eleven days be past,
Or twelve, or till enquiry made, she learn
Herself my going, thou wilt nought impart
Of this my purpose to my mother's ear,
Lest all her beauties fade by grief impair'd.
He ended, and the ancient matron swore
Solemnly by the Gods; which done, she fill'd
With wine the vessels and the skins with meal,
And he, returning, join'd the throng below.
Then Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed, her thoughts
Elsewhere directing, all the city ranged
In semblance of Telemachus, each man

Exhorting, at the dusk of eve, to seek
The gallant ship, and from Noëmon, son
Renown'd of Phronius, ask'd, herself, a bark,
Which soon as ask'd, he promised to supply.
Now set the sun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,
When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,
He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms
And tackle, such as well-built galleys bear,
Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay.
Meantime, his mariners in haste repair'd
Down to the shore, for Pallas urged them on.
And now, on other purposes intent,
The Goddess sought the palace, where with dews
Of slumber drenching every suitor's eye,
She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and dash'd
The goblets from their idle hands away.
They through the city reel'd, happy to leave
The dull carousal, when the slumberous weight
Oppressive on their eye-lids once had fallen.
Next, Pallas azure-eyed in Mentor's form
And with the voice of Mentor, summoning
Telemachus abroad, him thus bespake.
Telemachus! already at their oars
Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait
Thy coming; linger not, but haste away.
This said, Minerva led him thence, whom he
With nimble steps follow'd, and, on the shore
Arrived, found all his mariners prepared,
Whom thus the princely voyager address'd.
Haste, my companions! bring we down the stores

Already sorted, and set forth; but nought
My mother knows, or any of her train
Of this design, one matron sole except.
He spake, and led them; they, obedient, brought
All down, and, as Ulysses' son enjoin'd,
Within the gallant bark the charge bestow'd.
Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on board,
Where down they sat, the Goddess in the stern,
And at her side Telemachus. The crew
Cast loose the hawsers, and embarking, fill'd
The benches. Blue-eyed Pallas from the West
Call'd forth propitious breezes; fresh they curl'd
The sable Deep, and, sounding, swept the waves.
He loud-exhorting them, his people bade
Hand, brisk, the tackle; they, obedient, reared
The pine-tree mast, which in its socket deep
They lodged, then strain'd the cordage, and with thongs
Well-twisted, drew the shining sail aloft.
A land-breeze fill'd the canvas, and the flood
Roar'd as she went against the steady bark
That ran with even course her liquid way.
The rigging, thus, of all the galley set,
Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail'd
The ever-living Gods, but above all
Minerva, daughter azure-eyed of Jove.
Thus, all night long the galley, and till dawn
Had brighten'd into day, cleaved swift the flood.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Telemachus arriving at Pylus, enquires of Nestor concerning Ulysses. Nestor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Greecians since their departure from the siege of Troy, but not being able to give him any satisfactory account of Ulysses, refers him to Menelaus. At evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but discovers herself in going. Nestor sacrifices to the Goddess, and the solemnity ended, Telemachus sets forth for Sparta in one of Nestor's chariots, and accompanied by Nestor's son Pisistratus.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK III.

THE sun, emerging from the lucid waves,
Ascended now the brazen vault with light
For the inhabitants of earth and heaven,
When in their bark at Pylus they arrived,
City of Neleus. On the shore they found
The people sacrificing; bulls they slew
Black without spot, to Neptune azure-hair'd.
On ranges nine of seats they sat; each range
Received five hundred, and to each they made
Allotment equal of nine sable bulls.
The feast was now begun; these eating sat
The entrails, those stood offering to the God
The thighs, his portion, when the Ithacans
Push'd right ashore, and, furling close the sails,
And making fast their moorings, disembark'd.
Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,
Whom thus the Goddess azure-eyed address'd.
Telemachus! there is no longer room
For bashful fear, since thou hast cross'd the flood
With purpose to enquire what land conceals

Thy father, and what fate hath follow'd him.
Advance at once to the equestrian Chief
Nestor, within whose bosom lies, perhaps,
Advice well worthy of thy search; entreat
Himself, that he will tell thee only truth,
Who will not lie, for he is passing wise.
To whom Telemachus discrete replied.
Ah Mentor! how can I advance, how greet
A Chief like him, unpractised as I am
In managed phrase? Shame bids the youth beware
How he accosts the man of many years.
But him the Goddess answer'd azure-eyed.
Telemachus! Thou wilt, in part, thyself
Fit speech devise, and Heaven will give the rest;
For thou wast neither born, nor hast been train'd
To manhood, under unpropitious Powers.
So saying, Minerva led him thence, whom he
With nimble steps attending, soon arrived
Among the multitude. There Nestor sat,
And Nestor's sons, while, busily the feast
Tending, his numerous followers roasted some
The viands, some transfix'd them with the spits.
They seeing guests arrived, together all
Advanced, and, grasping courteously their hands,
Invited them to sit; but first, the son
Of Nestor, young Pisistratus, approach'd,
Who, fastening on the hands of both, beside
The banquet placed them, where the beach was spread
With fleeces, and where Thrasymedes sat
His brother, and the hoary Chief his Sire.

To each, a portion of the inner parts
He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,
Which, tasted first, he to the daughter bore
Of Jove the Thunderer, and her thus bespake.
Oh guest! the King of Ocean now adore!
For ye have chanced on Neptune's festival;
And, when thou hast, thyself, libation made
Duly and prayer, deliver to thy friend
The generous juice, that he may also make
Libation; for he, doubtless, seeks in prayer
The Immortals, of whose favour all have need.
But, since he younger is, and with myself
Coeval, first I give the cup to thee.
He ceased, and to her hand consign'd the cup,
Which Pallas gladly from a youth received
So just and wise, who to herself had first
The golden cup presented, and in prayer
Fervent the Sovereign of the Seas adored.
Hear, earth-encircler Neptune! O vouchsafe
To us thy suppliants the desired effect
Of this our voyage; glory, first, bestow
On Nestor and his offspring both, then grant
To all the Pylians such a gracious boon
As shall requite their noble offering well.
Grant also to Telemachus and me
To voyage hence, possess'd of what we sought
When hither in our sable bark we came.
So Pallas pray'd, and her own prayer herself
Accomplish'd. To Telemachus she gave
The splendid goblet next, and in his turn

Like prayer Ulysses' son also preferr'd.
And now (the banquet from the spits withdrawn)
They next distributed sufficient share
To each, and all were sumptuously regaled.
At length (both hunger satisfied and thirst)
Thus Nestor, the Gerenian Chief, began.
  Now with more seemliness we may enquire,
After repast, what guests we have received.
Our guests! who are ye? Whence have ye the waves
Plough'd hither? Come ye to transact concerns
Commercial, or at random roam the Deep
Like pirates, who with mischief charged and woe
To foreign States, oft hazard life themselves?
  Him answer'd, bolder now, but still discrete,
Telemachus: for Pallas had his heart
With manly courage arm'd, that he might ask
From Nestor tidings of his absent Sire,
And win himself distinction and renown.
  Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!
Thou askest whence we are. I tell thee whence.
From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods
Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,
Not public, urged, we come. My errand is
To seek intelligence of the renown'd
Ulysses; of my noble father, praised
For dauntless courage, whom report proclaims
Conqueror, with thine aid, of sacred Troy.
We have already learn'd where other Chiefs
Who fought at Ilium, died; but Jove conceals
Even the death of my illustrious Sire

In dull obscurity; for none hath heard
Or confident can answer, where he died;
Whether he on the continent hath fallen
By hostile hands, or by the waves o'erwhelm'd
Of Amphitrite, welters in the Deep.
For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg
That thou would'st tell me his disastrous end,
If either thou beheld'st that dread event
Thyself, or from some wanderer of the Greeks
Hast heard it; for my father at his birth
Was, sure, predestined to no common woes.
Neither through pity, or o'erstrain'd respect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate
Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble Sire
E'er gratified thee by performance just
Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
So numerous slain in fight, oh, recollect
Now his fidelity, and tell me true.
  Then Nestor thus Gerenian Hero old.
Young friend! since thou remind'st me, speaking thus,
Of all the woes which indefatigable
We sons of the Achaians there sustain'd,
Both those which wandering on the Deep we bore
Wherever by Achilles led in quest
Of booty, and the many woes beside
Which under royal Priam's spacious walls
We suffer'd, know, that there our bravest fell.
There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' son;
There, too, Patroclus, like the Gods themselves
In council; and my son beloved there,

Brave, virtuous, swift of foot, and bold in fight,
Antilochus. Nor are these sorrows all;
What tongue of mortal man could all relate?
Should'st thou, abiding here, five years employ
Or six enquiring of the woes endured
By the Achaians, ere thou should'st have learn'd
The whole, thou wouldst depart, tired of the tale.
For we, nine years, stratagems of all kinds
Devised against them, and Saturnian Jove
Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at last.
There no competitor in wiles well-plann'd
Ulysses found, so far were all surpass'd
In shrewd invention by thy noble Sire,—
If thou indeed art his, as sure thou art,
Whose sight breeds wonder in me, and thy speech
His speech resembles more than might be deem'd
Within the scope of years so green as thine.
There, never in opinion, or in voice
Illustrious Ulysses and myself
Divided were, but one in heart, contrived
As best we might, the benefit of all.
But after Priam's lofty city sack'd,
And the departure of the Greeks on board
Their barks, and when the Gods had scatter'd them,
Then Jove imagined for the Argive host
A sorrowful return; for neither just
Were all, nor prudent, therefore many found
A fate disastrous through the vengeful ire
Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the sons
Of Atreus sharp contention interposed.

They both, irregularly, and against
Just order, summoning by night the Greeks
To council, of whom many came with wine
Oppress'd, promulgated the cause for which
They had convened the people. Then it was
That Menelaus bade the general host
Their thoughts bend homeward o'er the sacred Deep,
Which Agamemnon in no sort approved.
His counsel was to stay them yet at Troy,
That so he might assuage the dreadful wrath
Of Pallas, first, by sacrifice and prayer.
Vain hope! he little thought how ill should speed
That fond attempt, for, once provoked, the Gods
Are not with ease conciliated again.
Thus stood the brothers, altercation hot
Maintaining, till at length uprose the Greeks
With deafening clamours, and with differing minds.
We slept the night, but teeming with disgust
Mutual, for Jove great woe prepared for all.
At dawn of day we drew our gallies down
Into the sea, and hasty put on board
The spoils and female captives. Half the host,
With Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stay'd
Supreme commander, and embarking half
Push'd forth. Swift course we made, for Neptune smooth'd
The waves before us of the monstrous Deep.
At Tenedos arrived, we there perform'd
Sacrifice to the Gods, ardent to reach
Our native land, but unpropitious Jove,
Not yet designing our arrival there,

Involved us in dissention fierce again.
For all the crews, followers of the King,
Thy noble sire, to gratify our Chief,
The son of Atreus, chose a different course,
And steer'd their oary barks again to Troy.
But I, assured that evil from the Gods
Impended, gathering all my gallant fleet,
Fled thence in haste, and warlike Diomede
Exhorting his attendants, also fled.
At length, the Hero Menelaus join'd
Our fleets at Lesbos; there he found us held
In deep deliberation on the length
Of way before us, whether we should steer
Above the craggy Chios to the isle
Psyria, that island holding on our left,
Or under Chios by the wind-swept heights
Of Mimas. Then we ask'd from Jove a sign,
And by a sign vouchsafed he bade us cut
The wide sea to Eubœa sheer athwart,
So soonest to escape the threatened harm.
Shrill sang the rising gale, and with swift prows
Cleaving the fishy flood, we reach'd by night
Geræstus, where arrived, we burn'd the thighs
Of numerous bulls to Neptune, who had safe
Conducted us through all our perilous course.
The fleet of Diomede in safety moor'd
On the fourth day at Argos, but myself
Held on my course to Pylus, nor the wind
One moment thwarted us, or died away,
When Jove had once commanded it to blow.
Thus, uninform'd, I have arrived, my son!

Nor of the Greecians, who are saved have heard,
Or who have perish'd; but what news soe'er
I have obtain'd since my return, with truth
I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee.
The spear-famed Myrmidons, as rumour speaks,
By Neoptolemus, illustrious son
Of brave Achilles led, have safe arrived;
Safe, Philoctetes also, son renown'd
Of Pæas; and Idomeneus at Crete
Hath landed all his followers who survive
The bloody war, the waves have swallow'd none.
Ye have yourselves doubtless, although remote,
Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,
And how Ægisthus cruelly contrived
For him a bloody welcome, but himself
Hath with his own life paid the murtherous deed.
Good is it therefore if a son survive
The slain, since Agamemnon's son hath well
Avenged his father's death, slaying, himself,
Ægisthus, foul assassin of his Sire.
Young friend! (for pleased thy vigorous youth I view,
And just proportion,) be thou also bold,
That thine like his may be a deathless name.
Then, prudent, him answer'd Telemachus.
Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!
And righteous was that vengeance; *his* renown
Achaia's sons shall far and wide diffuse,
To future times transmitting it in song.
Ah! would that such ability the Gods
Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds

Might punish of our suitors, whose excess
Enormous, and whose bitter taunts I feel
Continual, object of their subtle hate.
But not for me such happiness the Gods
Have twined into my thread; no, not for me
Or for my father. Patience is our part.
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Young friend! (since thou remind'st me of that theme)
Fame here reports that numerous suitors haunt
Thy palace for thy mother's sake, and there
Much evil perpetrate in thy despight.
But, say, endur'st thou willing their controul
Imperious, or because the people sway'd
By some response oracular, incline
Against thee? But who knows? the time may come
When to his home restored, either alone,
Or aided by the force of all the Greeks,
Ulysses may avenge the wrong; at least,
Should Pallas azure-eyed thee love, as erst
At Troy the scene of our unnumber'd woes,
She loved Ulysses; (for I have not known
The Gods assisting so apparently
A mortal man, as him Minerva there;)
Should Pallas view thee also with like love
And kind solicitude, some few of those
Should dream perchance of wedlock never more.
Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.
That word's accomplishment I cannot hope;
It promises too much; the thought alone
O'erwhelms me; an event so fortunate

Would, unexpected on my part, arrive,
Although the Gods themselves should purpose it.
But Pallas him answer'd cœrulean-eyed.
Telemachus! what word was that which leap'd
The ivory[1] guard that should have fenced it in?
A God, so willing, could with utmost ease
Save any man, howe'er remote. Myself,
I had much rather, many woes endured,
Revisit home at last happy and safe,
Than, sooner coming, die in my own house,
As Agamemnon perish'd by the arts
Of base Ægisthus and the subtle Queen.
Yet not the Gods themselves can save from death
All-levelling, the man whom most they love,
When Fate ordains him once to his last sleep.
To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
Howe'er it interest us, let us leave
This question, Mentor! He, I am assured,
Returns no more, but hath already found
A sad, sad fate by the decree of Heaven.
But I would now interrogate again
Nestor, and on a different theme, for him
In human rights I judge and laws expert,
And in all knowledge beyond other men;
For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,
Three generations; therefore in my eyes

[1] Ερκος οδοντων. Prior, alluding to this expression, ludicrously renders it

"When words like these in vocal breath
Burst from his twofold hedge of teeth."

He wears the awful impress of a God.
Oh Nestor, son of Neleus, tell me true;
What was the matter of Atrides' death,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon? Tell me where
Was Menelaus? By what means contrived
Ægisthus to inflict the fatal blow,
Slaying so much a nobler than himself?
Had not the brother of the Monarch reach'd
Achaian Argos yet, but, wandering still
In other climes, by his long absence gave
Ægisthus courage for that bloody deed?
Whom answer'd the Gerenian Chief renown'd.
My son! I will inform thee true; meantime
Thy own suspicions border on the fact.
Had Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,
Ægisthus found living at his return
From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks
Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and ravening fowls
Had torn him lying in the open field
Far from the town, nor him had woman wept
Of all in Greece, for he had foul transgress'd.
But we in many an arduous task engaged,
Lay before Ilium; he, the while, secure
Within the green retreats of Argos, found
Occasion apt by flattery to delude
The spouse of Agamemnon; she, at first,
(The royal Clytemnestra) firm refused
The deed dishonourable; (for she bore
A virtuous mind, and at her side a bard
Attended ever, whom the King, to Troy

Departing, had appointed to the charge.)
But when the Gods had purposed to ensnare
Ægisthus, then dismissing far remote
The bard into a desert isle, he there
Abandon'd him to ravening fowls a prey,
And to his own home, willing as himself
Led Clytemnestra. Numerous thighs he burn'd
On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods,
And hung with tapestry, images, and gold
Their shrines, his great exploit past hope atchieved.
We (Menelaus and myself) had sailed
From Troy together, but when we approach'd
Sunium, headland of the Athenian shore,
There Phœbus, sudden, with his gentle shafts
Slew Menelaus' pilot while he steer'd
The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's son,
A mariner past all expert, whom none
In steerage match'd, what time the tempest roar'd.
Here therefore Menelaus was detain'd,
Giving his friend due burial, and his rites
Funereal celebrating, though in haste
Still to proceed. But when, with all his fleet
The wide sea traversing, he reach'd at length
Malea's lofty foreland in his course,
Rough passage, then, and perilous he found.
Shrill blasts the Thunderer pour'd into his sails,
And wild waves sent him mountainous. His ships
There scatter'd, some to the Cydonian coast
Of Crete he push'd, near where the Jardan flows.
Beside the confines of Gortyna stands,

Amid the gloomy flood, a smooth rock, steep
Toward the sea, against whose leftward point
Phæstus by name, the South wind rolls the surge
Amain, which yet the rock, though small, repels.
Hither with part he came, and scarce the crews
Themselves escaped, while the huge billows broke
Their ships against the rocks; yet five he saved,
Which winds and waves drove to the Ægyptian shore.
Thus he, provision gathering as he went
And gold abundant, roam'd to distant lands
And nations of another tongue. Meantime,
Ægisthus these enormities at home
Devising, slew Atrides, and supreme
Ruled the subjected land; seven years he reign'd
In opulent Mycenæ, but the eighth
From Athens brought renown'd Orestes home
For his destruction, who of life bereaved
Ægisthus, base assassin of his Sire.
Orestes, therefore, the funereal rites
Performing to his shameless mother's shade
And to her lustful paramour, a feast
Gave to the Argives; on which self-same day
The warlike Menelaus, with his ships
All treasure-laden to the brink, arrived.
And thou, young friend! from thy forsaken home
Rove not long time remote, thy treasures left
At mercy of those proud, lest they divide
And waste the whole, rendering thy voyage vain.
But hence to Menelaus is the course
To which I counsel thee; for he hath come

Of late from distant lands, whence to escape
No man could hope, whom tempests first had driven
Devious into so wide a sea, from which
Themselves the birds of heaven could not arrive
In a whole year, so vast is the expanse.
Go, then, with ship and shipmates, or if more
The land delight thee, steeds thou shalt not want
Nor chariot, and my sons shall be thy guides
To noble Lacedemon, the abode
Of Menelaus; ask from him the truth,
Who will not lie, for he is passing wise.
While thus he spake, the sun declined and night
Approaching, blue-eyed Pallas interposed.
Oh antient King! well hast thou spoken all.
But now delay not. Cut[2] ye forth the tongues,
And mingle wine, that (Neptune first invoked
With due libation, and the other Gods)
We may repair to rest; for even now
The sun is sunk, and it becomes us not
Long to protract a banquet to the Gods
Devote, but in fit season to depart.
So spake Jove's daughter; they obedient heard.
The heralds then pour'd water on their hands,
And the attendant youths, filling the cups,
Served them from left to right. Next all the tongues
They cast into the fire, and every guest

[2] It is said to have been customary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods in particular who presided over conversation.

Arising, pour'd libation to the Gods.
Libation made, and all with wine sufficed,
Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both
Would have return'd incontinent on board,
But Nestor urged them still to be his guests.
Forbid it, Jove, and all the Powers of heaven!
That ye should leave me to repair on board
Your vessel, as I were some needy wretch
Cloakless and destitute of fleecy stores
Wherewith to spread the couch soft for myself,
Or for my guests. No. I have garments warm
An ample store, and rugs of richest dye;
And never shall Ulysses' son beloved,
My friend's own son, sleep on a galley's plank
While I draw vital air; grant also, Heaven,
That, dying, I may leave behind me sons
Glad to accommodate whatever guest!
Him answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed.
Old Chief! thou hast well said, and reason bids
Telemachus thy kind commands obey.
Let *him* attend thee hence, that he may sleep
Beneath thy roof, but I return on board
Myself to instruct my people, and to give
All needful orders; for among them none
Is old as I, but they are youths alike,
Coevals of Telemachus, with whom
They have embark'd for friendship's sake alone.
I therefore will repose myself on board
This night, and to the Caucons bold in arms
Will sail to-morrow to demand arrears

Long time unpaid, and of no small amount.
But, since he has become thy guest, afford
My friend a chariot, and a son of thine
Who shall direct his way, nor let him want
Of all thy steeds the swiftest and the best.
So saying, the blue-eyed Goddess as upborne
On eagles' wings, vanish'd: amazement seized
The whole assembly, and the ancient King
O'erwhelm'd with wonder at that sight, the hand
Grasp'd of Telemachus, whom he thus bespake.
My friend! I prophecy that thou shalt prove
Nor base, nor dastard, whom, so young, the Gods
Already take in charge; for of the Powers
Inhabitants of Heaven, none else was this
Than Jove's own daughter Pallas, who among
The Greecians honour'd most thy generous Sire.
But thou, O Queen! compassionate us all,
Myself, my sons, my consort; give to each
A glorious name, and I to thee will give
For sacrifice an heifer of the year,
Broad-fronted, one that never yet hath borne
The yoke, and will incase her horns with gold.
So Nestor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.
Then the Gerenian warrior old, before
His sons and sons in law, to his abode
Magnificent proceeded; they (arrived
Within the splendid palace of the King)
On thrones and couches sat in order ranged,
Whom Nestor welcomed, charging high the cup
With wine of richest sort, which she who kept

That treasure, now in the eleventh year
First broach'd, unsealing the delicious juice.
With this the hoary Senior fill'd a cup,
And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd
Pouring libation, offer'd fervent prayer.
When all had made libation, and no wish
Remain'd of more, then each to rest retired,
And Nestor the Gerenian warrior old
Led thence Telemachus to a carved couch
Beneath the sounding portico prepared.
Beside him he bade sleep the spearman bold,
Pisistratus, a gallant youth, the sole
Unwedded in his house of all his sons.
Himself in the interior palace lay,
Where couch and covering for her ancient spouse
The consort Queen had diligent prepared.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Had tinged the East, arising from his bed,
Gerenian Nestor issued forth, and sat
Before his palace-gate on the white stones
Resplendent as with oil, on which of old
His father Neleus had been wont to sit,
In council like a God; but he had sought,
By destiny dismiss'd long since, the shades.
On those stones therefore now, Nestor himself,
Achaia's guardian, sat, sceptre in hand,
Where soon his numerous sons, leaving betimes
The place of their repose, also appeared,
Echephron, Stratius, Perseus, Thrasymedes,
Aretus and Pisistratus. They placed

Godlike Telemachus at Nestor's side,
And the Gerenian Hero thus began.
Sons, be ye quick,—execute with dispatch
My purpose, that I may propitiate first
Of all the Gods Minerva, who herself
Hath honour'd manifest our hallowed feast.
Haste, one, into the field, to order thence
An ox, and let the herdsman drive it home.
Another, hasting to the sable bark
Of brave Telemachus, bring hither all
His friends, save two, and let a third command
Laerceus, that he come to enwrap with gold
The victim's horns. Abide ye here, the rest,
And bid my female train (for I intend
A banquet,) with all diligence provide
Seats, stores of wood, and water from the rock.
He said, whom instant all obey'd. The ox
Came from the field, and from the gallant ship
The ship-mates of the brave Telemachus;
Next, charged with all his implements of art,
His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the smith
To give the horns their gilding; also came
Pallas herself to her own sacred rites.
Then Nestor, hoary warrior, furnish'd gold,
Which, hammer'd thin, the artist wrapp'd around
The victim's horns, that seeing him attired
So costly, Pallas might the more be pleased.
Stratius and brave Echephron introduced
The victim by his horns; Aretus brought
A laver, in one hand, with flowers emboss'd,

And in his other hand a basket stored
With cakes, while warlike Thrasymedes, arm'd
With his long-hafted axe, prepared to smite
The ox, and Perseus to receive the blood.
The hoary Nestor consecrated first
Both cakes and water, and with earnest prayer
To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames.
When all had worshipp'd, and the broken cakes
Sprinkled, then godlike Thrasymedes drew
Close to the ox, and smote him. Deep the edge
Enter'd, and senseless on the floor he fell.
Then Nestor's daughters, and the consorts all
Of Nestor's sons, with his own consort, chaste
Eurydice, the daughter eldest-born
Of Clymenus, in one shrill orison
Vociferous join'd, while they, lifting the ox,
Held him supported firmly, and the prince
Of men, Pisistratus, his gullet pierced.
Soon as the sable blood had ceased, and life
Had left the victim, spreading him abroad,
With nice address they parted at the joint
His thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double cawl,
Which with crude slices thin they overspread.
Nestor burn'd incense, and libation pour'd
Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth
Train'd to the task. The thighs consumed, each took
His portion of the maw, then, slashing well
The remnant, they transpierced it with the spits
Neatly, and held it reeking at the fire.

Meantime the youngest of the daughters fair
Of Nestor, beauteous Polycaste, laved,
Anointed, and in vest and tunic clothed
Telemachus, who, so refresh'd, stepp'd forth
From the bright laver graceful as a God,
And took his seat at ancient Nestor's side.
The viands dress'd, and from the spits withdrawn,
They sat to share the feast, and princely youths
Arising, gave them wine in cups of gold.
When neither hunger now nor thirst remain'd
Unsated, thus Gerenian Nestor spake.
My sons, arise! lead forth the sprightly steeds,
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go.
So spake the Chief, to whose command his sons,
Obedient, yoked in haste the rapid steeds,
And the intendant matron of the stores
Disposed meantime within the chariot, bread
And wine, with dainties, such as princes eat.
Telemachus into the chariot first
Ascended, and beside him, next, his place
Pisistratus the son of Nestor took,
Then seized the reins, and lash'd the coursers on.
They, nothing loth, into the open plain
Flew, leaving lofty Pylus soon afar.
Thus, journeying, they shook on either side
The yoke all day; and now the setting sun
To dusky evening had resign'd the roads,
When they to Pheræ came, and the abode
Reach'd of Diocles, whose illustrious Sire
Orsilochus from Alpheus drew his birth,
And there, with kindness entertain'd, they slept.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy from the East, yoking the steeds,
They in their sumptuous chariot sat again.
The son of Nestor plied the lash, and forth
Through vestibule and sounding portico
The royal coursers, not unwilling, flew.
A corn-invested land received them next,
And there they brought their journey to a close,
So rapidly they moved; and now the sun
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Telemachus, with Pisistratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives some fresh information concerning the return of the Greecians, and is in particular told, on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypso. The suitors, plotting against the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope being informed of his departure, and of their designs to slay him, becomes inconsolable, but is relieved by a dream sent to her from Minerva.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IV.

In hollow Lacedæmon's spacious vale
Arriving, to the house they drove direct
Of royal Menelaus; him they found
In his own palace, all his numerous friends
Regaling at a nuptial banquet given
Both for his daughter and the prince his son.
His daughter to renown'd Achilles' heir
He sent, to whom he had at Troy engaged
To give her, and the Gods now made her his.
With chariots and with steeds he sent her forth
To the illustrious city where the prince,
Achilles' offspring, ruled the Myrmidons.
But to his son he gave a Spartan fair,
Alector's daughter; from an handmaid sprang
That son to Menelaus in his age,
Brave Megapenthes; for the Gods no child
To Helen gave, made mother, once, of her
Who vied in perfect loveliness of form
With golden Venus' self, Hermione.
Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends

Of noble Menelaus, feasting sat
Within his spacious palace, among whom
A sacred bard sang sweetly to his harp,
While, in the midst, two dancers smote the ground
With measured steps responsive to his song.
  And now the Heroes, Nestor's noble son
And young Telemachus, arrived within
The vestibule, whom issuing from the hall,
The noble Eteoneus of the train
Of Menelaus, saw; at once he ran
Across the palace to report the news
To his Lord's ear, and standing at his side,
In accents wing'd with haste thus greeted him.
  Oh Menelaus! Heaven-descended Chief!
Two guests arrive, both strangers, but the race
Of Jove supreme resembling each in form.
Say, shall we loose, ourselves, their rapid steeds,
Or hence dismiss them to some other host?
  But Menelaus, Hero golden-hair'd,
Indignant answer'd him. Boethe's son!
Thou wast not, Eteoneus, heretofore,
A babbler, who now pratest as a child.
We have ourselves arrived indebted much
To hospitality of other men,
If Jove shall, even here, some pause at last
Of woe afford us. Therefore loose, at once,
Their steeds, and introduce them to the feast.
  He said, and issuing, Eteoneus call'd
The brisk attendants to his aid, with whom
He loosed their foaming coursers from the yoke.

Them first they bound to mangers, which with oats
And mingled barley they supplied, then thrust
The chariot sidelong to the splendid wall[1].
Themselves he, next, into the royal house
Conducted, who survey'd, wondering, the abode
Of the heaven-favour'd King; for on all sides
As with the splendour of the sun or moon
The lofty dome of Menelaus blazed.
Satiate, at length, with wonder at that sight,
They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands
Of maidens laved, and oil'd, and clothed again
With shaggy mantles and resplendent vests,
Sat both enthroned at Menelaus' side.
And now a maiden charged with golden ewer,
And with an argent laver, pouring first
Pure water on their hands, supplied them next,
With a bright table, which the maiden, chief
In office, furnish'd plenteously with bread
And dainties, remnants of the last regale.
Then came the sewer, who with delicious meats
Dish after dish, served them, and placed beside
The chargers cups magnificent of gold,
When Menelaus grasp'd their hands, and said.
Eat and rejoice, and when ye shall have shared
Our nuptial banquet, we will, then, enquire
Who are ye both; for, certain, not from those
Whose generation perishes are ye,

[1] Hesychius tells us, that the Greecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of passengers.

But rather of some race of sceptred Chiefs
Heaven-born; the base have never sons like you.
So saying, he from the board lifted his own
Distinguish'd portion, and the fatted chine
Gave to his guests; the savoury viands they
With outstretch'd hands assail'd, and when the force
No longer now of appetite they felt,
Telemachus, inclining close his head
To Nestor's son, lest others should his speech
Witness, in whisper'd words him thus address'd.
Dearest Pisistratus, observe, my friend!
How all the echoing palace with the light
Of beaming brass, of gold and amber shines
Silver and ivory! for radiance such
The interior mansion of Olympian Jove
I deem. What wealth, how various, how immense
Is here! astonish'd I survey the sight!
But Menelaus, golden-hair'd, his speech
O'erhearing, thus in accents wing'd replied.
My children! let no mortal man pretend
Comparison with Jove; for Jove's abode
And all his stores are incorruptible.
But whether mortal man with me may vie
In the display of wealth, or whether not,
This know, that after many toils endured,
And perilous wanderings wide, in the eighth year
I brought my treasures home. Remote I roved
To Cyprus, to Phœnice, to the shores
Of Ægypt; Æthiopia's land I reach'd,
Th' Erembi, the Sidonians, and the coasts

Of Libya, where the lambs their foreheads show
At once with horns defended, soon as yean'd.
There, thrice within the year the flocks produce,
Nor master, there, nor shepherd ever feels
A dearth of cheese, of flesh, or of sweet milk
Delicious, drawn from udders never dry.
While, thus, commodities on various coasts
Gathering I roam'd, another, by the arts
Of his pernicious spouse aided, of life
Bereaved my brother privily, and when least
He fear'd to lose it. Therefore little joy
To me results from all that I possess.
Your fathers (be those fathers who they may,)
These things have doubtless told you; for immense
Have been my sufferings, and I have destroy'd
A palace well inhabited and stored
With precious furniture of every kind;
Such, that I would to heaven! I own'd at home
Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks
Who perish'd then, beneath the walls of Troy
Far from steed-pastured Argos, still survived.
Yet while, sequester'd here, I frequent mourn
My slaughter'd friends, by turns I soothe my soul
With tears shed for them, and by turns again
I cease; for grief soon satiates free indulged.
But of them all, although I all bewail,
None mourn I so as one, whom calling back
To memory, I both sleep and food abhor.
For, of Achaia's sons none ever toil'd
Strenuous as Ulysses; but his lot

Was woe, and unremitting sorrow mine
For his long absence, who, if still he live,
We know not aught, or be already dead.
Him doubtless, old Laertes mourns, and him
Discrete Penelope, nor less his son
Telemachus, born newly when he sail'd.
So saying, he kindled in him strong desire
To mourn his father; at his father's name
Fast fell his tears to ground, and with both hands
He spread his purple cloak before his eyes;
Which Menelaus marking, doubtful sat
If he should leave him leisure for his tears,
Or question him, and tell him all at large.
While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanced)
Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, august
As Dian, goddess of the golden bow.
Adrasta, for her use, set forth a throne,
Alcippe with soft arras cover'd it,
And Philo brought her silver basket, gift
Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,
Whose mansion in Ægyptian Thebes is rich
In untold treasure, and who gave, himself,
Ten golden talents, and two silver baths
To Menelaus, with two splendid tripods,
Beside the noble gifts which, at the hand
Of his illustrious spouse, Helen received;
A golden spindle, and a basket wheel'd,
Itself of silver, and its lip of gold.
That basket Philo, her own handmaid, placed
At beauteous Helen's side, charged to the brim

With slender threads, on which the spindle lay
With wool of purple lustre wrapp'd around.
Approaching, on her foot-stool'd throne she sat,
And, instant, of her royal spouse enquired.
Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove!
These guests of ours, and whence they have arrived?
Erroneous I may speak, yet speak I must;
In man or woman never have I seen
Such likeness to another, (wonder-fixt
I gaze,) as in this stranger to the son
Of brave Ulysses, whom that Hero left
New-born at home, when (shameless as I was)
For my unworthy sake the Greecians sailed
To Ilium, with fierce rage of battle fired.
Then Menelaus, thus, the golden-hair'd.
I also such resemblance find in him
As thou; such feet, such hands, the cast[2] of eye
Similar, and the head and flowing locks.
And even now, when I Ulysses named,
And his great sufferings mention'd, in my cause,
The bitter tear dropp'd from his lids, while broad
Before his eyes his purple cloak he spread.
To whom the son of Nestor thus replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! Chief renown'd!
He is in truth his son, as thou hast said;
But he is modest, and would much himself
Condemn, if, at his first arrival here,
He should loquacious seem and bold to thee,

[2] Ὀφθαλμῶν τε βολαί.

To whom we listen, captived by thy voice,
As if some God had spoken. As for me,
Nestor, my father, the Gerenian Chief
Bade me conduct him hither, for he wish'd
To see thee, promising himself from thee
The benefit of some kind word or deed.
For, destitute of other aid, he much
His father's tedious absence mourns at home.
So fares Telemachus; his father strays
Remote, and in his stead, no friend hath he
Who might avert the mischiefs that he feels.
To whom the Hero amber-hair'd replied.
Ye Gods! the offspring of indeed a friend
Hath reach'd my house, of one who hath endured
Arduous conflicts numerous for my sake;
And much I purposed, had Olympian Jove
Vouchsafed us prosperous passage o'er the Deep,
To have received him with such friendship here
As none beside. In Argos I had then
Founded a city for him, and had raised
A palace for himself; I would have brought
The Hero hither, and his son, with all
His people, and with all his wealth, some town
Evacuating for his sake, of those
Ruled by myself, and neighbouring close my own.
Thus situate, we had often interchanged
Sweet converse, nor had other cause at last
Our friendship terminated or our joys,
Than death's black cloud o'ershadowing him or me.
But such delights could only envy move

Even in the Gods, who have, of all the Greeks,
Amerced *him* only of his wish'd return.
So saying, he kindled the desire to weep
In every bosom. Argive Helen wept
Abundant, Jove's own daughter; wept as fast
Telemachus and Menelaus both;
Nor Nestor's son with tearless eyes remain'd,
Calling to mind Antilochus[3] by the son[4]
Illustrious of the bright Aurora slain,
Remembering whom, in accents wing'd he said.
Atrides! ancient Nestor, when of late
Conversing with him, we remember'd thee,
Pronounced thee wise beyond all human-kind.
Now therefore, let not even my advice
Displease thee. It affords me no delight
To intermingle tears with my repast,
And soon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Will tinge the orient. Not that I account
Due lamentation of a friend deceased
Blameworthy, since, to sheer the locks and weep,
Is all we can for the unhappy dead.
I also have my grief, call'd to lament
One, not the meanest of Achaia's sons,
My brother; him I cannot but suppose
To thee well-known, although unknown to me
Who saw him never[5]; but report proclaims

[3] Antilochus was his brother.

[4] The son of Aurora, who slew Antilochus, was Memnon.

[5] Because Pisistratus was born after Antilochus had sailed to Troy.

Antilochus superior to the most,
In speed superior, and in feats of arms.
To whom, the Hero of the yellow locks.
O friend beloved! since nought which thou hast said
Or recommended now, would have disgraced
A man of years maturer far than thine,
(For wise thy father is, and such art thou,
And easy is it to discern the son
Of such a father, whom Saturnian Jove
In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd
To great felicity; for he hath given
To Nestor gradually to sink at home
Into old age, and while he lives, to see
His sons past others wise, and skill'd in arms,)
The sorrow into which we sudden fell
Shall pause. Come—now remember we the feast;
Pour water on our hands, for we shall find
(Telemachus and I) no dearth of themes
For mutual converse when the day shall dawn.
He ended; then, Asphalion, at his word,
Servant of glorious Menelaus, pour'd
Pure water on their hands, and they the feast
Before them with keen appetite assail'd.
But Jove-born Helen otherwise, meantime,
Employ'd, into the wine of which they drank
A drug infused, antidote to the pains
Of grief and anger, a most potent charm
For ills of every name. Whoe'er his wine
So medicated drinks, he shall not pour
All day the tears down his wan cheek, although

His father and his mother both were dead,
Nor even though his brother or his son
Had fallen in battle, and before his eyes.
Such drugs Jove's daughter own'd, with skill prepared,
And of prime virtue, by the wife of Thone,
Ægyptian Polydamna, given her.
For Ægypt teems with drugs, yielding no few
Which, mingled with the drink, are good, and many
Of baneful juice, and enemies to life.
There every man in skill medicinal
Excels, for they are sons of Pæon all.
That drug infused, she bade her servant pour
The beverage forth, and thus her speech resumed.
Atrides! Menelaus! dear to Jove!
These also are the sons of Chiefs renown'd,
(For Jove, as pleases him, to each assigns
Or good or evil, whom all things obey,)
Now therefore, feasting at your ease reclined,
Listen with pleasure, for myself, the while,
Will matter seasonable interpose.
I cannot all rehearse, nor even name
(Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits
Of brave Ulysses; but with what address
Successful, one atchievement he perform'd
At Ilium, where Achaia's sons endured
Such hardship, will I speak. Inflicting wounds
Dishonourable on himself, he took
A tatter'd garb, and like a serving-man
Enter'd the spacious city of your foes.
So veil'd, some mendicant he seem'd, although

No Greecian less deserved that name than he.
In such disguise he entered; all alike
Misdeem'd him; me alone he not deceived
Who challenged him, but, shrewd, he turn'd away.
At length, however, when I had myself
Bathed him, anointed, cloath'd him, and had sworn
Not to declare him openly in Troy
Till he should reach again the camp and fleet,
He told me the whole purpose of the Greeks.
Then, (many a Trojan slaughter'd,) he regain'd
The camp, and much intelligence he bore
To the Achaians. Oh, what wailing then
Was heard of Trojan women! but my heart
Exulted, alter'd now, and wishing home;
For now my crime committed under force
Of Venus' influence I deplored, what time
She led me to a country far remote,
A wanderer from the matrimonial bed,
From my own child, and from my rightful Lord
Alike unblemish'd both in form and mind.
  Her answer'd then the Hero golden-hair'd.
Helen! thou hast well spoken. All is true.
I have the talents fathom'd and the minds
Of numerous Heroes, and have travell'd far,
Yet never saw I with these eyes in man
Such firmness as the calm Ulysses own'd;
None such as in the wooden horse he proved,
Where all our bravest sat, designing woe
And bloody havoc for the sons of Troy.
Thou thither camest, impell'd, as it should seem,

By some divinity inclined to give
Victory to our foes, and with thee came
Godlike Deiphobus. Thrice round about
The hollow ambush, striking with thy hand
Its sides thou went'st, and by his name didst call
Each prince of Greece, feigning his consort's voice.
Myself with Diomede, and with divine
Ulysses, seated in the midst, the call
Heard plain and loud; we (Diomede and I)
With ardour burn'd either to quit the horse
So summon'd, or to answer from within.
But, all impatient as we were, Ulysses
Controul'd the rash design; so there the sons
Of the Achaians silent sat and mute,
And of us all Anticlus would alone
Have answer'd; but Ulysses, with both hands
Compressing close his lips, saved us, nor ceased
Till Pallas thence conducted thee again.
  Then thus, discrete, Telemachus replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
Hard was his lot, whom these rare qualities
Preserved not, neither had his dauntless heart
Been iron, had he 'scaped his cruel doom.
But haste, dismiss us hence, that on our beds
Reposed, we may enjoy sleep, needful now.
  He ceased; then Argive Helen gave command
To her attendant maidens to prepare
Beds in the portico with purple rugs
Resplendent, and with arras, overspread,
And cover'd warm with cloaks of shaggy pile.

Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
And spread the couches; next, the herald them
Led forth, and in the vestibule the son
Of Nestor and the youthful Hero slept,
Telemachus; but in the interior house
Atrides, with the loveliest of her sex
Beside him, Helen of the sweeping stole.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Glow'd in the East, then from his couch arose
The warlike Menelaus, fresh attired;
His faulchion o'er his shoulders slung, he bound
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
And like a God issuing, at the side
Sat of Telemachus, to whom he spake.
  Hero! Telemachus! what urgent cause
Hath hither led thee, to the land far-famed
Of Lacedæmon o'er the spacious Deep?
Public concern or private? Tell me true.
  To whom Telemachus discrete replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
News seeking of my Sire, I have arrived.
My household is devour'd, my fruitful fields
Are desolated, and my palace fill'd
With enemies, who while they mutual wage
Proud competition for my mother's love,
My flocks continual slaughter, and my beeves.
For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg
That thou wouldst tell me his disastrous end,
If either thou beheld'st with thine own eyes
His death, or from some wanderer of the Greeks

Hast heard it; for no common woes, alas!
Was he ordain'd to share even from the womb.
Neither through pity or o'erstrain'd respect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate
Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble Sire
E'er gratified thee by performance just
Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
So numerous slain in fight, oh recollect
Now his fidelity, and tell me true!

Then Menelaus, sighing deep, replied.
Gods! their ambition is to reach the bed
Of a brave man, however base themselves.
But as it chances, when the hart hath lay'd
Her fawns new-yean'd and sucklings yet, to rest
Within some dreadful lion's gloomy den,
She roams the hills, and in the grassy vales
Feeds heedless, till the lion, to his lair
Return'd, destroys her and her little-ones,
So them thy Sire shall terribly destroy.
Jove, Pallas and Apollo! oh that such
As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove
With Philomelides, and threw him flat,
A sight at which Achaia's sons rejoiced,
Such, now, Ulysses might assail them all!
Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs.
But thy enquiries neither indirect
Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,
But all that from the Ancient[6] of the Deep
I have received will utter, hiding nought.

[6] Proteus.

As yet the Gods on Ægypt's shore detain'd
Me wishing home, angry at my neglect
To heap their altars with slain hecatombs:
For they exacted from us evermore
Strict reverence of their laws. There is an isle
Amid the billowy flood, Pharos by name,
In front of Ægypt, distant from her shore
Far as a vessel by a sprightly gale
Impell'd, may push her voyage in a day.
The haven there is good, and many a ship
Finds watering there from rivulets on the coast.
There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze
Propitious granting, that might sweep the waves,
And usher to her home the flying bark.
And now had our provision, all consumed,
Left us exhausted, but a certain nymph
Pitying saved me. Daughter fair was she
Of mighty Proteus, Ancient of the Deep,
Idothea named; her most my sorrows moved;
She found me from my followers all apart
Wandering, (for they around the isle, with hooks
The fishes snaring roam'd, by famine urged,)
And standing at my side, me thus bespake.
Stranger! thou must be ideot born, or weak
At least in intellect, or thy delight
Is in distress and misery, who delay'st
To leave this island, and no egress hence
Canst find, although thy famish'd people faint.
So spake the Goddess, and I thus replied.
I tell thee, whosoever of the Powers

Divine thou art, that I am prison'd here
Not willingly, but must have, doubtless, sinn'd
Against the deathless tenants of the skies.
Yet say (for the Immortals all things know,)
What God detains me, and my course forbids
Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep?
So I; to whom the Goddess all divine.
Stranger! I will inform thee true. A seer
Oracular, the Ancient of the Deep,
Immortal Proteus, the Ægyptian, haunts
These shores, familiar with all Ocean's gulfs,
And Neptune's subject. He is by report
My father; him if thou art able once
To seize and bind, he will prescribe the course
With all its measured distances, by which
Thou shalt regain secure thy native shores.
He will, moreover, at thy suit declare,
Thou favour'd of the skies! what good, what ill
Hath in thine house befallen, while absent thou
Thy voyage difficult perform'st and long.
She spake, and I replied,—Thyself reveal
By what effectual bands I may secure
The ancient Deity marine, lest, warn'd
Of my approach, he shun me and escape.
Hard task for mortal hands to bind a God!
Then thus Idothea answer'd all-divine.
I will inform thee true. Soon as the sun
Hath climb'd the middle heavens, the prophet old,
Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,
And cover'd with the scum of ocean, seeks

His spacious cove, in which outstretch'd he lies.
The phocæ[7] also, rising from the waves,
Offspring of beauteous Halosydna, sleep
Around him, numerous, and the fishy scent
Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood.
Thither conducting thee at peep of day
I will dispose thee in some safe recess,
But from among thy followers thou shalt chuse
The bravest three in all thy gallant fleet.
And now the artifices understand
Of the old prophet of the sea. The sum
Of all his phocæ numbering duly first,
He will pass through them, and when all by fives
He counted hath, will in the midst repose
Content, as sleeps the shepherd with his flock.
When ye shall see him stretch'd, then call to mind
That moment all your prowess, and prevent,
Howe'er he strive impatient, his escape.
All changes trying, he will take the form
Of every reptile on the earth, will seem
A river now, and now devouring fire;
But hold him ye, and grasp him still the more.
And when himself shall question you, restored
To his own form in which ye found him first
Reposing, then from farther force abstain;
Then, Hero! loose the Ancient of the Deep,
And ask him, of the Gods who checks thy course
Hence to thy country o'er the fishy flood.

[7] Seals, or sea-calves.

So saying, she plunged into the billowy waste.
I then, in various musings lost, my ships
Along the sea-beach station'd sought again,
And when I reach'd my galley on the shore
We supp'd, and sacred night falling from heaven,
Slept all extended on the ocean-side.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, pensive beside the shore
I walk'd of Ocean, frequent to the Gods
Praying devout, then chose the fittest three
For bold assault, and worthiest of my trust.
Meantime the Goddess from the bosom wide
Of Ocean rising, brought us thence four skins
Of phocæ, and all newly-stript, a snare
Contriving subtle to deceive her Sire.
Four cradles in the sand she scoop'd, then sat
Expecting us, who in due time approach'd;
She lodged us side by side, and over each
A raw skin cast. Horrible to ourselves
Proved that disguise, whom the pernicious scent
Of the sea-nourish'd phocæ sore annoy'd;
For who would lay him down at a whale's side?
But she a potent remedy devised
Herself to save us, who the nostrils soothed
Of each with pure ambrosia thither brought
Odorous, which the fishy scent subdued.
All morning, patient watchers, there we lay;
And now the numerous phocæ from the Deep
Emerging, slept along the shore, and he
At noon came also, and perceiving there
His fatted monsters, through the flock his course

Took regular, and summ'd them; with the first
He number'd us, suspicion none of fraud
Conceiving, then couch'd also. We, at once,
Loud-shouting flew on him, and in our arms
Constrain'd him fast; nor the sea-prophet old
Call'd not incontinent his shifts to mind.
First he became a long-maned lion grim,
Then dragon, panther then, a savage boar,
A limpid stream, and an o'ershadowing tree.
We persevering held him, till at length
The Ancient of the Deep, skill'd as he is
In wiles, yet weary, question'd me, and said.
Oh Atreus' son, by what confederate God
Instructed liest thou in wait for me,
To seize and hold me? what is thy desire?
So He; to whom thus answer I return'd.
Old Seer! thou know'st; why, fraudful, should'st thou ask?
It is because I have been prison'd long
Within this isle, whence I have sought in vain
Deliverance, till my wonted courage fails.
Yet say (for the Immortals all things know,)
What God detains me, and my course forbids
Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep?
So I; when thus the old one of the waves.
[8] But thy plain duty was to have adored

[8] From the abruptness of this beginning, Virgil, probably, who has copied the story, took the hint of his admired exordium.

Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras
Egit adire domos?

Jove, first, in sacrifice, and all the Gods,
That then embarking, by propitious gales
Impell'd, thou might'st have reach'd thy country soon.
For thou art doom'd ne'er to behold again
Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native shores,
Till thou have seen once more the hallow'd flood
Of Ægypt, and with hecatombs adored
Devout the deathless tenants of the skies.
Then will they speed thee whither thou desirest.
He ended, and my heart broke at his words,
Which bade me pass again the gloomy gulf
To Ægypt; tedious course, and hard to atchieve!
Yet, though in sorrow whelm'd, I thus replied.
Old prophet! I will all thy will perform.
But tell me, and the truth simply reveal;
Have the Achaians with their ships arrived
All safe, whom Nestor left and I, at Troy?
Or of the Chiefs have any in their barks,
Or in their followers' arms found a dire death
Unlook'd for, since that city's siege we closed?
I spake, when answer thus the God return'd.
Atrides, why these questions? need is none
That thou should'st all my secrets learn, which once
Reveal'd, thou wouldst not long dry-eyed remain.
Of those no few have died, and many live;
But leaders, two alone, in their return
Have died, (thou also hast had war to wage,)
And one, still living, roams the boundless sea.
Ajax[9], surrounded by his galleys, died.

[9] Son of Oïleus.

Him Neptune, first, against the bulky rocks
The Gyræ drove, but saved him from the Deep;
Nor had he perish'd, hated as he was
By Pallas, but for his own impious boast
In frenzy utter'd, that he would escape
The billows, even in the Gods' despight.
Neptune that speech vain-glorious hearing, grasp'd
His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock
Smiting indignant, dash'd it half away;
Part stood, and part, on which the boaster sat
When, first, the brainsick fury seized him, fell,
Bearing him with it down into the gulfs
Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died.
But thy own brother in his barks escaped
That fate, by Juno saved; yet when, at length,
He should have gain'd Malea's craggy shore,
Then, by a sudden tempest caught, he flew
With many a groan far o'er the fishy Deep
To the land's utmost point, where once his home
Thyestes had, but where Thyestes' son
Dwelt then, Ægisthus. Easy lay his course
And open thence, and as it pleased the Gods,
The shifted wind soon bore them to their home.
He high in exultation, trod the shore
That gave him birth, kiss'd it, and at the sight,
The welcome sight of Greece, shed many a tear.
Yet not unseen he landed; for a spy,
One whom the shrewd Ægisthus had seduced
By promise of two golden talents, mark'd
His coming from a rock where he had watch'd

The year complete, lest passing unperceived,
The King should reassert his right in arms.
Swift flew the spy with tidings to his Lord,
And He, incontinent, this project framed
Insidious. Twenty men, the boldest hearts
Of all the people, from the rest he chose,
Whom he in ambush placed, and others charged
Diligent to prepare the festal board.
With horses, then, and chariots forth he drove
Full-fraught with mischief, and conducting home
The unsuspicious King, amid the feast
Slew him, as at his crib men slay an ox.
Nor of thy brother's train, nor of his train
Who slew thy brother, one survived, but all,
Weltering in blood together, there expired.
He ended, and his words beat on my heart
As they would break it. On the sands I sat
Weeping, nor life nor light desiring more.
But when I had in dust roll'd me, and wept
To full satiety, mine ear again
The oracle of Ocean thus address'd.
Sit not, O son of Atreus! weeping here
Longer, for remedy can none be found;
But quick arising, trial make, how best
Thou shalt, and soonest, reach thy home again.
For either him still living thou shalt find,
Or ere thou come, Orestes shall have slain
The traitor, and thine eyes shall see his tomb.
He ceased, and I, afflicted as I was,
Yet felt my spirit at that word refresh'd,
And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.

Of these I am inform'd; but name the third
Who dead or living, on the boundless Deep
Is still detain'd; I dread, yet wish to hear.
So I; to whom thus Proteus in return.
Laertes' son, the Lord of Ithaca—
Him in an island weeping I beheld,
Guest of the nymph Calypso, by constraint
Her guest, and from his native land withheld
By sad necessity; for ships well-oar'd,
Or faithful followers hath he none, whose aid
Might speed him safely o'er the spacious flood.
But, Menelaus dear to Jove! thy fate
Ordains not thee the stroke of death to meet
In steed-famed Argos, but far hence the Gods
Will send thee to Elysium, and the earth's
Extremest bounds; (there Rhadamanthus dwells,
The golden-hair'd, and there the human kind
Enjoy the easiest life; no snow is there,
No biting winter, and no drenching shower,
But zephyr always gently from the sea
Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race;)
For that fair Helen is by nuptial bands
Thy own, and thou art son-in-law of Jove.
So saying, he plunged into the billowy waste.
I then, with my brave comrades to the fleet
Return'd, deep-musing as I went, and sad.
No sooner had I reach'd my ship beside
The ocean, and we all had supped, than night
From heaven fell on us, and at ease reposed
Along the margin of the sea, we slept.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,

Look'd rosy forth, drawing our galleys down
Into the sacred Deep, we rear'd again
The mast, unfurl'd the sail, and to our seats
On board returning, thresh'd the foamy flood.
Once more, at length, within the hallow'd stream
Of Ægypt mooring, on the shore I slew
Whole hecatombs, and (the displeasure thus
Of the Immortal Gods appeased,) I rear'd
To Agamemnon's never-dying fame
A tomb, and finishing it sail'd again
With such a gale from heaven vouchsafed, as sent
My ships swift scudding to the shores of Greece.
But come—eleven days wait here or twelve
A guest with me, when I will send thee hence
Nobly and honour'd with illustrious gifts,
With polish'd chariot, with three princely steeds,
And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods
Libation pouring ever while thou livest
From that same cup, thou may'st remember me.
  Him, prudent, then answered Telemachus.
Atrides seek not to detain me here
Long time; for though contented I could sit
The year beside thee, nor regret my home
Or parents, (so delightful thy discourse
Sounds in my ear,) yet, even now, I know,
That my attendants to the Pylian shore
Wish my return, whom thou thus long detain'st.
What boon soe'er thou givest me, be it such
As I may treasured keep; but horses none
Take I to Ithaca; them rather far

Keep thou, for thy own glory. Thou art Lord
Of an extended plain, where copious springs
The lotus, herbage of all savours, wheat,
Pulse, and white barley of luxuriant growth.
But Ithaca no level champaign owns,
A nursery of goats, and yet a land
Fairer than even pastures to the eye.
No sea-encircled isle of ours affords
Smooth course commodious, and expanse of meads,
But my own Ithaca transcends them all!
He said; the Hero Menelaus smiled,
And stroaking tenderly his cheek, replied.
Dear youth! thy speech proclaims thy noble blood.
I can with ease supply thee from within
With what shall suit thee better, and the gift
Of all that I possess which most excels
In beauty, and the noblest shall be thine.
I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup
Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.
It is the work of Vulcan, which to me
The Hero Phædimus imparted, King
Of the Sidonians, when on my return
His house received me. That shall be thy own.
Thus they conferr'd; and now the busy train
Of [10]menials culinary at the gate
Enter'd of Menelaus, Chief renown'd;
They brought him sheep, with heart-ennobling wine,

[10] Δαιτυμων—generally signifies the founder of a feast; but we are taught by Eustathius to understand by it, in this place, the persons employed in preparing it.

While all their wives, their brows with frontlets bound,
Came charged with bread. Thus busy they prepared
A banquet in the mansion of the King.
  Meantime, before Ulysses' palace gate
The suitors sported with the quoit and spear
On the smooth area, customary scene
Of all their strife and angry clamour loud.
There sat Antinoüs, and the godlike youth
Eurymachus, superior to the rest
And Chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' son
Noëmon drawing nigh, with anxious mien
Question'd Antinoüs, and thus began.
  Know we, Antinoüs! or know we not,
When to expect Telemachus at home
Again from Pylus? In my ship he went,
Which now I need, that I may cross the sea
To Elis, on whose spacious plain I feed
Twelve mares, each suckling a mule-colt as yet
Unbroken, but of which I purpose one
To ferry thence, and break him into use.
  He spake, whom they astonish'd heard; for him
They deem'd not to Nelëian Pylus gone,
But haply into his own fields, his flocks
To visit, or the steward of his swine.
Then thus, Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, spake.
  Say true. When sail'd he forth? of all our youth,
Whom chose he for his followers? his own train
Of slaves and hirelings? hath he power to effect
This also? Tell me too, for I would learn—

Took he perforce thy sable bark away,
Or gavest it to him at his first demand?
To whom Noëmon, Phronius' son, replied.
I gave it voluntary; what could'st thou,
Should such a prince petition for thy bark
In such distress? Hard were it to refuse.
Brave youths (our bravest youths except yourselves,)
Attend him forth; and with them I observed
Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all,
Or, if not him, a God; for such he seem'd.
But this much moves my wonder. Yester-morn
I saw, at day-break, noble Mentor here,
Whom shipp'd for Pylus I had seen before.
He ceased; and to his father's house return'd;
They, hearing, sat aghast. Their games meantime
Finish'd, the suitors on their seats reposed,
To whom Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, next,
Much troubled spake; a black storm overcharged
His bosom, and his vivid eyes flash'd fire.
Ye Gods, a proud exploit is here atchieved,
This voyage of Telemachus, by us
Pronounced impracticable; yet the boy
In downright opposition to us all,
Hath headlong launch'd a ship, and with a band
Selected from our bravest youth, is gone.
He soon will prove more mischievous, whose power
Jove wither, ere we suffer its effects!
But give me a swift bark with twenty rowers,
That, watching his return within the streights
Of rocky Samos and of Ithaca,

I may surprise him; so shall he have sail'd
To seek his sire, fatally for himself.
He ceased, and loud applause heard in reply,
With warm encouragement. Then, rising all,
Into Ulysses' house at once they throng'd.
Nor was Penelope left uninform'd
Long time of their clandestine plottings deep,
For herald Medon told her all, whose ear
Their councils caught while in the outer-court
He stood, and they that project framed within.
Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,
Who as he pass'd the gate him thus address'd.
For what cause, herald! have the suitors sent
Thee foremost? Would they that my maidens lay
Their tasks aside, and dress the board for them?
Here end their wooing! may they hence depart
Never, and may the banquet now prepared,
This banquet prove your[11] last! who in such throngs
Here meeting waste the patrimony fair
Of brave Telemachus; ye never, sure,
When children, heard how gracious and how good
Ulysses dwelt among your parents, none
Of all his people, or in word or deed
Injuring as great princes oft are wont,
By favour influenced now, now by disgust.

[11] This transition from the third to the second person belongs to the original, and is considered as a fine stroke of art in the poet, who represents Penelope in the warmth of her resentment, forgetting where she is, and addressing the suitors as if present.

He no man wrong'd at any time; but plain
Your wicked purpose in your deeds appears,
Who sense have none of benefits conferr'd.
  Then Medon answer thus, prudent, return'd.
Oh Queen! may the Gods grant this prove the worst.
But greater far and heavier ills than this
The suitors plan, whose counsels Jove confound!
Their base desire and purpose are to slay
Telemachus on his return; for he,
To gather tidings of his Sire is gone
To Pylus, or to Sparta's land divine.
  He said; and where she stood, her trembling knees
Fail'd under her, and all her spirits went.
Speechless she long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes,
And inarticulate in its passage died
Her utterance, till at last with pain she spake.
  Herald! why went my son? he hath no need
On board swift ships to ride, which are to man
His steeds that bear him over seas remote.
Went he, that, with himself, his very name
Might perish from among mankind for ever?
  Then answer, thus, Medon the wise return'd.
I know not whether him some God impell'd
Or his own heart to Pylus, there to hear
News of his Sire's return, or by what fate
At least he died, if he return no more.
  He said, and traversing Ulysses' courts,
Departed; she, with heart-consuming woe
O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take
Repose on any of her numerous seats,

But on the threshold of her chamber-door
Lamenting sat, while all her female train
Around her moan'd, the antient and the young,
Whom, sobbing, thus, Penelope bespake.
Hear me, ye maidens! for of women born
Coeval with me, none hath e'er received
Such plenteous sorrow from the Gods as I,
Who first my noble husband lost, endued
With courage lion-like, of all the Greeks
The Chief with every virtue most adorn'd,
A prince all-excellent, whose glorious praise
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffused.
And now, my darling son,—him storms have snatch'd
Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not.
Ah treacherous servants! conscious as ye were
Of his design, not one of you the thought
Conceived to wake me when he went on board.
For had but the report once reach'd my ear,
He either had not gone (how much soe'er
He wish'd to leave me,) or had left me dead.
But haste ye,—bid my ancient servant come,
Dolion (whom when I left my father's house
He gave me, and whose office is to attend
My numerous garden-plants,) that he may seek
At once Laertes, and may tell him all,
Who may contrive some remedy, perchance,
Or fit expedient, and shall come abroad
To weep before the men who wish to slay
Even the prince, godlike Ulysses' son.
Then thus the gentle Euryclea spake,

Nurse of Telemachus. Alas! my Queen!
Slay me, or spare, deal with me as thou wilt,
I will confess the truth. I knew it all.
I gave him all that he required from me,
Both wine and bread, and at his bidding, swore
To tell thee nought in twelve whole days to come,
Or till, enquiry made, thou should'st thyself
Learn his departure, lest thou should'st impair
Thy lovely features with excess of grief.
But lave thyself, and fresh attired, ascend
To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,
To worship Pallas, who shall save, thenceforth,
Thy son from death, what ills soe'er he meet.
Add not fresh sorrows to the present woes
Of the old King, for I believe not yet
Arcesias' race entirely by the Gods
Renounced, but trust that there shall still be found
Among them, who shall dwell in royal state,
And reap the fruits of fertile fields remote.
So saying, she hush'd her sorrow, and her eyes
No longer stream'd. Then, bathed and fresh attired,
Penelope ascended with her train
The upper palace, and a basket stored
With hallow'd cakes offering, to Pallas pray'd.
Hear, matchless daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd!
If ever wise Ulysses offer'd here
The thighs of fatted kine or sheep to thee,
Now mindful of his piety, preserve
His darling son, and frustrate with a frown
The cruelty of these imperious guests!

She said, and wept aloud, whose earnest suit
Pallas received. And now the spacious hall
And gloomy passages with tumult rang
And clamour of that throng, when thus, a youth
Insolent as his fellows, dared to speak.
Much woo'd and long, the Queen at length prepares
To choose another mate[12], and nought suspects
The bloody death to which her son is doom'd.
So he; but they, meantime, themselves remain'd
Untaught, what course the dread concern elsewhere
Had taken, whom Antinoüs thus address'd.
Sirs! one and all, I counsel you, beware
Of such bold boasting unadvised; lest one
O'erhearing you, report your words within.
No—rather thus, in silence, let us move
To an exploit so pleasant to us all.
He said, and twenty chose, the bravest there,
With whom he sought the galley on the shore,
Which drawing down into the Deep, they placed
The mast and sails on board, and fitting, next,
Each oar in order to its proper groove,
Unfurl'd and spread their canvas to the gale.
Their bold attendants, then, brought them their arms,
And soon as in deep water they had moor'd
The ship, themselves embarking, supp'd on board,
And watch'd impatient for the dusk of eve.
But when Penelope, the palace stairs
Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,

[12] Mistaking, perhaps, the sound of her voice and imagining that she sang.—Vide Barnes in loco.

There, unrefresh'd with either food or wine,
She lay'd her down, her noble son the theme
Of all her thoughts, whether he should escape
His haughty foes, or perish by their hands.
Numerous as are the lion's thoughts, who sees,
Not without fear, a multitude with toils
Encircling him around, such numerous thoughts
Her bosom occupied, till sleep at length
Invading her, she sank in soft repose.
Then Pallas, teeming with a new design,
Set forth an airy phantom in the form
Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave
Icarius, and Eumelus' wedded wife
In Pheræ. Shaped like her the dream she sent
Into the mansion of the godlike Chief
Ulysses, with kind purpose to abate
The sighs and tears of sad Penelope.
Entering the chamber-portal, where the bolt
Secured it, at her head the image stood,
And thus, in terms compassionate, began.
Sleep'st thou, distress'd Penelope? The Gods,
Happy in everlasting rest themselves,
Forbid thy sorrows. Thou shalt yet behold
Thy son again, who hath by no offence
Incurr'd at any time the wrath of heaven.
To whom, sweet-slumbering in the shadowy gate
By which dreams pass, Penelope replied.
What cause, my sister, brings thee, who art seen
Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'st remote?
And thou enjoin'st me a cessation too

From sorrows numerous, and which, fretting, wear
My heart continual; first, my spouse I lost
With courage lion-like endow'd, a prince
All-excellent, whose never-dying praise
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffused;
And now my only son, new to the toils
And hazards of the sea, nor less untaught
The arts of traffic, in a ship is gone
Far hence, for whose dear cause I sorrow more
Than for his Sire himself, and even shake
With terror, lest he perish by their hands
To whom he goes, or in the stormy Deep;
For numerous are his foes, and all intent
To slay him, ere he reach his home again.
  Then answer thus the shadowy form return'd.
Take courage; suffer not excessive dread
To overwhelm thee, such a guide he hath
And guardian, one whom many wish their friend,
And ever at their side, knowing her power,
Minerva; she compassionates thy griefs,
And I am here, her harbinger, who speak
As thou hast heard by her own kind command.
  Then thus Penelope the wise replied.
Oh! if thou art a Goddess, and hast heard
A Goddess' voice, rehearse to me the lot
Of that unhappy one, if yet he live
Spectator of the cheerful beams of day,
Or if, already dead, he dwell below.
  Whom answer'd thus the fleeting shadow vain.
I will not now inform thee if thy Lord
Live, or live not. Vain words are best unspoken.

So saying, her egress swift beside the bolt
She made, and melted into air. Upsprang
From sleep Icarius' daughter, and her heart
Felt heal'd within her, by that dream distinct
Visited in the noiseless night serene.
Meantime the suitors urged their watery way,
To instant death devoting in their hearts
Telemachus. There is a rocky isle
In the mid sea, Samos the rude between
And Ithaca, not large, named Asteris.
It hath commodious havens, into which
A passage clear opens on either side,
And there the ambush'd Greeks his coming watch'd.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

Mercury bears to Calypso a command from Jupiter that she dismiss Ulysses. She, after some remonstrances, promises obedience and furnishes him with implements and materials, with which he constructs a raft. He quits Calypso's island; is persecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempests, but by the assistance of a sea nymph, after having lost his raft, is enabled to swim to Phæacia.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK V.

AURORA from beside her glorious mate
Tithonus now arose, light to dispense
Through earth and heaven, when the assembled Gods
In council sat, o'er whom high-thundering Jove
Presided, mightiest of the Powers above.
Amid them, Pallas on the numerous woes
Descanted of Ulysses, whom she saw
With grief, still prison'd in Calypso's isle.
  Jove, Father, hear me, and ye other Powers
Who live for evēr, hear! Be never King
Henceforth to gracious acts inclined, humane,
Or righteous, but let every sceptred hand
Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,
Since none of all his people whom he sway'd
With such paternal gentleness and love
Remembers, now, divine Ulysses more.
He, in yon distant isle a sufferer lies
Of hopeless sorrow, through constraint the guest
Still of the nymph Calypso, without means
Or power to reach his native shores again,

Alike of gallant barks and friends deprived,
Who might conduct him o'er the spacious Deep.
Nor this is all, but enemies combine
To slay his son ere yet he can return
From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn
There, or in Sparta, tidings of his Sire.
  To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.
What word hath pass'd thy lips, daughter beloved?
Hast thou not purposed that arriving soon
At home, Ulysses shall destroy his foes?
Guide thou, Telemachus, (for well thou canst,)
That he may reach secure his native coast,
And that the suitors baffled may return.
  He ceased, and thus to Hermes spake, his son.
Hermes! (for thou art herald of our will
At all times,) to yon bright-hair'd nymph convey
Our fixt resolve, that brave Ulysses thence
Depart, uncompanied by God or man.
Borne on a corded raft, and suffering woe
Extreme, he on the twentieth day shall reach,
Not sooner, Scherie the deep-soil'd, possess'd
By the Phæacians, kinsmen of the Gods.
They, as a God shall reverence the Chief,
And in a bark of theirs shall send him thence
To his own home, much treasure, brass and gold
And raiment giving him, to an amount
Surpassing all that, had he safe return'd,
He should by lot have shared of Ilium's spoil.
Thus fate appoints Ulysses to regain
His country, his own palace, and his friends.

He ended, nor the Argicide refused,
Messenger of the skies; his sandals fair,
Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,
Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,
Bear him, and o'er the illimitable earth,
Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes
He closes soft, or opes them wide again.
So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.
Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd
To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd
In form a sea-mew, such as in the bays
Tremendous of the barren Deep her food
Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.
In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,
But reaching, now, that isle remote, forsook
The azure Deep, and at the spacious grot,
Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph arrived,
Found her within. A fire on all the hearth
Blazed sprightly, and, afar-diffused, the scent
Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress wood
Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle.
She, busied at the loom, and plying fast
Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice
Sat chaunting there; a grove on either side,
Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch
Wide-spread of Cypress, skirted dark the cave.
There many a bird of broadest pinion built
Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw
Long-tongued, frequenter of the sandy shores.
A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides

Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung
Profuse; four fountains of serenest lymph
Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,
Stray'd all around, and every where appear'd
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er
With violets; it was a scene to fill
A God from heaven with wonder and delight.
Hermes, Heaven's messenger, admiring stood
That sight, and having all survey'd, at length
Enter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph
Him knew not soon as seen, for not unknown
Each to the other the Immortals are,
How far soever separate their abodes.
Yet found he not within the mighty Chief
Ulysses; he sat weeping on the shore,
Forlorn, for there his custom was with groans
Of sad regret to afflict his breaking heart,
Looking continual o'er the barren Deep.
Then thus Calypso, nymph divine, the God
Question'd, from her resplendent throne august.
Hermes! possessor of the potent rod!
Who, though by me much reverenced and beloved,
So seldom comest, say, wherefore comest now?
Speak thy desire; I grant it, if thou ask
Things possible, and possible to me.
Stay not, but entering farther, at my board
Due rites of hospitality receive.
So saying, the Goddess with ambrosial food
Her table cover'd, and with rosy juice
Nectareous charged the cup. Then ate and drank

The Argicide and herald of the skies,
And in his soul with that repast divine
Refresh'd, his message to the nymph declared.
Questionest thou, a Goddess, me a God?
I tell thee truth, since such is thy demand.
Not willing, but by Jove constrain'd, I come.
For who would, voluntary, such a breadth
Enormous measure of the salt expanse,
Where city none is seen in which the Gods
Are served with chosen hecatombs and prayer?
But no divinity may the designs
Elude, or contravert, of Jove supreme.
He saith, that here thou hold'st the most distrest
Of all those warriors who nine years assail'd
The city of Priam, and, (that city sack'd,)
Departed in the tenth; but, going thence,
Offended Pallas, who with adverse winds
Opposed their voyage, and with boisterous waves.
Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and storms drove hither; Jove commands
That thou dismiss him hence without delay,
For fate ordains him not to perish here
From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd
To see them yet again, and to arrive
At his own palace in his native land.
He said; divine Calypso at the sound
Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Ye are unjust, ye Gods, and envious past
All others, grudging if a Goddess take
A mortal man openly to her arms!

So, when the rosy-finger'd Morning chose
Orion, though ye live yourselves at ease,
Yet ye all envied her, until the chaste
Diana from her golden throne dispatch'd
A silent shaft, which slew him in Ortygia.
So, when the golden-tressed Ceres, urged
By passion, took Iäsion to her arms
In a thrice-labour'd fallow, not untaught
Was Jove that secret long, and hearing it,
Indignant, slew him with his candent bolt.
So also, O ye Gods, ye envy me
The mortal man, my consort. Him I saved
Myself, while solitary on his keel
He rode, for with his sulphurous arrow Jove
Had cleft his bark amid the sable Deep.
Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and storms drove hither, whom I loved
Sincere, and fondly destined to a life
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
But since no Deity may the designs
Elude or controvert of Jove supreme,
Hence with him o'er the barren Deep, if such
The Sovereign's will, and such his stern command.
But undismiss'd he goes by me, who ships
Myself well-oar'd and mariners have none
To send with him athwart the spacious flood;
Yet freely, readily, my best advice
I will afford him, that, escaping all
Danger, he may regain his native shore.
Then Hermes thus, the messenger of heaven.

Act as thou say'st, fearing the frown of Jove,
Lest, if provoked, he spare not even thee.
So saying, the dauntless Argicide withdrew,
And she (Jove's mandate heard) all-graceful went,
Seeking the brave Ulysses; on the shore
She found him seated; tears succeeding tears
Deluged his eyes, while, hopeless of return,
Life's precious hours to eating cares he gave
Continual, with the nymph now charm'd no more.
Yet, cold as she was amorous, still he pass'd
His nights beside her in the hollow grot,
Constrain'd, and day by day the rocks among
Which lined the shore heart-broken sat, and oft
While wistfully he eyed the barren Deep,
Wept, groan'd, desponded, sigh'd, and wept again.
Then, drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine.
Unhappy! weep not here, nor life consume
In anguish; go; thou hast my glad consent.
Arise to labour; hewing down the trunks
Of lofty trees, fashion them with the axe
To a broad raft, which closely floor'd above,
Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep.
Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice
Myself will put on board, which shall preserve
Thy life from famine; I will also give
New raiment for thy limbs, and will dispatch
Winds after thee to waft thee home unharm'd,
If such the pleasure of the Gods who dwell
In yonder boundless heaven, superior far
To me, in knowledge and in skill to judge.

She ceased; but horror at that sound the heart
Chill'd of Ulysses, and in accents wing'd
With wonder, thus the noble Chief replied.
Ah! other thoughts than of my safe return
Employ thee, Goddess, now, who bid'st me pass
The perilous gulf of Ocean on a raft,
That wild expanse terrible, which even ships
Pass not, though form'd to cleave their way with ease,
And joyful in propitious winds from Jove.
No,—let me never, in despite of thee,
Embark on board a raft, nor till thou swear,
Oh Goddess! the inviolable oath,
That future mischief thou intend'st me none.
He said; Calypso, beauteous Goddess, smiled,
And, while she spake, stroking his cheek, replied.
Thou dost asperse me rudely, and excuse
Of ignorance hast none, far better taught;
What words were these? How could'st thou thus reply?
Now hear me, Earth, and the wide Heaven above!
Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian stream
Under the earth, (by which the blessed Gods
Swear trembling, and revere the aweful oath!)
That future mischief I intend thee none.
No, my designs concerning thee are such
As, in an exigence resembling thine,
Myself, most sure, should for myself conceive.
I have a mind more equal, not of steel
My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined.
So saying, the lovely Goddess with swift pace
Led on, whose footsteps he as swift pursued.

Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,
The Goddess and the man; on the same throne
Ulysses sat, whence Hermes had arisen,
And viands of all kinds, such as sustain
The life of mortal man, Calypso placed
Before him, both for beverage and for food.
She opposite to the illustrious Chief
Reposed, by her attendant maidens served
With nectar and ambrosia. They their hands
Stretch'd forth together to the ready feast,
And when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unsated, thus the beauteous nymph began.
Laertes' noble son, for wisdom famed
And artifice! oh canst thou thus resolve
To seek, incontinent, thy native shores?
I pardon thee. Farewell! but could'st thou guess
The woes which fate ordains thee to endure
Ere yet thou reach thy country, well-content
Here to inhabit, thou would'st keep my grot
And be immortal, howsoe'er thy wife
Engage thy every wish day after day.
Yet can I not in stature or in form
Myself suspect inferior aught to her,
Since competition cannot be between
Mere mortal beauties, and a form divine.
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Aweful Divinity! be not incensed.
I know that my Penelope in form
And stature altogether yields to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou,

From age exempt; yet not the less I wish
My home, and languish daily to return.
But should some God amid the sable Deep
Dash me again into a wreck, my soul
Shall bear *that* also; for, by practice taught,
I have learn'd patience, having much endured
By tempest and in battle both. Come then
This evil also! I am well prepared.
He ended, and the sun sinking, resign'd
The earth to darkness. Then in a recess
Interior of the cavern, side by side
Reposed, they took their amorous delight.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, Ulysses then in haste
Put on his vest and mantle, and the nymph
Her snowy vesture of transparent woof,
Graceful, redundant; to her waist she bound
Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,
Then, musing, plann'd the noble Chief's return.
She gave him, fitted to the grasp, an axe
Of iron, ponderous, double edged, with haft
Of olive-wood, inserted firm, and wrought
With curious art. Then, placing in his hand
A polish'd adze, she led, herself, the way
To her isle's utmost verge, where tallest trees
But dry long since and sapless stood, which best
Might serve his purposes, as buoyant most,
The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir.
To that tall grove she led and left him there,
Seeking her grot again. Then slept not He,

But, swinging with both hands the axe, his task
Soon finish'd; trees full twenty to the ground
He cast, which, dexterous, with his adze he smooth'd,
The knotted surface chipping by a line.
Meantime the lovely Goddess to his aid
Sharp augers brought, with which he bored the beams,
Then, side by side placing them, fitted each
To other, and with long cramps join'd them all.
Broad as an artist, skill'd in naval works,
The bottom of a ship of burthen spreads,
Such breadth Ulysses to his raft assign'd.
He deck'd her over with long planks, upborne
On massy beams; He made the mast, to which
He added suitable the yard;—he framed
Rudder and helm to regulate her course,
With wicker-work he border'd all her length
For safety, and much ballast stow'd within.
Meantime, Calypso brought him for a sail
Fittest materials, which he also shaped,
And to his sail due furniture annex'd
Of cordage strong, foot-ropes and ropes aloft,
Then heaved her down with levers to the Deep.
He finish'd all his work on the fourth day,
And on the fifth, Calypso, nymph divine,
Dismiss'd him from her isle, but laved him first,
And cloath'd him in sweet-scented garments new.
Two skins the Goddess also placed on board,
One charged with crimson wine, and ampler one
With water, nor a bag with food replete
Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taste,

Nor yet, her latest gift, a gentle gale
And manageable, which Ulysses spread,
Exulting, all his canvas to receive.
Beside the helm he sat, steering expert,
Nor sleep fell ever on his eyes that watch'd
Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline
Bootes, and the Bear, call'd else the Wain,
Which, in his polar prison circling, looks
Direct toward Orion, and alone
Of these sinks never to the briny Deep.
That star the lovely Goddess bade him hold
Continual on his left through all his course.
Ten days and seven, he, navigating, cleaved
The brine, and on the eighteenth day, at length,
The shadowy mountains of Phæacia's land
Descried, where nearest to his course it lay
Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat.
But Neptune, now returning from the land
Of Æthiopia, mark'd him on his raft
Skimming the billows, from the mountain-tops
Of distant Solyma[1]. With tenfold wrath
Inflamed that sight he view'd, his brows he shook,
And thus within himself, indignant, spake.
So then—new counsels in the skies, it seems,
Propitious to Ulysses, have prevail'd
Since Æthiopia hath been my abode.
He sees Phæacia nigh, where he must leap

[1] The Solymi were the ancient inhabitants of Pisidia in Asia Minor.

The boundary of his woes; but ere that hour
Arrive, I will ensure him many a groan.
So saying, he grasp'd his trident, gather'd dense
The clouds and troubled ocean; every storm
From every point he summon'd, earth and sea
Darkening, and the night fell black from heaven.
The East, the South, the heavy-blowing West,
And the cold North-wind clear, assail'd at once
His raft, and heaved on high the billowy flood.
All hope, all courage, in that moment, lost,
The Hero thus within himself complain'd.
Wretch that I am, what destiny at last
Attends me! much I fear the Goddess' words
All true, which threaten'd me with numerous ills
On the wide sea, ere I should reach my home.
Behold them all fulfill'd! With what a storm
Jove hangs the heavens, and agitates the Deep!
The winds combined beat on me. Now I sink!
Thrice blest, and more than thrice, Achaia's sons
At Ilium slain for the Atridæ' sake!
Ah, would to heaven that, dying, I had felt
That day the stroke of fate, when me the dead
Achilles guarding, with a thousand spears
Troy's furious host assail'd! Funereal rites
I then had shared, and praise from every Greek,
Whom now the most inglorious death awaits.
While thus he spake, a billow on his head
Bursting impetuous, whirl'd the raft around,
And dashing from his grasp the helm, himself
Plunged far remote. Then came a sudden gust

Of mingling winds, that in the middle snapp'd
His mast, and hurried o'er the waves afar,
Both sail and sail-yard fell into the flood.
Long time submerged he lay, nor could with ease
The violence of that dread shock surmount,
Or rise to air again, so burthensome
His drench'd apparel proved; but, at the last,
He rose, and rising, sputter'd from his lips
The brine that trickled copious from his brows.
Nor, harass'd as he was, resign'd he yet
His raft, but buffetting the waves aside
With desperate efforts, seized it, and again
Fast seated on the middle deck, escaped.
Then roll'd the raft at random in the flood,
Wallowing unwieldy, toss'd from wave to wave.
As when in autumn, Boreas o'er the plain
Conglomerated thorns before him drives,
They, tangled, to each other close adhere,
So her the winds drove wild about the Deep.
By turns the South consign'd her to be sport
For the rude North-wind, and by turns, the East
Yielded her to the worrying West a prey.
But Cadmus' beauteous daughter (Ino once,
Now named Leucothea) saw him; mortal erst
Was she, and trod the earth[2], but nymph become
Of Ocean since, in honours shares divine.
She mark'd his anguish, and, while toss'd he roam'd,
Pitied Ulysses; from the flood, in form

[2] The Translator finding himself free to chuse between *ἀνδηέσσα* and *ὀδηέσσα*, has preferred the latter.

A cormorant, she flew, and on the raft
Close-corded perching, thus the Chief address'd.
Alas, unhappy! how hast thou incensed
So terribly the Shaker of the shores,
That he pursues thee with such numerous ills?
Sink thee he cannot, wish it as he may.
Thus do, (for I account thee not unwise,)
Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft
As the winds will, then swimming, strive to reach
Phæacia, where thy doom is to escape.
Take this. This ribbon bind beneath thy breast,
Celestial texture. Thenceforth every fear
Of death dismiss, and laying once thy hands
On the firm continent, unbind the zone,
Which thou shalt cast far distant from the shore
Into the Deep, turning thy face away.
So saying, the Goddess gave into his hand
The wonderous zone, and cormorant in form,
Plunging herself into the waves again
Headlong, was hidden by the closing flood.
But still Ulysses sat perplex'd, and thus
The toil-enduring Hero reason'd sad.
Alas! I tremble lest some God design
To ensnare me yet, bidding me quit the raft.
But let me well beware how I obey
Too soon that precept, for I saw the land
Of my foretold deliverance far remote.
Thus, therefore, will I do, for such appears
My wiser course. So long as yet the planks
Mutual adhere, continuing on board

My raft, I will endure whatever woes;
But when the waves shall shatter it, I will swim,
My sole resource then left. While thus he mused,
Neptune a billow of enormous bulk
Hollow'd into an overwhelming arch
On high up-heaving, smote him. As the wind
Tempestuous, falling on some stubble-heap,
The arid straws dissipates every way,
So flew the timbers. He, a single beam
Bestriding, oar'd it onward with his feet,
As he had urged an horse. His raiment, then,
Gift of Calypso, putting off, he bound
His girdle on, and prone into the sea
With wide-spread palms prepared for swimming, fell.
Shore-shaker Neptune noted him; he shook
His aweful brows, and in his heart he said.
Thus, suffering many miseries roam the flood,
Till thou shalt mingle with a race of men,
Heaven's special favourites; yet even there
Fear not that thou shalt feel thy sorrows light.
He said, and scourging his bright steeds, arrived
At Ægæ, where his glorious palace stands.
But other thoughts Minerva's mind employ'd
Jove's daughter; every wind binding beside,
She lull'd them, and enjoin'd them all to sleep,
But roused swift Boreas, and the billows broke
Before Ulysses, that, deliver'd safe
From a dire death, the noble Chief might mix
With maritime Phæacia's sons renown'd.
Two nights he wander'd, and two days, the flood

Tempestuous, death expecting every hour;
But when Aurora, radiant-hair'd, had brought
The third day to a close, then ceased the wind,
And breathless came a calm; he, nigh at hand
The shore beheld, darting acute his sight
Toward it, from a billow's towering top.
Precious as to his children seems the life
Of some fond father through disease long-time
And pain stretch'd languid on his couch, the prey
Of some vindictive Power, but now, at last,
By gracious heaven to ease and health restored,
So grateful to Ulysses' sight appear'd
Forests and hills. Impatient with his feet
To press the shore, he swam; but when within
Such distance as a shout may fly, he came,
The thunder of the sea against the rocks
Then smote his ear; for hoarse the billows roar'd
On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,
And the salt spray dimm'd all things to his view.
For neither port for ships nor sheltering cove
Was there, but the rude coast a headland bluff
Presented, rocks and craggy masses huge.
Then, hope and strength exhausted both, deep-groan'd
The Chief, and in his noble heart complain'd.
Alas! though Jove hath given me to behold,
Unhoped, the land again, and I have pass'd,
Furrowing my way, these numerous waves, there seems
No egress from the hoary flood for me.
Sharp stones hem in the waters; wild the surge
Raves everywhere; and smooth the rocks arise;

Deep also is the shore, on which my feet
No standing gain, or chance of safe escape.
What if some billow catch me from the Deep
Emerging, and against the pointed rocks
Dash me conflicting with its force in vain?
But should I, swimming, trace the coast in search
Of sloping beach, haven or shelter'd creek,
I fear lest, groaning, I be snatch'd again
By stormy gusts into the fishy Deep,
Or lest some monster of the flood receive
Command to seize me, of the many such
By the illustrious Amphitrite bred;
For that the mighty Shaker of the shores
Hates me implacable, too well I know.
  While such discourse within himself he held,
A huge wave heaved him on the rugged coast,
Where flay'd his flesh had been, and all his bones
Broken together, but for the infused
Good counsel of Minerva azure-eyed.
With both hands suddenly he seized the rock,
And groaning, clench'd it till the billow pass'd.
So baffled he that wave; but yet again
The refluent flood rush'd on him, and with force
Resistless dash'd him far into the sea.
As pebbles to the hollow polypus
Extracted from his stony bed, adhere,
So he, the rough rocks clasping, stripp'd his hands
Raw, and the billows now whelm'd him again.
Then had the hapless Hero premature
Perish'd, but for sagacity inspired

By Pallas azure-eyed. Forth from the waves
Emerging, where the surf burst on the rocks,
He coasted (looking landward as he swam)
The shore, with hope of port or level beach.
But when, still swimming, to the mouth he came
Of a smooth-sliding river, there he deem'd
Safest the ascent, for it was undeform'd
By rocks, and shelter'd close from every wind.
He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd.
Oh hear, whate'er thy name, Sovereign who rulest
This river! at whose mouth from all the threats
Of Neptune 'scaped, with rapture I arrive.
Even the Immortal Gods the wanderer's prayer
Respect, and such am I, who reach at length,
Thy stream, and clasp thy knees, after long toil.
I am thy suppliant. Oh King! pity me.
He said; the river God at once repress'd
His current, and it ceased; smooth he prepared
The way before Ulysses, and the land
Vouchsafed him easy at his channel's mouth.
There once again he bent for ease his limbs
Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods
Exhausted; swoln his body was all o'er,
And from his mouth and nostrils stream'd the brine.
Breathless and speechless, and of life well nigh
Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immense.
But when, revived, his dissipated powers
He recollected, loosing from beneath
His breast the zone divine, he cast it far
Into the brackish stream, and a huge wave

Returning bore it downward to the sea,
Where Ino caught it. Then, the river's brink
Abandoning among the rushes prone
He lay, kiss'd oft the soil, and sighing, said,
Ah me! what sufferings must I now sustain,
What doom, at last, awaits me? If I watch
This woeful night, here, at the river's side,
What hope but that the frost and copious dews,
Weak as I am, my remnant small of life
Shall quite extinguish, and the chilly air
Breathed from the river at the dawn of day?
But if, ascending this declivity
I gain the woods, and in some thicket sleep,
(If sleep indeed can find me overtoil'd
And cold-benumb'd,) then I have cause to fear
Lest I be torn by wild beasts and devour'd.
Long time he mused, but at the last his course
Bent to the woods, which not remote he saw
From the sea-brink, conspicuous on a hill.
Arrived, between two neighbour shrubs he crept,
Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild;
A covert, which nor rough winds blowing moist
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun
Smite through it, or unceasing showers pervade,
So thick a roof the ample branches form'd
Close interwoven; under these the Chief
Retiring, with industrious hands a bed
Collected broad of leaves, which there he found
Abundant strew'd, such store as had sufficed
Two travellers or three for covering warm,

Though winter's roughest blasts had raged the while.
That bed with joy the suffering Chief renown'd
Contemplated, and occupying soon
The middle space, hillock'd it high with leaves.
As when some swain hath hidden deep his torch
Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme
Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,
He saves a seed or two of future flame
Alive, doom'd else to fetch it from afar,
So with dry leaves Ulysses overspread
His body, on whose eyes Minerva pour'd
The balm of sleep copious, that he might taste
Repose again, after long toil severe.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Minerva designing an interview between the daughter of Alcinoüs and Ulysses, admonishes her in a dream to carry down her cloaths to the river, that she may wash them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That task performed, the Princess and her train amuse themselves with play; by accident they awake Ulysses; he comes forth from the wood, and applies himself with much address to Nausicaa, who compassionating his distressed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, interests herself in his favour, and conducts him to the city.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VI.

THERE then the noble sufferer lay, by sleep
Oppress'd and labour; meantime, Pallas sought
The populous city of Phæacia's sons.
They, in old time, in Hypereia dwelt
The spacious, neighbours of a giant race
The haughty Cyclops, who, endued with power
Superior, troubled them with frequent wrongs.
Godlike Nausithoüs then arose, who thence
To Scheria led them, from all nations versed
In arts of cultivated life, remote;
With bulwarks strong their city he enclosed,
Built houses for them, temples to the Gods,
And gave to each a portion of the soil.
But he, already by decree of fate
Had journey'd to the shades, and in his stead
Alcinoüs, by the Gods instructed, reign'd.
To his abode Minerva azure-eyed
Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance
Magnanimous Ulysses' safe return.
She sought the sumptuous chamber where, in form

And feature perfect as the Gods, the young
Nausicaa, daughter of the King, reposed.
Fast by the pillars of the portal lay
Two damsels, one on either side, adorn'd
By all the Graces, and the doors were shut.
Soft as a breathing air, she stole toward
The royal virgin's couch, and at her head
Standing, address'd her. Daughter she appear'd
Of Dymas famed for maritime exploits,
Her friend and her coeval; so disguised
Cœrulean-eyed Minerva thus began.
Nausicaa! wherefore hath thy mother borne
A child so negligent? Thy garments share,
Thy most magnificent, no thought of thine.
Yet thou must marry soon, and must provide
Robes for thyself, and for thy nuptial train.
Thy fame, on these concerns, and honour stand;
These managed well, thy parents shall rejoice.
The dawn appearing, let us to the place
Of washing, where thy work-mate I will be
For speedier riddance of thy task, since soon
The days of thy virginity shall end;
For thou art woo'd already by the prime
Of all Phæacia, country of thy birth.
Come then,—solicit at the dawn of day
Thy royal father, that he send thee forth
With mules and carriage for conveyance hence
Of thy best robes, thy mantles and thy zones.
Thus, more commodiously thou shalt perform
The journey, for the cisterns lie remote.

So saying, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,
Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat
Eternal of the Gods, which never storms
Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm
The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day.
There the inhabitants divine rejoice
For ever, and (her admonition given)
Cœrulean-eyed Minerva thither flew.

Now came Aurora bright enthroned, whose rays
Awaken'd fair Nausicaa; she her dream
Remember'd wondering, and her parents sought
Anxious to tell them. Them she found within.
Beside the hearth her royal mother sat,
Spinning soft fleeces with sea-purple dyed
Among her menial maidens, but she met
Her father whom the Nobles of the land
Had summon'd, issuing abroad to join
The illustrious Chiefs in council. At his side
She stood, and thus her filial suit preferr'd.

Sir[1]! wilt thou lend me of the royal wains
A sumpter-carriage? for I wish to bear
My costly cloaths but sullied and unfit
For use, at present, to the river-side.
It is but seemly that thou should'st repair
Thyself to consultation with the Chiefs
Of all Phæacia, clad in pure attire;

[1] In the Original, she calls him, pappa! a more natural style of address, and more endearing. But antient as this appellative is, it is also so familiar in modern use, that the Translator feared to hazard it.

And my own brothers five, who dwell at home,
Two wedded, and the rest of age to wed,
Are all desirous, when they dance, to wear
Raiment new bleach'd; all which is my concern.
So spake Nausicaa; for she dared not name
Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,
Who, conscious yet of all her drift, replied.
I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught
That thou canst ask beside. Go, and my train
Shall furnish thee a sumpter-carriage forth
High-built, strong-wheel'd, and of capacious size.
So saying, he issued his command, whom quick
His grooms obey'd. They in the court prepared
The sumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules.
And now the virgin from her chamber, charged
With raiment, came, which on the car she placed,
And in the carriage-chest, meantime, the Queen,
Her mother, viands of all kinds disposed,
And fill'd a skin with wine. Nausicaa rose
Into her seat; but, ere she went, received
A golden cruse of oil from the Queen's hand
For unction of herself and of her maids.
Then, seizing scourge and reins, she lash'd the mules.
They trampled loud the soil, straining to draw
Herself with all her vesture; nor alone
She went, but follow'd by her virgin train.
At the delightful rivulet arrived
Where those perennial cisterns were prepared
With purest crystal of the fountain fed
Profuse, sufficient for the deepest stains,

Loosing the mules, they drove them forth to browze
On the sweet herb beside the dimpled flood.
The carriage, next, lightening, they bore in hand
The garments down to the unsullied wave,
And thrust them heaped into the pools, their task
Dispatching brisk, and with an emulous haste.
When they had all purified, and no spot
Could now be seen or blemish more, they spread
The raiment orderly along the beach
Where dashing tides had cleansed the pebbles most,
And laving, next, and smoothing o'er with oil
Their limbs, all seated on the river's bank,
They took repast, leaving the garments, stretch'd
In noon-day fervour of the sun, to dry.
Their hunger satisfied, at once arose
The mistress and her train, and putting off
Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,
The princess singing to her maids the while.
Such as shaft-arm'd Diana roams the hills,
Taygetus sky-capt, or Erymanth,
The wild boar chasing, or fleet-footed hind,
All joy; the rural nymphs, daughters of Jove,
Sport with her, and Latona's heart exults;
She high her graceful head above the rest
And features lifts divine, though all be fair,
With ease distinguishable from them all;
So, all her train, she, virgin pure, surpass'd.
But when the hour of her departure thence
Approach'd, (the mules now yoked again, and all
Her elegant apparel folded neat,)

Minerva azure-eyed mused how to wake
Ulysses, that he might behold the fair
Virgin, his destined guide into the town.
The Princess, then, casting the ball toward
A maiden of her train, erroneous threw
And plunged it deep into the dimpling stream.
All shriek'd; Ulysses at the sound awoke,
And, sitting, meditated thus the cause.
Ah me! what mortal race inhabit here?
Rude are they, contumacious and unjust?
Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods?
So shrill the cry and feminine of nymphs
Fills all the air around, such as frequent
The hills, clear fountains, and herbaceous meads.
Is this a neighbourhood of men endued
With voice articulate? But what avails
To ask? I will myself go forth and see.
So saying, divine Ulysses from beneath
His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood
A spreading branch pluck'd forcibly, design'd
A decent skreen effectual, held before.
So forth he went, as goes the lion forth,
The mountain-lion, conscious of his strength,
Whom winds have vexed and rains; fire fills his eyes,
And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer
He find, he rends them, and adust for blood,
Abstains not even from the guarded fold,
Such sure to seem in virgin eyes, the Chief,
All naked as he was, left his retreat,
Reluctant, by necessity constrain'd.

Him foul with sea-foam horror-struck they view'd,
And o'er the jutting shores fled all dispersed.
Nausicaa alone fled not; for her
Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs,
By power divine, all tremour took away.
Firm she expected him; he doubtful stood,
Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees
Embracing, or, aloof standing, to ask
In gentle terms discrete the gift of cloaths,
And guidance to the city where she dwelt.
Him so deliberating, most, at length,
This counsel pleased; in suppliant terms aloof
To sue to her, lest if he clasp'd her knees,
The virgin should that bolder course resent.
Then gentle, thus, and well-advised he spake.
Oh Queen! thy earnest suppliant I approach.
Art thou some Goddess, or of mortal race?
For if some Goddess, and from heaven arrived,
Diana, then, daughter of mighty Jove
I deem thee most, for such as hers appear
Thy form, thy stature, and thy air divine.
But, if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,
Thrice happy then, thy parents I account,
And happy thrice thy brethren. Ah! the joy
Which always for thy sake, their bosoms fills,
When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,
Entering majestic on the graceful dance.
But him beyond all others blest I deem,
The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers,
Shall win and lead thee to his honour'd home.

For never with these eyes a mortal form
Beheld I comparable aught to thine,
In man or woman. Wonder-rapt I gaze.
Such erst, in Delos, I beheld a palm
Beside the altar of Apollo, tall,
And growing still; (for thither too I sail'd,
And numerous were my followers in a voyage
Ordain'd my ruin,) and as I then view'd
That palm long time amazed, for never grew
So straight a shaft, so lovely from the ground,
So, Princess! thee with wonder I behold,
Charm'd into fixt astonishment, by awe
Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,
For I am one on whom much woe hath fallen.
Yesterday I escaped (the twentieth day
Of my distress by sea) the dreary Deep;
For, all those days, the waves and rapid storms
Bore me along, impetuous, from the isle
Ogygia; till at length the will of heaven
Cast me, that I might also here sustain
Affliction, on your shore; for rest, I think,
Is not for me. No. The immortal Gods
Have much to accomplish ere that day arrive.
But, oh Queen, pity me! who after long
Calamities endured, of all who live
Thee first approach, nor mortal know beside
Of the inhabitants of all the land.
Shew me your city; give me, although coarse,
Some covering, (if coarse covering *thou* canst give,)
And may the Gods thy largest wishes grant,

House, husband, concord! for of all the gifts
Of heaven, more precious none I deem, than peace
'Twixt wedded pair, and union undissolved;
Envy torments their enemies, but joy
Fills every virtuous breast, and most their own.
To whom Nausicaa the fair replied.
Since, stranger! neither base by birth thou seem'st,
Nor unintelligent, (but Jove, the King
Olympian, gives to good and bad alike
Prosperity according to his will,
And grief to thee, which thou must patient bear,)
Now, therefore, at our land and city arrived,
Nor garment thou shalt want, nor aught beside
Due to a suppliant guest like thee forlorn.
I will both show thee where our city stands,
And who dwell here. Phæacia's sons possess
This land; but I am daughter of their King
The brave Alcinoüs, on whose sway depends
For strength and wealth the whole Phæacian race.
She said, and to her beauteous maidens gave
Instant commandment:—My attendants, stay!
Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the sight
Of a mere mortal? Seems he in your eyes
Some enemy of ours? The heart beats not,
Nor shall it beat hereafter, which shall come
An enemy to the Phæacian shores,
So dear to the immortal Gods are we.
Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold
Our dwelling, utmost of all human-kind,
And free from mixture with a foreign race.

This man, a miserable wanderer comes,
Whom we are bound to cherish, for the poor
And stranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts
To such are welcome. Bring ye therefore food
And wine, my maidens, for the guest's regale,
And lave him where the stream is shelter'd most.
She spake; they stood, and by each other's words
Encouraged, placed Ulysses where the bank
O'erhung the stream, as fair Nausicaa bade,
Daughter of King Alcinoüs the renown'd.
Apparel also at his side they spread,
Mantle and vest, and next, the limpid oil
Presenting to him in the golden cruse,
Exhorted him to bathe in the clear stream.
Ulysses then the maidens thus bespake.
Ye maidens, stand apart, that I may cleanse,
Myself, my shoulders from the briny surf,
And give them oil which they have wanted long.
But in your presence I bathe not, ashamed
To show myself unclothed to female eyes.
He said; they went, and to Nausicaa told
His answer; then the Hero in the stream
His shoulders laved, and loins incrusted rough
With the salt spray, and with his hands the scum
Of the wild ocean from his locks express'd.
Thus wash'd all over, and refresh'd with oil,
He put the garments on, Nausicaa's gift.
Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form
Dilated more, and from his head diffused
His curling locks like hyacinthine flowers.

As when some artist, by Minerva made
And Vulcan wise to execute all tasks
Ingenious, binding with a golden verge
Bright silver, finishes a graceful work,
Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest
Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows.
Retiring, on the beach he sat, with grace
And dignity illumed, where, viewing him,
The virgin Princess with amazement mark'd
His beauty, and her damsels thus bespake.
My white-arm'd maidens, listen to my voice!
Not hated, sure, by all above, this man
Among Phæacia's godlike sons arrives.
At first I deem'd him of plebeian sort
Dishonourable, but he now assumes
A near resemblance to the Gods above.
Ah! would to heaven it were my lot to call
Husband, some native of our land like him
Accomplish'd, and content to inhabit here!
Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine.
She ended; they, obedient to her will,
Both wine and food, dispatchful, placed, and glad,
Before Ulysses; he rapacious ate,
Toil-suffering Chief, and drank, for he had lived
From taste of aliment long time estranged.
On other thoughts meantime intent, her charge
Of folded vestments neat the Princess placed
Within the royal wain, then yoked the mules,
And to her seat herself ascending call'd
Ulysses to depart, and thus she spake.

Up, stranger! seek the city. I will lead
Thy steps toward my royal Father's house,
Where all Phæacia's Nobles thou shalt see.
But thou (for I account thee not unwise,)
This course pursue. While through the fields we pass,
And labours of the rural hind, so long
With my attendants follow fast the mules
And sumpter-carriage. I will be thy guide.
But, once the summit gain'd, on which is built
Our city with proud bulwarks fenced around,
And laved on both sides by its pleasant port
Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks
Line all the road, each station'd in her place,
And where, adjoining close the splendid fane
Of Neptune, stands the forum with huge stones
From quarries thither drawn, constructed strong,
In which the rigging of their barks they keep
Sail-cloth and cordage, and make smooth their oars;
(For bow and quiver the Phæacian race
Heed not, but masts and oars, and ships well-poised,
With which exulting they divide the flood,)
Then, cautious, I would shun their bitter taunts
Disgustful, lest they mock me as I pass;
For of the meaner people some are coarse
In the extreme, and it may chance that one,
The basest there, seeing us shall exclaim,—
What handsome stranger of athletic form
Attends the Princess? Where had she the chance
To find him? We shall see them wedded soon.
Either she hath received some vagrant guest

From distant lands, (for no land neighbours ours,)
Or by her prayers incessant won, some God
Hath left the heavens to be for ever hers.
Tis well if she have found, by her own search,
An husband for herself, since she accounts
The nobles of Phæacia, who her hand
Solicit numerous, worthy to be scorn'd.—
Thus will they speak injurious. I should blame
A virgin guilty of such conduct much,
Myself, who reckless of her parents' will,
Should so familiar with a man consort,
Ere celebration of her spousal rites.
But mark me, stranger! following my advice,
Thou shalt the sooner at my father's hands
Obtain safe conduct and conveyance home.
Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove
Of poplars skirts the road, which we shall reach
Ere long; within that grove a fountain flows,
And meads encircle it; my father's farm
Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot;
A shout might reach it from the city-walls.
There wait, till in the town arrived, we gain
My father's palace, and when reason bids
Suppose us there, then entering thou the town,
Ask where Alcinoüs dwells, my valiant Sire.
Well known is his abode, so that with ease
A child might lead thee to it, for in nought
The other houses of our land the house
Resemble, in which dwells the Hero, King

Alcinoüs. Once within the court received
Pause not, but, with swift pace advancing, seek
My mother; she beside a column sits
In the hearth's blaze, twirling her fleecy threads
Tinged with sea-purple, bright, magnificent,
With all her maidens orderly behind.
There also stands my father's throne, on which
Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God.
Pass that; then suppliant clasp my mother's knees,
So shalt thou quickly win a glad return
To thy own home, however far remote.
Her favour once, and her kind aid secured,
Thenceforth thou may'st expect thy friends to see,
Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again.
So saying, she with her splendid scourge the mules
Lash'd onward. They (the stream soon left behind,)
With even footsteps graceful smote the ground;
But so she ruled them, managing with art
The scourge, as not to leave afar, although
Following on foot, Ulysses and her train.
The sun had now declined, when in that grove
Renown'd, to Pallas sacred, they arrived,
In which Ulysses sat, and fervent thus
Sued to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd.
Daughter invincible of Jove supreme!
Oh, hear me! hear me now, because when erst
The mighty Shaker of the shores incensed
Toss'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'st me not.
Grant me among Phæacia's sons, to find
Benevolence and pity of my woes!

He spake, whose prayer well-pleased the Goddess heard,
But reverencing the brother[2] of her sire,
Appear'd not to Ulysses yet, whom he
Pursued with fury to his native shores.

[2] Neptune.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Nausicaa returns from the river, whom Ulysses follows. He halts by her direction, at a small distance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters. He is well received by Alcinoüs and his Queen; and having related to them the manner of his being cast on the shore of Scheria, and received from Alcinoüs the promise of safe conduct home, retires to rest.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VII.

SUCH prayer Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renown'd,
To Pallas made; meantime the virgin, drawn
By her stout mules, Phæacia's city reach'd,
And, at her father's house arrived, the car
Stay'd in the vestibule; her brothers five,
All godlike youths, assembling quick around,
Released the mules, and bore the raiment in.
Meantime, to her own chamber she return'd,
Where, soon as she arrived, an ancient dame
Eurymedusa, by peculiar charge
Attendant on that service, kindled fire.
Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought
Long since, and to Alcinoüs she had fallen
By public gift, for that he ruled, supreme,
Phæacia, and as oft as he harangued
The multitude, was reverenced as a God.
She waited on the fair Nausicaa, she
Her fuel kindled, and her food prepared.
And now Ulysses from his seat arose

To seek the city, around whom, his guard
Benevolent, Minerva, cast a cloud,
Lest, haply, some Phæacian should presume
To insult the Chief, and question whence he came.
But ere he enter'd yet the pleasant town,
Minerva azure-eyed met him, in form
A blooming maid, bearing her pitcher forth.
She stood before him, and the noble Chief
Ulysses, of the Goddess thus enquired.
Daughter! wilt thou direct me to the house
Of brave Alcinoüs, whom this land obeys?
For I have here arrived, after long toil,
And from a country far remote, a guest
To all who in Phæacia dwell, unknown.
To whom the Goddess of the azure-eyes.
The mansion of thy search, stranger revered!
Myself will shew thee; for not distant dwells
Alcinoüs from my father's own abode:
But hush! be silent—I will lead the way;
Mark no man; question no man; for the sight
Of strangers is unusual here, and cold
The welcome by this people shown to such.
They, trusting in swift ships, by the free grant
Of Neptune traverse his wide waters, borne
As if on wings, or with the speed of thought.
So spake the Goddess, and with nimble pace
Led on, whose footsteps he, as quick, pursued.
But still the seaman-throng through whom he pass'd
Perceived him not; Minerva, Goddess dread,
That sight forbidding them, whose eyes she dimm'd

With darkness shed miraculous around
Her favourite Chief. Ulysses, wondering, mark'd
Their port, their ships, their forum, the resort
Of Heroes, and their battlements sublime
Fenced with sharp stakes around, a glorious show!
But when the King's august abode he reach'd,
Minerva azure-eyed, then, thus began.
My father! thou behold'st the house to which
Thou badest me lead thee. Thou shalt find our Chiefs
And high-born Princes banquetting within.
But enter fearing nought, for boldest men
Speed ever best, come whencesoe'er they may.
First thou shalt find the Queen, known by her name
Areta; lineal in descent from those
Who gave Alcinoüs birth, her royal spouse.
Neptune begat Nausithoüs, at the first,
On Peribœa, loveliest of her sex,
Latest-born daughter of Eurymedon,
Heroic King of the proud giant race,
Who, losing all his impious people, shared
The same dread fate himself. Her Neptune loved,
To whom she bore a son, the mighty prince
Nausithoüs, in his day King of the land.
Nausithoüs himself two sons begat,
Rhexenor and Alcinoüs. Phœbus slew
Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet,
Who, father of no son, one daughter left,
Areta, wedded to Alcinoüs now,
And whom the Sovereign in such honour holds,
As woman none enjoys of all on earth

Existing, subjects of an husband's power.
Like veneration she from all receives
Unfeign'd, from her own children, from himself
Alcinoüs, and from all Phæacia's race,
Who, gazing on her as she were divine,
Shout when she moves in progress through the town.
For she no wisdom wants, but sits, herself,
Arbitress of such contests as arise
Between her favourites, and decides aright.
Her countenance once and her kind aid secured,
Thou may'st thenceforth expect thy friends to see,
Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again.
  So Pallas spake, Goddess cœrulean-eyed,
And o'er the untillable and barren Deep
Departing, Scheria left, land of delight,
Whence reaching Marathon, and Athens next,
She pass'd into Erectheus' fair abode.
Ulysses, then, toward the palace moved
Of King Alcinoüs, but immersed in thought
Stood, first, and paused, ere with his foot he press'd
The brazen threshold; for a light he saw
As of the sun or moon illuming clear
The palace of Phæacia's mighty King.
Walls plated bright with brass, on either side
Stretch'd from the portal to the interior house,
With azure cornice crown'd; the doors were gold
Which shut the palace fast; silver the posts
Rear'd on a brazen threshold, and above,
The lintels, silver, architraved with gold.
Mastiffs, in gold and silver, lined the approach

On either side, by art celestial framed
Of Vulcan, guardians of Alcinoüs gate
For ever, unobnoxious to decay.
Sheer from the threshold to the inner house
Fixt thrones the walls, through all their length, adorn'd,
With mantles overspread of subtlest warp
Transparent, work of many a female hand.
On these the princes of Phæacia sat,
Holding perpetual feasts, while golden youths
On all the sumptuous altars stood, their hands
With burning torches charged, which, night by night,
Shed radiance over all the festive throng.
Full fifty female menials served the King
In household offices; the rapid mills
These turning, pulverize the mellow'd grain,
Those, seated orderly, the purple fleece
Wind off, or ply the loom, restless as leaves
Of lofty poplars fluttering in the breeze;
[1] Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture shone.
Far as Phæacian mariners all else
Surpass, the swift ship urging through the floods,
So far in tissue-work the women pass
All others, by Minerva's self endow'd
With richest fancy and superior skill.
Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd

[1] Καιροσίων δ' οθονεων ἀπολείβεται ὑγρον ἔλαιον.

Pope has given no translation of this line in the text of his work, but has translated it in a note. It is variously interpreted by commentators; the sense which is here given of it is that recommended by Eustathius.

A spacious garden lay, fenced all around
Secure, four acres measuring complete.
There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,
Pomegranate, pear, the apple blushing bright,
The honied fig, and unctuous olive smooth.
Those fruits, nor winter's cold nor summer's heat
Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang
Perennial, while unceasing zephyr breathes
Gently on all, enlarging these, and those
Maturing genial; in an endless course
Pears after pears to full dimensions swell,
Figs follow figs, grapes clustering grow again
Where clusters grew, and (every apple stript)
The boughs soon tempt the gatherer as before.
There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuse,
His vineyard grows; part, wide-extended, basks
In the sun's beams; the arid level glows;
In part they gather, and in part they tread
The wine-press, while, before the eye, the grapes
Here put their blossom forth, there, gather fast
Their blackness. On the garden's verge extreme
Flowers of all hues smile all the year, arranged
With neatest art judicious; and amid
The lovely scene two fountains welling forth,
One visits, into every part diffused,
The garden-ground, the other soft beneath
The threshold steals into the palace-court,
Whence every citizen his vase supplies.
  Such were the ample blessings on the house
Of King Alcinoüs by the Gods bestow'd.

Ulysses wondering stood, and when, at length,
Silent he had the whole fair scene admired,
With rapid step enter'd the royal gate.
The Chiefs he found and Senators within
Libation pouring to the vigilant spy
Mercurius, whom with wine they worshipp'd last
Of all the Gods, and at the hour of rest.
Ulysses, toil-worn Hero, through the house
Pass'd undelaying, by Minerva thick
With darkness circumfused, till he arrived
Where King Alcinoüs and Areta sat.
Around Areta's knees his arms he cast,
And in that moment, broken clear away
The cloud all went, shed on him from above.
Dumb sat the guests, seeing the unknown Chief,
And wondering gazed. He thus his suit preferr'd.
Areta, daughter of the Godlike Prince
Rhexenor! suppliant at thy knees I fall,
Thy royal spouse imploring, and thyself,
(After ten thousand toils,) and these your guests,
To whom heaven grant felicity, and to leave
Their treasures to their babes, with all the rights
And honours, by the people's suffrage, theirs!
But oh vouchsafe me, who have wanted long
And ardent wish'd my home, without delay
Safe conduct to my native shores again!
Such suit he made, and in the ashes sat
At the hearth-side; they mute long time remain'd,
Till, at the last, the ancient Hero spake
Echeneus, eldest of Phæacia's sons,

With eloquence beyond the rest endow'd,
Rich in traditionary lore, and wise
In all, who thus, benevolent, began.
Not honourable to thyself, O King!
Is such a sight, a stranger on the ground
At the hearth-side seated, and in the dust.
Meantime, thy guests, expecting thy command,
Move not; thou therefore raising by his hand
The stranger, lead him to a throne, and bid
The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour
To thunder-bearing Jove, the suppliant's friend.
Then let the cateress for thy guest produce
Supply, a supper from the last regale.
Soon as those words Alcinoüs heard, the King,
Upraising by his hand the prudent Chief
Ulysses from the hearth, he made him sit
On a bright throne, displacing for his sake
Laodamas his son, the virtuous youth
Who sat beside him, and whom most he loved.
And now, a maiden charged with golden ewer
And with an argent laver, pouring, first,
Pure water on his hands, supply'd him, next,
With a resplendent table, which the chaste
Directress of the stores furnish'd with bread
And dainties, remnants of the last regale.
Then ate the Hero toil-inured, and drank,
And to his herald thus Alcinoüs spake.
Pontonoüs! mingling wine, bear it around
To every guest in turn, that we may pour

To thunder-bearer Jove, the stranger's friend,
And guardian of the suppliant's sacred rights.
He said; Pontonoüs, as he bade, the wine
Mingled delicious, and the cups dispensed
With distribution regular to all.
When each had made libation, and had drunk
Sufficient, then, Alcinoüs thus began.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, I speak
The dictates of my mind, therefore attend!
Ye all have feasted;—to your homes and sleep.
We will assemble at the dawn of day
More senior Chiefs, that we may entertain
The stranger here, and to the Gods perform
Due sacrifice; the convoy that he asks
Shall next engage our thoughts, that free from pain
And from vexation, by our friendly aid
He may revisit, joyful and with speed,
His native shore, however far remote.
No inconvenience let him feel or harm,
Ere his arrival; but, arrived, thenceforth
He must endure whatever lot the Fates
Spun for him in the moment of his birth.
But should he prove some Deity from heaven
Descended, then the Immortals have in view
Designs not yet apparent; for the Gods
Have ever from of old reveal'd themselves
At our solemnities, have on our seats
Sat with us evident, and shared the feast;
And even if a single traveller
Of the Phæacians meet them, all reserve

They lay aside; for with the Gods we boast
As near affinity as do themselves
The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane[2].
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Alcinoüs! think not so. Resemblance none
In figure or in lineaments I bear
To the immortal tenants of the skies,
But to the sons of earth; if ye have known
A man afflicted with a weight of woe
Peculiar, let me be with him compared;
Woes even passing his could I relate,
And all inflicted on me by the Gods.
But let me eat, comfortless as I am,
Uninterrupted; for no call is loud
As that of hunger in the ears of man;
Importunate, unreasonable, it constrains
His notice, more than all his woes beside.
So, I much sorrow feel, yet not the less
Hear I the blatant appetite demand
Due sustenance, and with a voice that drowns
Even all my sufferings, till itself be fill'd.
But expedite ye at the dawn of day
My safe return into my native land,
After much misery; and let life itself

[2] The Scholiast explains the passage thus—We resemble the Gods in righteousness as much as the Cyclops and Giants resembled each other in impiety. But in this sense of it there is something intricate and contrary to Homer's manner. We have seen that they derived themselves from Neptune, which sufficiently justifies the above interpretation.

Forsake me, may I but once more behold
All that is mine, in my own lofty abode.
He spake, whom all applauded, and advised,
Unanimous, the guest's conveyance home,
Who had so fitly spoken. When, at length,
All had libation made and were sufficed,
Departing to his house, each sought repose.
But still Ulysses in the hall remain'd,
Where, godlike King, Alcinoüs at his side
Sat, and Areta; the attendants clear'd
Meantime the board, and thus the Queen white arm'd,
(Marking the vest and mantle which he wore,
And which her maidens and herself had made)
In accents wing'd with eager haste began.
Stranger! the first enquiry shall be mine;
Who art, and whence? From whom received'st thou these?
Saidst not—I came a wanderer o'er the Deep?
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Oh Queen! the task were difficult to unfold
In all its length the story of my woes,
For I have numerous from the Gods received;
But I will answer thee as best I may.
There is a certain isle, Ogygia, placed
Far distant in the Deep; there dwells, by man
Alike unvisited and by the Gods,
Calypso, beauteous nymph, but deeply skill'd
In artifice, and terrible in power,
Daughter of Atlas. Me alone my fate
Her miserable inmate made, when Jove

Had riven asunder with his candent bolt
My bark in the mid-sea. There perish'd all
The valiant partners of my toils, and I
My vessel's keel embracing day and night
With folded arms, nine days was borne along.
But on the tenth dark night, as pleased the Gods,
They drove me to Ogygia, where resides
Calypso, beauteous nymph, dreadful in power;
She rescued, cherish'd, fed me, and her wish
Was to confer on me immortal life,
Exempt for ever from the sap of age.
But me her offer'd boon sway'd not. Seven years
I there abode continual, with my tears
Bedewing ceaseless my ambrosial robes,
Calypso's gift divine; but when, at length,
(Seven years elapsed) the circling eighth arrived,
She then, herself, my quick departure thence
Advised, by Jove's own mandate overawed,
Which even her had influenced to a change.
On a well-corded raft she sent me forth
With numerous presents; bread she put and wine
On board, and clothed me in immortal robes;
She sent before me also a fair wind
Fresh-blowing, but not dangerous. Seventeen days
I sail'd the flood continual, and descried,
On the eighteenth, your shadowy mountains tall,
When my exulting heart sprang at the sight,
All wretched as I was, and still ordain'd
To strive with difficulties many and hard
From adverse Neptune; he the stormy winds

Exciting opposite, my watery way
Impeded, and the waves heaved to a bulk
Immeasurable, such as robb'd me soon
Deep-groaning, of the raft, my only hope;
For her the tempest scatter'd, and myself
This ocean measured swimming, till the winds
And mighty waters cast me on your shore.
Me there emerging, the huge waves had dash'd
Full on the land, where, incommodious most,
The shore presented only roughest rocks,
But, leaving it, I swam the Deep again,
Till now, at last, a river's gentle stream
Received me, by no rocks deform'd, and where
No violent winds the shelter'd bank annoy'd.
I flung myself on shore, exhausted, weak,
Needing repose; ambrosial night came on,
When from the Jove-descended stream withdrawn,
I in a thicket lay'd me down on leaves
Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods
O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of sleep.
There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I slept
All the long night, the morning, and the noon,
But balmy sleep, at the decline of day,
Broke from me; then, your daughter's train I heard
Sporting, with whom she also sported, fair
And graceful as the Gods. To her I kneel'd.
She, following the dictates of a mind
Ingenuous, pass'd in her behaviour all
Which even ye could from an age like hers
Have hoped; for youth is ever indiscrete.

She gave me plenteous food, with richest wine
Refresh'd my spirit, taught me where to bathe,
And clothed me as thou seest; thus, though a prey
To many sorrows, I have told thee truth.
  To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd.
My daughter's conduct, I perceive, hath been
In this erroneous, that she led thee not
Hither, at once, with her attendant train,
For thy first suit was to herself alone.
  Thus then Ulysses, wary Chief, replied.
Blame not, O Hero, for so slight a cause
Thy faultless child; she bade me follow them,
But I refused, by fear and awe restrain'd,
Lest thou should'st feel displeasure at that sight
Thyself; for we are all, in every clime,
Suspicious, and to worst constructions prone.
  So spake Ulysses, to whom thus the King.
I bear not, stranger! in my breast an heart
Causeless irascible; for at all times
A temperate equanimity is best.
And oh, I would to heaven, that, being such
As now thou art, and of one mind with me,
Thou would'st accept my daughter, would'st become
My son-in-law, and dwell contented here!
House would I give thee, and possessions too,
Were such thy choice; else, if thou choose it not,
No man in all Phæacia shall by force
Detain thee. Jupiter himself forbid!
For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence
To-morrow; and while thou by sleep subdued

Shalt on thy bed repose, they with their oars
Shall brush the placid flood, till thou arrive
At home, or at what place soe'er thou would'st,
Though far more distant than Eubœa lies,
Remotest isle from us, by the report
Of ours, who saw it when they thither bore
Golden-hair'd Rhadamanthus o'er the Deep,
To visit earth-born Tityus. To that isle
They went; they reach'd it, and they brought him thence
Back to Phæacia, in one day, with ease.
Thou also shalt be taught what ships I boast
Unmatch'd in swiftness, and how far my crews
Excel, upturning with their oars the brine.
He ceased; Ulysses toil-inured his words
Exulting heard, and praying, thus replied.
Eternal Father! may the King perform
His whole kind promise! grant him in all lands
A never-dying name, and grant to me
To visit safe my native shores again!
Thus they conferr'd; and now Areta bade
Her fair attendants dress a fleecy couch
Under the portico, with purple rugs
Resplendent, and with arras spread beneath,
And over all with cloaks of shaggy pile.
Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
And, as she bade, prepared in haste a couch
Of depth commodious, then, returning, gave
Ulysses welcome summons to repose.
Stranger! thy couch is spread. Hence to thy rest.

So they—Thrice grateful to his soul the thought
Seem'd of repose. There slept Ulysses then,
On his carved couch, beneath the portico,
But in the inner-house Alcinoüs found
His place of rest, and hers with royal state
Prepared, the Queen his consort, at his side.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

The Phæacians consult on the subject of Ulysses. Preparation is made for his departure. Alcinoüs entertains them at his table. Games follow the entertainment. Demodocus the bard, sings, first the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. Ulysses, much affected by his song, is questioned by Alcinoüs, whence, and who he is, and what is the cause of his sorrow.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VIII.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Blush'd in the East, then from his bed arose
The sacred might of the Phæacian King.
Then uprose also, city-waster Chief,
Ulysses, whom the King Alcinoüs
Led forth to council at the ships convened.
There, side by side, on polish'd stones they sat
Frequent; meantime, Minerva in the form
Of King Alcinoüs' herald ranged the town,
With purpose to accelerate the return
Of brave Ulysses to his native home,
And thus to every Chief the Goddess spake.
  Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, away!
Haste all to council on the stranger held,
Who hath of late beneath Alcinoüs' roof
Our King arrived, a wanderer o'er the Deep,
But in his form, majestic as a God.
  So saying, she roused the people, and at once
The seats of all the senate-court were fill'd
With fast-assembling throngs, no few of whom

Had mark'd Ulysses with admiring eyes.
Then Pallas o'er his head and shoulders broad
Diffusing grace celestial, his whole form
Dilated, and to statelier height advanced,
That worthier of all reverence he might seem
To the Phæacians, and might many a feat
Atchieve, with which they should assay his force.
When, therefore, the assembly now was full,
Alcinoüs, them addressing, thus began.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators! I speak
The dictates of my mind, therefore attend.
This guest unknown to me, hath, wandering, found
My palace, either from the East arrived,
Or from some nation on our western side.
Safe conduct home he asks, and our consent
Here wishes ratified, whose quick return
Be it our part, as usual, to promote;
For at no time the stranger, from what coast
Soe'er, who hath resorted to our doors,
Hath long complain'd of his detention here.
Haste—draw ye down into the sacred Deep
A vessel of prime speed, and from among
The people, fifty and two youths select,
Approved the best; then lashing fast the oars,
Leave her, that at my palace ye may make
Short feast, for which myself will all provide.
Thus I enjoin the crew; but as for those
Of sceptred rank, I bid them all alike
To my own board, that here we may regale
The stranger nobly, and let none refuse.

Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,
To share my banquet, whom the Gods have blest
With powers of song delectable, unmatch'd
By any, when his genius once is fired.
He ceased, and led the way, whom follow'd all
The sceptred senators, while to the house
An herald hasted of the bard divine.
Then, fifty mariners and two, from all
The rest selected, to the coast repair'd,
And, from her station on the sea-bank, launched
The galley down into the sacred Deep.
They placed the canvass and the mast on board,
Arranged the oars, unfurl'd the shining sail,
And leaving her in depth of water moor'd,
All sought the palace of Alcinoüs.
There soon the portico, the court, the hall
Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,
For whose regale the mighty monarch slew
Two beeves, twelve sheep, and twice four fatted brawns.
They flay'd them first, then busily their task
Administering, prepared the joyous feast.
And now the herald came, leading with care
The tuneful bard; dear to the muse was he,
Who yet appointed him both good and ill,
Took from him sight, but gave him strains divine.
For him Pontonoüs in the midst disposed
An argent-studded throne, thrusting it close
To a tall column, where he hung his lyre
Above his head, and taught him where it hung.
He set before him, next, a polish'd board

And basket, and a goblet fill'd with wine
For his own use, and at his own command.
Then, all assail'd at once the ready feast,
And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
Then came the muse, and roused the bard to sing
Exploits of men renown'd; it was a song,
In that day to the highest heaven extoll'd.
He sang of a dispute kindled between
The son of Peleus, and Laertes'[1] son,
Both seated at a feast held to the Gods.
That contest Agamemnon, King of men,
Between the noblest of Achaia's host
Hearing, rejoiced; for when in Pytho erst
He pass'd the marble threshold to consult
The oracle of Apollo, such dispute
The voice divine had to his ear announced;
For then it was that, first, the storm of war
Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict
Troy and the Greecians, by the will of Jove.
So sang the bard illustrious; then his robe
Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head
Ulysses drew, behind its ample folds
Veiling his face, through fear to be observed
By the Phæacians weeping at the song;

[1] Agamemnon having inquired at Delphos, at what time the war should end, was answered, that the conclusion of it should happen at a time when a dispute should arise between two of his principal commanders. That dispute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as most likely to reduce the city, and Ulysses stratagem.

And ever as the bard harmonious ceased,
He wiped his tears, and, drawing from his brows
The mantle pour'd libation to the Gods.
But when the Chiefs (for they delighted heard
Those sounds,) solicited again the bard,
And he renew'd the strain, then covering close
His countenance, as before, Ulysses wept.
Thus, unperceived by all, the Hero mourn'd,
Save by Alcinoüs; he alone his tears,
(Beside him seated) mark'd, and his deep sighs
O'erhearing, the Phæacians thus bespake.
Phæacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend!
We have regaled sufficient, and the harp
Heard to satiety, companion sweet
And seasonable of the festive hour.
Now go we forth for honourable proof
Of our address in games of every kind,
That this our guest may to his friends report,
At home arrived, that none like us have learn'd
To leap, to box, to wrestle, and to run.
So saying, he led them forth, whose steps the guests
All follow'd, and the herald hanging high
The sprightly lyre, took by his hand the bard
Demodocus, whom he the self-same way
Conducted forth by which the Chiefs had gone
Themselves, for that great spectacle prepared.
They sought the forum; countless swarm'd the throng
Behind them as they went, and many a youth
Strong and courageous to the strife arose.
Upstood Acroneus and Ocyalus,

Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, after whom
Anchialus with Anabeesineus
Arose, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus bold,
Amphialus and Thöon. Then arose,
In aspect dread as homicidal Mars,
Euryalus, and for his graceful form
(After Laodamas) distinguish'd most
Of all Phæacia's sons, Naubolides.
Three also from Alcinoüs sprung, arose,
Laodamas, his eldest; Halius, next,
His second-born; and godlike Clytoneus.
Of these, some started for the runner's prize.
[2]They gave the race its limits. All at once
Along the dusty champaign swift they flew.
But Clytoneus, illustrious youth, outstripp'd
All competition; far as mules surpass
Slow oxen furrowing the fallow ground,
So far before all others he arrived
Victorious, where the throng'd spectators stood.
Some tried the wrestler's toil severe, in which
Euryalus superior proved to all.
In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd;
Elatreus most successful hurl'd the quoit,
And at the cestus[3], last, the noble son

[2] Τοισι δ' απο νυσσης τεταο δρομος—This expression is by the commentators generally understood to be significant of the effort which they made at starting, but it is not improbable that it relates merely to the measurement of the course, otherwise, καρπαλιμως επετοντο—will be tautologous.

[3] In boxing.

Of Scheria's King, Laodamas excell'd.
When thus with contemplation of the games
All had been gratified, Alcinoüs' son
Laodamas, arising, them address'd.
Friends! ask we now the stranger, if he boast
Proficiency in aught. His figure seems
Not ill; in thighs, and legs, and arms he shews
Much strength, and in his brawny neck; nor youth
Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears
With numerous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.
Nor know I hardships in the world so sure
To break the strongest down, as those by sea.
Then answer thus Euryalus return'd.
Thou hast well said, Laodamas; thyself
Approaching, speak to him, and call him forth.
Which when Alcinous' noble offspring heard,
Advancing from his seat, amid them all
He stood, and to Ulysses thus began.
Stand forth, oh guest, thou also: prove thy skill
(If any such thou boast) in games like ours,
Which likeliest thou hast learn'd; for greater praise
Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know
His feet to exercise and hands aright.
Come then; make trial; scatter wide thy cares;
We will not hold thee long; the ship is launch'd
Already, and the crew stand all prepared.
To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd.
Wherefore, as in derision, have ye call'd
Me forth, Laodamas, to these exploits?
No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,

And with far other struggles worn, here sit
Desirous only of conveyance home,
For which both King and people I implore.
  Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd.
I well believed it, friend! in thee the guise
I see not of a man expert in feats
Athletic, of which various are perform'd
In every land; thou rather seem'st with ships
Familiar; one accustom'd to controul
Some crew of trading mariners; well-learn'd
In stowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired
By rapine, but of no gymnastic powers.
  To whom Ulysses, frowning dark, replied.
Thou hast ill spoken, sir, and like a man
Regardless whom he wrongs. Therefore the Gods
Give not endowments graceful in each kind,
Of body, mind, and utterance, all to one.
This man in figure less excels, yet Jove
Crowns him with eloquence; his hearers charm'd
Behold him, while with modest confidence
He bears the prize of fluent speech from all,
And in the streets is gazed on as a God!
Another, in his form the Powers above
Resembles, but no grace around his words
Twines itself elegant. So, thou in form
Hast excellence to boast; a God employ'd
To make a master-piece in human shape,
Could but produce proportions just as thine;
Yet hast thou an untutor'd intellect.
Thou much hast moved me; thy unhandsome phrase

Hath roused my wrath; I am not, as thou say'st,
A novice in these sports, but took the lead
In all, while youth and strength were on my side.
But I am now in bands of sorrow held,
And of misfortune, having much endured
In war, and buffeting the boisterous waves.
Yet, though with misery worn, I will essay
My strength among you; for thy words had teeth
Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof.
He said; and mantled as he was, a quoit
Upstarting, seized, in bulk and weight all those
Transcending far, by the Phæacians used.
Swiftly he swung, and from his vigorous hand
Sent it. Loud sang the stone, and as it flew
The maritime Phæacians low inclined
Their heads beneath it; over all the marks,
And far beyond them, sped the flying rock.
Minerva in a human form, the cast
Prodigious measured, and aloud exclaim'd.
Stranger! the blind himself might with his hands
Feel out the 'vantage here. Thy quoit disdains
Fellowship with a crowd, borne far beyond.
Fear not a losing game; Phæacian none
Will reach thy measure, much less overcast.
She ceased; Ulysses, hardy Chief, rejoiced
That in the circus he had found a judge
So favourable, and with brisker tone,
As less in wrath, the multitude address'd.
Young men, reach this, and I will quickly heave
Another such, or yet a heavier quoit.

Then, come the man whose courage prompts him forth
To box, to wrestle with me, or to run;
For ye have chafed me much, and I decline
No strife with any here, but challenge all
Phæacia, save Laodamas alone.
He is mine host. Who combats with his friend?
To call to proof of hardiment the man
Who entertains him in a foreign land,
Would but evince the challenger a fool,
Who, so, should cripple his own interest there.
As for the rest, I none refuse, scorn none,
But wish for trial of you, and to match
In opposition fair my force with yours.
There is no game athletic in the use
Of all mankind, too difficult for me;
I handle well the polish'd bow, and first
Amid a thousand foes strike whom I mark,
Although a throng of warriors at my side
Imbattled, speed their shafts at the same time.
Of all Achaia's sons who erst at Troy
Drew bow, the sole who bore the prize from me
Was Philoctetes; I resign it else
To none now nourish'd with the fruits of earth.
Yet mean I no comparison of myself
With men of antient times, with Hercules,
Or with Oechalian Eurytus, who, both,
The Gods themselves in archery defied.
Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet
Old age he reach'd; him, angry to be call'd
To proof of archership, Apollo slew.

But if ye name the spear, mine flies a length
By no man's arrow reach'd; I fear no foil
From the Phæacians, save in speed alone;
For I have suffer'd hardships, dash'd and drench'd
By many a wave, nor had I food on board
At all times, therefore am I much unstrung.
He spake, and silent the Phæacians sat,
Of whom alone Alcinoüs thus replied.
Since, stranger, not ungraceful is thy speech,
Who hast but vindicated in our ears
Thy question'd prowess, angry that this youth
Reproach'd thee in the presence of us all,
That no man qualified to give his voice
In public might affront thy courage more;
Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,
While feasting with thy children and thy spouse,
Thou may'st inform the Heroes of thy land
Even of our proficiency in arts
By Jove enjoin'd us in our father's days.
We boast not much the boxer's skill, nor yet
The wrestler's; but light-footed in the race
Are we, and navigators well inform'd.
Our pleasures are the feast, the harp, the dance,
Garments for change; the tepid bath; the bed.
Come, ye Phæacians, beyond others skill'd
To tread the circus with harmonious steps,
Come, play before us; that our guest, arrived
In his own country, may inform his friends
How far in seamanship we all excel,
In running, in the dance, and in the song.

Haste! bring ye to Demodocus his lyre
Clear-toned, left somewhere in our hall at home.
So spake the godlike King, at whose command
The herald to the palace quick return'd
To seek the charming lyre. Meantime arose
Nine arbiters, appointed to intend
The whole arrangement of the public games,
To smooth the circus-floor, and give the ring
Its compass, widening the attentive throng.
Ere long the herald came, bearing the harp,
With which Demodocus supplied, advanced
Into the middle area, around whom
Stood blooming youths, all skilful in the dance.
With footsteps justly timed all smote at once
The sacred floor; Ulysses wonder-fixt,
The ceaseless play of twinkling[4] feet admired.
Then tuning his sweet chords, Demodocus
A jocund strain began, his theme, the loves
Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet-crown'd;
How first, clandestine, they embraced beneath
The roof of Vulcan; her, by many a gift
Seduced, Mars won, and with adulterous lust
The bed dishonour'd of the King of fire.
The Sun, a witness of their amorous sport,
Bore swift the tale to Vulcan; he, apprized

[4] The Translator is indebted to Mr. Grey for an epithet more expressive of the original (Μαρμαρυγας) than any other, perhaps, in all our language. See the Ode on the Progress of Poetry.

"To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their *many-twinkling* feet."

Of that foul deed, at once his smithy sought,
In secret darkness of his inmost soul
Contriving vengeance; to the stock he heaved
His anvil huge, on which he forged a snare
Of bands indissoluble, by no art
To be untied, durance for ever firm.
The net prepared, he bore it, fiery-wroth
To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,
Where stretching them from post to post, he wrapp'd
With those fine meshes all his bed around,
And hung them numerous from the roof, diffused
Like spiders' filaments, which not the Gods
Themselves could see, so subtle were the toils.
When thus he had encircled all his bed
On every side, he feign'd a journey thence
To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn
The earth, the city that he favours most.
Nor kept the God of the resplendent reins
Mars, drowsy watch, but seeing that the famed
Artificer of heaven had left his home,
Flew to the house of Vulcan, hot to enjoy
The Goddess with the wreath-encircled brows.
She, newly from her potent Sire return'd
The son of Saturn, sat. Mars, entering, seized
Her hand, hung on it, and thus urged his suit.
To bed, my fair, and let us love! for lo!
Thine husband is from home, to Lemnos gone,
And to the Sintians, men of barbarous speech.
He spake, nor she was loth, but bedward too
Like him inclined; so then, to bed they went,

And as they lay'd them down, down stream'd the net
Around them, labour exquisite of hands
By ingenuity divine inform'd.
Small room they found, so prison'd; not a limb
Could either lift, or move, but felt at once
Entanglement from which was no escape.
And now the glorious artist, ere he yet
Had reach'd the Lemnian isle, limping, return'd
From his feign'd journey, for his spy the Sun
Had told him all. With aching heart he sought
His home, and, standing in the vestibule,
Frantic with indignation roar'd to heaven,
And roar'd again, summoning all the Gods.—
  Oh Jove! and all ye Powers for ever blest!
Here! hither look, that ye may view a sight
Ludicrous, yet too monstrous to be borne,
How Venus always with dishonour loads
Her cripple spouse, doating on fiery Mars!
And wherefore? for that he is fair in form
And sound of foot, I ricket-boned, and weak.
Whose fault is this? Their fault, and theirs alone
Who gave me being; ill-employ'd were they
Begetting me, one better far unborn.
See where they couch together on my bed
Lascivious! ah, sight hateful to my eyes!
Yet cooler wishes will they feel, I ween,
To press my bed hereafter; here to sleep
Will little please them, fondly as they love.
But these my toils and tangles will suffice
To hold them here, till Jove shall yield me back

Complete, the sum of all my nuptial gifts
Paid to him for the shameless strumpet's sake
His daughter, as incontinent as fair.
He said, and in the brazen-floor'd abode
Of Jove the Gods assembled. Neptune came
Earth-circling Power; came Hermes friend of man,
And regent of the far-commanding bow,
Apollo also came; but chaste reserve
Bashful kept all the Goddesses at home.
The Gods by whose beneficence all live,
Stood in the portal; infinite arose
The laugh of heaven, all looking down intent
On that shrewd project of the smith divine,
And, turning to each other, thus they said.
Bad works speed ill. The slow o'ertakes the swift.
So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft
Hath outstript Mars, although the fleetest far
Of all who dwell in heaven, and the light-heel'd
Must pay the adulterer's forfeit to the lame.
So spake the Powers immortal; then the King
Of radiant shafts thus question'd Mercury.
Jove's son, heaven's herald, Hermes, bounteous God!
Would'st *thou* such stricture close of bands endure
For golden Venus lying at thy side;
Whom answer'd thus the messenger of heaven.
Archer divine! yea, and with all my heart;
And be the bands which wind us round about
Thrice these, innumerable, and let all
The Gods and Goddesses in heaven look on,
So I may clasp Vulcan's fair spouse the while.

He spake; then laugh'd the Immortal powers again.
But not so Neptune; he with earnest suit
The glorious artist urged to the release
Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he said.
Loose him; accept my promise; he shall pay
Full recompense in presence of us all.
Then thus the limping smith far-famed replied.
Earth-circler Neptune, spare me that request.
[5]Lame suitor, lame security. What bands
Could I devise for thee among the Gods,
Should Mars, emancipated once, escape,
Leaving both debt and durance far behind?
Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores.
I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight
Shun payment, I will pay, myself, the fine.
To whom the glorious artist of the skies.
Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refused.
So saying the might of Vulcan loosed the snare,
And they, detain'd by those coercive bands
No longer, from the couch upstarting flew,
Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home
The Queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves
Her incense-breathing altar stands embower'd.

[5] The original line has received such a variety of interpretations, that a Translator seems free to chuse. It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preserve, and have adopted that sense of the words which appears best to accord with what immediately follows. Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumstance that made Neptune's promise unacceptable.

Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffused
O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add
Fresh beauty to the Gods for ever young,
And cloathed her in the loveliest robes of heaven.
Such was the theme of the illustrious bard.
Ulysses with delight that song, and all
The maritime Phæacian concourse heard.
Alcinoüs, then, (for in the dance they pass'd
All others,) call'd his sons to dance alone,
Halius and Laodamas; they gave
The purple ball into their hands, the work
Exact of Polybus; one, re-supine,
Upcast it high toward the dusky clouds,
The other springing into air, with ease
Received it, ere he sank to earth again.
When thus they oft had sported with the ball
Thrown upward, next, with nimble interchange
They pass'd it to each other many a time,
Footing the plain, while every youth of all
The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath
The din of stamping feet fill'd all the air.
Then, turning to Alcinoüs, thus the wise
Ulysses spake. Alcinoüs! mighty King!
Illustrious above all Phæacia's sons!
Incomparable are ye in the dance,
Even as thou said'st. Amazement-fixt I stand!
So he, whom hearing, the imperial might
Exulted of Alcinoüs, and aloud
To his oar-skill'd Phæacians thus he spake.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!

Wisdom beyond the common stint I mark
In this our guest; good cause in my account,
For which we should present him with a pledge
Of hospitality and love. The Chiefs
Are twelve, who, highest in command, controul
The people, and the thirteenth Chief am I.
Bring each a golden talent, with a vest
Well-bleach'd, and tunic; gratified with these,
The stranger to our banquet shall repair
Exulting; bring them all without delay;
And let Euryalus by word and gift
Appease him, for his speech was unadvised.
He ceased, whom all applauded, and at once
Each sent his herald forth to bring the gifts,
When thus Euryalus his Sire address'd.
Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's sons supreme!
I will appease our guest as thou command'st.
This sword shall be his own, the blade all steel,
The hilt of silver, and the unsullied sheath
Of ivory recent from the carver's hand.
A gift like this he shall not need despise.
So saying, his silver-studded sword he gave
Into his grasp, and courteous, thus began.
Hail, honour'd stranger! and if word of mine
Have harm'd thee, rashly spoken, let the winds
Bear all remembrance of it swift away!
May the Gods give thee to behold again
Thy wife, and to attain thy native shore,
Whence absent long, thou hast so much endured!
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.

Hail also thou, and may the Gods, my friend,
Grant thee felicity, and may never want
Of this thy sword touch thee in time to come,
By whose kind phrase appeased my wrath subsides!
He ended, and athwart his shoulders threw
The weapon bright-emboss'd. Now sank the sun,
And those rich gifts arrived, which to the house
Of King Alcinoüs the heralds bore,
Alcinoüs sons received them, and beside
Their royal mother placed the precious charge.
The King then led the way, at whose abode
Arrived, again they press'd their lofty thrones,
And to Areta thus the monarch spake.
Haste, bring a coffer; bring thy best, and store
A mantle and a sumptuous vest within;
Warm for him, next a brazen bath, by which
Refresh'd, and viewing in fair order placed
The noble gifts by the Phæacian Lords
Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy
Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious song.
I give him also this my golden cup
Splendid, elaborate; that, while he lives,
What time he pours libation forth to Jove
And all the Gods, he may remember me.
He ended, at whose words Areta bade
Her maidens with dispatch place o'er the fire
A tripod ample-womb'd; obedient they
Advanced a laver to the glowing hearth,
Water infused, and kindled wood beneath.
The flames encircling bright the bellied vase,

Warm'd soon the flood within. Meantime, the queen
Producing from her chamber-stores a chest
All-elegant, within it placed the gold
And raiment, gifts of the Phæacian Chiefs,
With her own gifts, the mantle and the vest,
And in wing'd accents to Ulysses said.
Now take, thyself, the coffer's lid in charge;
Girdle it quickly with a cord, lest loss
Befall thee on thy way, while thou perchance
Shalt sleep secure on board the sable bark.
Which when Ulysses heard, Hero renown'd,
Adjusting close the lid, he cast a cord
Around it, which with many a mazy knot
He tied, by Circe taught him long before.
And now, the mistress of the household charge
Summon'd him to his bath; glad he beheld
The steaming vase, uncustom'd to its use
E'er since his voyage from the isle of fair
Calypso, although, while a guest with her,
Ever familiar with it, as a God.
Laved by attendant damsels, and with oil
Refresh'd, he put his sumptuous tunic on
And mantle, and proceeding from the bath
To the symposium, join'd the numerous guests;
But, as he pass'd, the Princess all divine
Beside the pillars of the portal lost
In admiration of his graceful form,
Stood, and in accents wing'd him thus address'd.
Hail, stranger! at thy native home arrived
Remember me, thy first deliverer here.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Nausicaa! daughter of the noble King
Alcinoüs! So may Jove, high-thundering mate
Of Juno, grant me to behold again
My native land, and my delightful home,
As, even there, I will present my vows
To thee, adoring thee as I adore
The Gods themselves, virgin, by whom I live!
He said, and on his throne beside the King
Alcinoüs sat. And now they portion'd out
The feast to all, and charged the cups with wine,
And introducing by his hand the bard
Phæacia's glory, at the column's side
The herald placed Demodocus again.
Then, carving forth a portion from the loins
Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten still
Large part and delicate remain'd, thus spake
Ulysses—Herald! bear it to the bard
For his regale, whom I will soon embrace
In spite of sorrow; for respect is due
And veneration to the sacred bard
From all mankind, for that the muse inspires
Herself his song, and loves the tuneful tribe.
He ended, and the herald bore his charge
To the old Hero, who with joy received
That meed of honour at the bearer's hand.
Then, all, at once, assail'd the ready feast,
And hunger now, and thirst both satisfied,
Thus to Demodocus Ulysses spake.
Demodocus! I give thee praise above

All mortals, for that either thee the muse
Jove's daughter teaches, or the King, himself,
Apollo; since thou so record'st the fate,
With such clear method, of Achaia's host,
Their deeds heroic, and their numerous toils,
As thou hadst present been thyself, or learnt
From others present there, the glorious tale.
Come, then, proceed; that rare invention sing,
The horse of wood, which by Minerva's aid
Epeus framed, and which Ulysses erst
Convey'd into the citadel of Troy
With warriors fill'd, who laid all Ilium waste.
These things rehearse regular, and myself
Will, instant, publish in the ears of all
Thy fame, reporting thee a bard to whom
Apollo free imparts celestial song.
He ended; then Apollo with full force
Rush'd on Demodocus, and he began
What time the Greeks, first firing their own camp,
Steer'd all their galleys from the shore of Troy.
Already, in the horse conceal'd, his band
Around Ulysses sat; for Ilium's sons
Themselves had drawn it to the citadel,
And there the mischief stood. Then, strife arose
Among the Trojans compassing the horse,
And threefold was the doubt; whether to cleave
The hollow trunk asunder, or updrawn
Aloft, to cast it headlong from the rocks,
Or to permit the enormous image, kept
Entire, to stand an offering to the Gods,

Which was their destined course; for Fate had fix'd
Their ruin sure, when once they had received
Within their walls that engine huge, in which
Sat all the bravest Greecians with the fate
Of Ilium charged, and slaughter of her sons.
He sang, how, from the horse effused, the Greeks
Left their capacious ambush, and the town
Made desolate. To others, in his song,
He gave the praise of wasting all beside,
But told how, fierce as Mars, Ulysses join'd
With godlike Menelaus, to the house
Flew of Deiphobus; him there engaged
In direst fight he sang, and through the aid
Of glorious Pallas, conqueror over all.
So sang the bard illustrious, at whose song
Ulysses melted, and tear after tear
Fell on his cheeks. As when a woman weeps,
Her husband, who hath fallen in defence
Of his own city and his babes before
The gates; she, sinking, folds him in her arms,
And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,
Shrieks at the sight; meantime, the enemy
Smiting her shoulders with the spear, to toil
Command her and to bondage far away,
And her cheek fades with horror at the sound;
Ulysses, so, from his moist lids let fall
The frequent tear. Unnoticed by the rest
Those drops, but not by King Alcinoüs, fell,
Who, seated at his side, his heavy sighs
Remark'd, and the Phæacians thus spake.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!
Now let Demodocus enjoin his harp
Silence, for not alike grateful to all
His music sounds; during our feast, and since
The bard divine began, continual flow
The stranger's sorrows, by remembrance caused
Of some great woe which wraps his soul around.
Then, let the bard suspend his song, that all
(As most befits the occasion,) may rejoice,
Both guest and hosts together; since we make
This voyage, and these gifts confer, in proof
Of hospitality and unfeign'd love,
Judging, with all wise men, the stranger-guest
And suppliant worthy of a brother's place.
And thou conceal not, artfully reserved,
What I shall ask, far better plain declared
Than smother'd close; who art thou? speak thy name,
The name by which thy father, mother, friends
And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell
Around thy native city, in times past
Have known thee; for of all things human none
Lives altogether nameless, whether good
Or whether bad, but every man receives
Even in the moment of his birth, a name.
Thy country, people, city, tell; the mark
At which my ships, intelligent, shall aim,
That they may bear thee thither; for our ships
No pilot need or helm, as ships are wont,
But know, themselves, our purpose; know beside
All cities, and all fruitful regions well

Of all the earth, and with dark clouds involved
Plough rapid the rough Deep, fearless of harm,
(Whate'er betide) and of disastrous wreck.
Yet thus, long since, my father I have heard
Nausithoüs speaking; Neptune, he would say,
Is angry with us, for that safe we bear
Strangers of every nation to their home;
And he foretold a time when he would smite
In vengeance some Phæacian gallant bark
Returning after convoy of her charge,
And fix her in the sable flood, transform'd
Into a mountain, right before the town.
So spake my hoary Sire, which let the God
At his own pleasure do, or leave undone.
But tell me truth, and plainly. Where have been
Thy wanderings? in what regions of the earth
Hast thou arrived? what nations hast thou seen,
What cities? say, how many hast thou found
Harsh, savage and unjust? how many, kind
To strangers, and disposed to fear the Gods?
Say also, from what secret grief of heart
Thy sorrows flow, oft as thou hear'st the fate
Of the Achaians, or of Ilium sung?
That fate the Gods prepared; they spin the thread
Of man's destruction, that in after days
The bard may make the sad event his theme.
Perish'd thy father or thy brother there?
Or hast thou at the siege of Ilium lost
Father-in-law, or son-in-law? for such
Are next and dearest to us after those

Who share our own descent; or was the dead
Thy bosom-friend, whose heart was as thy own?
For worthy as a brother of our love
The constant friend and the discrete I deem.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

Ulysses discovers himself to the Phæacians, and begins the history of his adventures. He destroys Ismarus, city of the Ciconians; arrives among the Lotophagi; and afterwards at the land of the Cyclops. He is imprisoned by Polypheme in his cave, who devours six of his companions; intoxicates the monster with wine, blinds him while he sleeps, and escapes from him.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IX.

THEN answer, thus, Ulysses wise return'd.
Alcinoüs! King! illustrious above all
Phæacia's sons! pleasant it is to hear
A bard like this, sweet as the Gods in song.
The world, in my account, no sight affords
More gratifying, than a people blest
With cheerfulness and peace, a palace throng'd
With guests in order ranged, listening to sounds
Melodious, and the steaming tables spread
With plenteous viands, while the cups, with wine
From brimming beakers fill'd, pass brisk around.
No lovelier sight know I. But thou, it seems,
Thy thoughts hast turn'd to ask me whence my groans
And tears, that I may sorrow still the more.
What first, what next, what last shall I rehearse,
On whom the Gods have shower'd such various woes?
Learn first my name, that even in this land
Remote I may be known, and that escaped
From all adversity, I may requite

Hereafter, this your hospitable care
At my own home, however distant hence.
I am Ulysses, fear'd in all the earth,
For subtlest wisdom, and renown'd to heaven,
The offspring of Laertes; my abode
Is sun-burnt Ithaca; there waving stands
The mountain Neritus his numerous boughs,
And it is neighbour'd close by clustering isles
All populous; thence Samos is beheld,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus forest-clad.
Flat on the Deep she lies, farthest removed
Toward the West, while, situate apart,
Her sister islands face the rising day;
Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons
Magnanimous; nor shall these eyes behold,
Elsewhere, an object dear and sweet as she.
Calypso, beauteous Goddess, in her grot
Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused;
Ææan Circe also, skill'd profound
In potent arts, within her palace long
Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused;
But never could they warp my constant mind.
So much our parents and our native soil
Attract us most, even although our lot
Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.
But come—my painful voyage, such as Jove
Gave me from Ilium, I will now relate.
From Troy the winds bore me to Ismarus,
City of the Ciconians; them I slew,
And laid their city waste; whence bringing forth

Much spoil with all their wives, I portion'd it
With equal hand, and each received a share.
Next, I exhorted to immediate flight
My people; but in vain; they madly scorn'd
My sober counsel, and much wine they drank,
And sheep and beeves slew numerous on the shore.
Meantime, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,
Their neighbours summoning, a mightier host
And braver, natives of the continent,
Expert, on horses mounted, to maintain
Fierce fight, or if occasion bade, on foot.
Numerous they came as leaves, or vernal flowers
At day-spring. Then by the decree of Jove,
Misfortune found us. At the ships we stood
Piercing each other with the brazen spear,
And till the morning brighten'd into noon,
Few as we were, we yet withstood them all;
But when the sun verged westward, then the Greeks
Fell back and the Ciconian host prevail'd.
Six warlike Greecians from each galley's crew
Perish'd in that dread field; the rest escaped.
Thus after loss of many we pursued
Our course, yet, difficult as was our flight,
Went not till first we had invoked by name
Our friends whom the Ciconians had destroy'd.
But cloud-assembler Jove assail'd us soon
With a tempestuous North-wind; earth alike
And sea with storms he overhung, and night
Fell fast from heaven. Their heads deep plunging oft
Our gallies flew, and rent, and rent again

Our tatter'd sail-cloth crackled in the wind.
We, fearing instant death, within the barks
Our canvas lodged, and toiling strenuous, reach'd
At length the continent. Two nights we lay
Continual there, and two long days consumed
With toil and grief; but when the beauteous morn
Bright-hair'd had brought the third day to a close,
(Our masts erected, and white sails unfurl'd,)
Again we sat on board; meantime, the winds
Well managed by the steersman, urged us on.
And now, all danger pass'd, I had attain'd
My native shore, but, doubling in my course
Malea, waves and currents and North-winds
Constrain'd me devious to Cythera's isle.
Nine days by cruel storms thence was I borne
Athwart the fishy Deep, but on the tenth
Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race sustain'd
On sweetest fruit alone. There quitting ship,
We landed and drew water, and the crews
Beside the vessels took their evening cheer.
When, hasty, we had thus our strength renew'd,
I order'd forth my people to inquire
(Two I selected from the rest, with whom
I join'd an herald, third,) what race of men
Might there inhabit. They, departing, mix'd
With the Lotophagi; nor hostile aught
Or savage the Lotophagi devised
Against our friends, but offer'd to their taste
The lotus; of which fruit what man soe'er
Once tasted, no desire felt he to come

With tidings back, or seek his country more,
But rather wish'd to feed on lotus still
With the Lotophagi, and to renounce
All thoughts of home. Them, therefore, I constrain'd
Weeping on board, and dragging each beneath
The benches, bound him there. Then, all in haste,
I urged my people to ascend again
Their hollow barks, lest others also, fed
With fruit of lotus, should forget their home.
They quick embark'd, and on the benches ranged
In order, thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.

Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding sad, we reach'd
The land at length, where, [1] giant-sized and free
From all constraint of law, the Cyclops dwell.
They, trusting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,
But earth unsow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them
All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape
Large-cluster'd, nourish'd by the showers of Jove.
No councils they convene, no laws contrive,
But in deep caverns dwell, found on the heads
Of lofty mountains, judging each supreme
His wife and children, heedless of the rest.
In front of the Cyclopean haven lies,
A level island, not adjoining close
Their land, nor yet remote, woody and rude.
There, wild-goats breed numberless, by no foot
Of man molested; never huntsman there,
Inured to winter's cold and hunger, roams

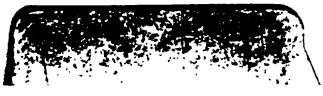
[1] So the Scholium interprets in this place, the word ὑπερφιαλος.

The dreary woods, or mountain-tops sublime;
No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,
But the unseeded and unfurrow'd soil,
Year after year a wilderness by man
Untrodden, food for blatant goats, supplies.
For no ships crimson-prow'd the Cyclops own,
Nor naval artizan is there, whose toil
Might furnish them with oary barks, by which
Subsists all distant commerce, and which bear
Man o'er the Deep to cities far remote
Who might improve the peopled isle, that seems
Not sterile in itself, but apt to yield,
In their due season, fruits of every kind.
For stretch'd beside the hoary ocean lie
Green meadows moist, where vines would never fail;
Light is the land, and they might yearly reap
The tallest crops, so unctuous is the glebe.
Safe is its haven also, where no need
Of cable is or anchor, or to lash
The hawser fast ashore, but pushing in
His bark, the mariner might there abide
Till rising gales should tempt him forth again.
At bottom of the bay runs a clear stream
Issuing from a cove hemm'd all around
With poplars; down into that bay we steer'd
Amid the darkness of the night, some God
Conducting us; for all unseen it lay,
Such gloom involved the fleet, nor shone the moon
From heaven to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds.
Hence, none the isle descried, nor any saw

The lofty surge roll'd on the strand, or ere
Our vessels struck the ground; but when they struck,
Then, lowering all our sails we disembark'd,
And on the sea-beech slept till dawn appear'd.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, we with admiring eyes
The isle survey'd, roaming it wide around.
Meantime, the nymphs, Jove's daughters, roused the goats
Bred on the mountains, to supply with food
The partners of my toils; then, bringing forth
Bows and long-pointed javelins from the ships,
Divided all into three separate bands
We struck them, and the Gods gave us much prey.
Twelve ships attended me, and every ship
Nine goats received by lot; myself alone
Selected ten. All day, till set of sun,
We eating sat goat's flesh, and drinking wine
Delicious without stint; for dearth was none
Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd,
With which my people had their jars supplied
What time we sack'd Ciconian Ismarus.
Thence looking forth toward the neighbour-land
Where dwell the Cyclops, rising smoke we saw,
And voices heard, their own, and of their flocks.
Now sank the sun, and (night o'ershadowing all)
We slept along the shore; but when again,
The rosy-finger'd daughter of the dawn
Look'd forth, my crews convened, I thus began.
Companions of my course! here rest ye all,

Save my own crew, with whom I will explore
This people, whether wild they be, unjust,
And to contention given, or well-disposed
To strangers, and a race who fear the Gods.
So speaking, I embark'd, and bade embark
My followers, throwing, quick, the hawsers loose.
They, entering at my word, the benches fill'd
Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.
Attaining soon that neighbour-land, we found
At its extremity, fast by the sea,
A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above
With laurels; in that cavern slumbering lay
Much cattle, sheep and goats, and a broad court
Enclosed it, fenced with stones from quarries hewn,
With spiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.
Here dwelt a giant vast, who far remote
His flocks fed solitary, converse none
Desiring, sullen, savage, and unjust.
Monster, in truth, he was, hideous in form,
Resembling less a man by Ceres' gift
Sustain'd, than some aspiring mountain-crag
Tufted with wood, and standing all alone.
Enjoining, then, my people to abide
Fast by the ship which they should closely guard,
I went; but not without a goat-skin fill'd
With sable wine which I had erst received
From Maron, offspring of Evanthes, priest
Of Phœbus guardian god of Ismarus,
Because through reverence of him, we had saved
Himself, his wife and children; for he dwelt

Amid the grove umbrageous of his God.
He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him
Seven talents I received of beaten gold,
A beaker, argent all, and after these
No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,
Rich, unadulterate, drink for Gods; nor knew
One servant, male or female, of that wine
In all his house; none knew it, save himself,
His wife, and the intendant of his stores.
Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he slaked
A single cup with twenty from the stream,
And, even then, the beaker breath'd abroad
A scent celestial, which whoever smelt,
Thenceforth no pleasure found it to abstain.
Charged with an ample goat-skin of this wine
I went, and with a wallet well supplied,
But felt a sudden presage in my soul
That, haply, with terrific force endued,
Some savage would appear, strange to the laws
And privileges of the human race.
Few steps convey'd us to his den, but him
We found not; he his flocks pastured abroad.
His cavern entering, we with wonder gazed
Around on all; his strainers hung with cheese
Distended wide; with lambs and kids his penns
Close-throng'd we saw, and folded separate
The various charge; the eldest all apart,
Apart the middle-aged, and the new-yean'd
Also apart. His pails and bowls with whey
Swam all, neat vessels into which he milk'd.



Me then my friends first importuned to take
A portion of his cheeses, then to drive
Forth from the sheep-cotes to the rapid bark
His kids and lambs, and plow the brine again.
But me they moved not, happier had they moved!
I wish'd to see him, and to gain, perchance,
Some pledge of hospitality at his hands,
Whose form was such, as should not much bespeak
When he appear'd, our confidence or love.
Then, kindling fire we offer'd to the Gods,
And of his cheeses eating, patient sat
Till home he trudged from pasture. Charged he came
With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,
Fuel by which to sup. Loud crash'd the thorns
Which down he cast before the cavern's mouth,
To whose interior nooks we trembling flew.
At once he drove into his spacious cave
His batten'd flock, all those which gave him milk,
But all the males, both rams and goats, he left
Abroad, excluded from the cavern-yard.
Upheaving, next, a rocky barrier huge
To his cave's mouth, he thrust it home. That weight
Not all the oxen from its place had moved
Of twenty and two wains; with such a rock
Immense his den he closed. Then down he sat,
And as he milk'd his ewes and bleating goats
All in their turns, her yeanling gave to each;
Coagulating, then, with brisk dispatch,
The half of his new milk, he thrust the curd
Into his wicker sieves, but stored the rest

In pans and bowls—his customary drink.
His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, last,
His fuel, and discerning *us*, enquired,
Who are ye, strangers? from what distant shore
Roam ye the waters? traffick ye? or bound
To no one port, wander, as pirates use,
At large the Deep, exposing life themselves,
And enemies of all mankind beside?
He ceased; we, dash'd with terrour, heard the growl
Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth,
To whom, though sore-appall'd, I thus replied.
Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilium home,
Have wander'd wide the expanse of ocean, sport
For every wind, and driven from our course,
Have here arrived; so stood the will of Jove.
We boast ourselves of Agamemnon's train,
The son of Atreus, at this hour the Chief
Beyond all others under heaven renown'd,
So great a city he hath sack'd, and slain
Such numerous foes; but since we reach, at last,
Thy knees, we beg such hospitable fare,
Or other gift, as guests are wont to obtain.
Illustrious lord! respect the Gods, and us
Thy suitors; suppliants are the care of Jove
The hospitable; he their wrongs resents,
And where the stranger sojourns, there is he.
I ceased, when answer thus he, fierce, return'd.
Friend! either thou art fool, or hast arrived
Indeed from far, who bidd'st me fear the Gods
Lest they be wroth. The Cyclops little heeds

Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the Powers of Heaven.
Our race is mightier far; nor shall myself,
Through fear of Jove's hostility, abstain
From thee or thine, unless my choice be such.
But tell me now. Where touch'd thy gallant bark
Our country, on thy first arrival here?
Remote, or nigh? for I would learn the truth.
So spake he, tempting me; but, artful, thus,
I answer'd, penetrating his intent.
My vessel, Neptune, Shaker of the shores
At yonder utmost promontory dash'd
In pieces, hurling her against the rocks
With winds that blew right thither from the sea,
And I, with these alone, escaped alive.
So I, to whom, relentless, answer none
He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, sprang
Toward my people, of whom seizing two
At once, like whelps against his cavern-floor
He dash'd them, and their brains spread on the ground.
These, piece-meal hewn, for supper he prepared,
And, like a mountain-lion, neither flesh
Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones.
We, viewing that tremendous sight, upraised
Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage lost.
When thus the Cyclops had with human flesh
Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd
Much undiluted milk, among his flocks
Outstretch'd immense, he press'd his cavern-floor.
Me, then, my courage prompted to approach
The monster with my sword drawn from the sheath,

And to transfix him where the vitals wrap
The liver; but maturer thoughts forbad.
For so, we also had incurr'd a death
Tremendous, wanting power to thrust aside
The rocky mass that closed his cavern-mouth
By force of hand alone. Thus many a sigh
Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,
Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
Look'd forth, then kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd
In order, and her yeanling kid or lamb
Thrust under each. When thus he had perform'd
His wonted task, two seizing, as before,
He slew them for his next obscene regale.
His dinner ended, from the cave he drove
His fatted flocks abroad, moving with ease
That ponderous barrier, and replacing it
As he had only closed a quiver's lid.
Then, hissing them along, he drove his flocks
Toward the mountain, and me left, the while,
Deep ruminating how I best might take
Vengeance, and by the aid of Pallas win
Deathless renown. This counsel pleased me most.
Beside the sheep-cote lay a massy club
Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive stock,
Green, but which dried, should serve him for a staff.
To us considering it, that staff appear'd
Tall as the mast of a huge trading-bark,
Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep.
Such seem'd its length to us, and such its bulk.
Part amputating, (an whole fathom's length)

I gave my men that portion, with command
To shave it smooth. They smooth'd it, and myself,
Shaping its blunt extremity to a point,
Season'd it in the fire; then covering close
The weapon, hid it under litter'd straw,
For much lay scatter'd on the cavern-floor.
And now I bade my people cast the lot
Who of us all should take the pointed brand,
And grind it in his eye when next he slept.
The lots were cast, and four were chosen, those
Whom most I wish'd, and I was chosen fifth.
At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks
Pasturing homeward, and compell'd them all
Into his cavern, leaving none abroad,
Either through some surmise, or so inclined
By influence, haply, of the Gods themselves.
The huge rock pull'd into his place again
At the cave's mouth, he sitting, milk'd his sheep
And goats in order, and her kid or lamb
Thrust under each; thus, all his work dispatch'd,
Two more he seized, and to his supper fell.
I then approaching to him, thus address'd
The Cyclops, holding in my hand a cup
Of ivy-wood, well-charged with ruddy wine.
  Lo, Cyclops! this is wine. Take this and drink
After thy meal of man's flesh. Taste and learn
What precious liquor our lost vessel bore.
I brought it hither, purposing to make
Libation to thee, if to pity inclined
Thou wouldst dismiss us home. But, ah, thy rage

Is insupportable! thou cruel one!
Who, thinkest thou, of all mankind, henceforth
Will visit *thee* guilty of such excess?
I ceased. He took and drank, and [2]hugely pleased
With that delicious beverage, thus enquired.
Give me again, and spare not. Tell me, too,
Thy name, incontinent, that I may make
Requital, gratifying also thee
With somewhat to thy taste. We Cyclops own
A bounteous soil, which yields *us* also wine
From clusters large, nourish'd by showers from Jove;
But this—oh this is from above—a stream
Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine!
He ended, and received a second draught,
Like measure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,
And, foolish, thrice he drank. But when the fumes
Began to play around the Cyclops' brain,
With show of amity I thus replied.
Cyclops! thou hast my noble name enquired,
Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,
Thy promised boon, some hospitable pledge.
My name is Outis[3]; Outis I am call'd
At home, abroad, wherever I am known.

[2] Αινως.

[3] Clarke, who has preserved this name in his marginal version, contends strenuously, and with great reason, that Outis ought not to be translated: and in a passage which he quotes from the *Acta eruditorum*, we see much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having translated it. It is certain that in Homer the word is declined not as ουτις-τινος, which signifies no man, but as ουτις-τιδος, making ουτιν in

So I; to whom he, savage, thus replied.
Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,
Shall be my last regale. Be that thy boon.
He spake, and downward sway'd, fell resupine,
With his huge neck aslant. All-conquering sleep
Soon seized him. From his gullet gush'd the wine
With human morsels mingled, many a blast
Sonorous issuing from his glutted maw.
Then thrusting far the spike of olive-wood
Into the embers glowing on the hearth,
I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while,
Lest any should, through fear, shrink from his part.
But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,
Should soon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,
I bore it to his side. Then all my aids
Around me gather'd, and the Gods infused
Heroic fortitude into our hearts.
They, seizing the hot stake rasp'd to a point,
Bored his eye with it, and myself, advanced
To a superior stand, twirl'd it about.
As when a shipwright with his wimble bores
Tough oaken timber, placed on either side
Below, his fellow-artists strain the thong
Alternate, and the restless iron spins,
So, grasping hard the stake pointed with fire,

the accusative, consequently as a proper name. It is sufficient that the ambiguity was such as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops. Outis is said by some (perhaps absurdly) to have been a name given to Ulysses on account of his having larger ears than common.

We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood
Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil sent
A scalding vapour forth that singed his brow,
And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.
As when the smith an hatchet or large axe
Tempering with skill, plunges the hissing blade
Deep in cold-water, (whence the strength of steel,)
So hiss'd his eye around the olive-wood.
The howling monster with his outcry fill'd
The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,
Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the spike
From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast
The implement all bloody far away.
Then, bellowing, he sounded forth the name
Of every Cyclops dwelling in the caves
Around him, on the wind-swept mountain-tops;
They at his cry flocking from every part,
Circled his den, and of his ail enquired.
What grievous hurt hath caused thee, Polypheme!
Thus yelling to alarm the peaceful ear
Of night, and break our slumbers? Fear'st thou lest
Some mortal man drive off thy flocks? or fear'st
Thyself to die by cunning or by force?
Them answer'd then, Polypheme from his cave.
Oh, friends! I die, and Outis gives the blow.
To whom with accents wing'd his friends without.
If no man[4] harm thee, but thou art alone,

[4] Outis, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it; but as a *noun*, it signifies *no man*, which accounts sufficiently for the ludicrous mistake of his brethren.

And sickness feel'st, it is the stroke of Jove,
And thou must bear it; yet invoke for aid
Thy father Neptune, Sovereign of the floods.
So saying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd
That by the fiction only of a name,
Slight stratagem! I had deceived them all.
Then groan'd the Cyclops wrung with pain and grief,
And, fumbling with stretch'd hands, removed the rock
From his cave's mouth, which done, he sat him down
Spreading his arms athwart the pass, to stop
Our egress with his flocks abroad; so dull,
It seems, he held me, and so ill-advised.
I, pondering what means might fittest prove
To save from instant death, (if save I might)
My people and myself, to every shift
Inclined, and various counsels framed, as one
Who strove for life, conscious of woe at hand.
To me, thus meditating, this appear'd
The likeliest course. The rams well-thriven were
Thick-fleeced, full-sized, with wool of sable hue.
These, silently, with osier twigs on which
The Cyclops, hideous monster, slept, I bound,
Three in one leash; the intermediate rams
Bore each a man, whom the exterior two
Preserved, concealing him on either side.
Thus each was borne by three, and I, at last,
The curl'd back seizing of a ram, (for one
I had reserved far stateliest of them all)
Slipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands
Enfolding fast in his exuberant fleece,

Clung ceaseless to him as I lay supine.
We, thus disposed, waited with many a sigh
The sacred dawn; but when, at length, arisen,
Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks
Rush'd forth to pasture, and his ewes, the while
Stood bleating, unrelieved from the distress
Of udders overcharged. Their master, rack'd
With pain intolerable, handled yet
The backs of all, inquisitive, as they stood,
But, gross of intellect, suspicion none
Conceived of men beneath their bodies bound.
And now (none left beside) the ram approach'd
With his own wool burthen'd, and with myself,
Whom many a fear molested. Polypheme
The giant stroak'd him as he sat, and said,
My darling ram! why, latest of the flock
Comest thou, whom never, heretofore, my sheep
Could leave behind, but stalking at their head,
Thou first was wont to crop the tender grass,
First to arrive at the clear stream, and first
With ready will to seek my sheep-cote here
At evening; but, thy practice changed, thou comest,
Now last of all. Feel'st thou regret, my ram!
Of thy poor master's eye, by a vile wretch
Bored out, who overcame me first with wine,
And by a crew of vagabonds accursed,
Followers of Outis, whose escape from death
Shall not be made to day? Ah! that thy heart
Were as my own, and that distinct as I

Thou could'st articulate, so shouldst thou tell,
Where hidden, he eludes my furious wrath.
Then, dash'd against the floor his spatter'd brain
Should fly, and I should lighter feel my harm
From Outis, wretch base-named and nothing-worth.
So saying, he left him to pursue the flock.
When thus drawn forth, we had, at length, escaped
Few paces from the cavern and the court,
First, quitting my own ram, I loosed my friends,
Then, turning seaward many a thriven ewe
Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them swiftly to the ship.
Thrice welcome to our faithful friends we came
From death escaped, but much they mourn'd the dead.
I suffer'd not their tears, but silent shook
My brows, by signs commanding them to lift
The sheep on board, and instant plow the main.
They, quick embarking, on the benches sat
Well ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood;
But distant now such length as a loud voice
May reach, I hail'd with taunts the Cyclops' ear.
Cyclops! when thou devouredst in thy cave
With brutal force my followers, thou devour'dst
The followers of no timid Chief, or base.
Vengeance was sure to recompense that deed
Atrocious. Monster! who wast not afraid
To eat the guest shelter'd beneath thy roof!
Therefore the Gods have well requited thee.
I ended; he, exasperate, raged the more,
And rending from its hold a mountain-top,
Hurl'd it toward us; at our vessel's stern

Down came the mass, nigh sweeping in its fall
The rudder's head. The ocean at the plunge
Of that huge rock, high on his refluent flood
Heaved, irresistible, the ship to land.
I seizing, quick, our longest pole on board,
Back thrust her from the coast, and by a nod
In silence given, bid my companions ply
Strenuous their oars, that so we might escape.
[5] Procumbent, each obey'd, and when, the flood
Cleaving[6], we twice that distance had obtain'd,
Again I hail'd the Cyclops; but my friends
Earnest dissuaded me on every side.
Ah, rash Ulysses! why with taunts provoke
The savage more, who hath this moment hurl'd
A weapon, such as heaved the ship again
To land, where death seem'd certain to us all?
For had he heard a cry, or but the voice
Of one man speaking, he had all our heads
With some sharp rock, and all our timbers crush'd
Together, such vast force is in his arm.
So they, but my courageous heart remain'd
Unmoved, and thus again, incensed, I spake.
Cyclops! should any mortal man inquire
To whom thy shameful loss of sight thou owest,

[5] προπεσοντες.

——————— Olli certamine summo
Procumbunt. VIRGIL.

[6] The seeming incongruity of this line with line 560, is reconciled by supposing that Ulysses exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this second occasion. See Clarke.

Say, to Ulysses, city-waster Chief,
Laertes' son, native of Ithaca.
I ceased, and with a groan thus he replied.
Ah me! an antient oracle I feel
Accomplish'd. Here abode a prophet erst,
A man of noblest form, and in his art
Unrivall'd, Telemus Eurymedes.
He, prophesying to the Cyclops-race,
Grew old among us, and presaged my loss
Of sight, in future, by Ulysses' hand.
I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,
Always, of some great Chief, for stature, bulk
And beauty praised, and clothed with wonderous might.
But now—a dwarf, a thing impalpable,
A shadow, overcame me first by wine,
Then quench'd my sight. Come hither, O my guest!
Return, Ulysses! hospitable cheer
Awaits thee, and my prayers I will prefer
To glorious Neptune for thy prosperous course;
For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God
Is proud to be my Sire; he, if he please,
And he alone can heal me; none beside
Of Powers Immortal, or of men below.
He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd.
I would that of my life and soul amerced,
I could as sure dismiss thee down to Hell,
As none shall heal thy eye—not even He.
So I; then pray'd the Cyclops to his Sire
With hands upraised toward the starry heaven.
Hear, Earth-encircler Neptune, azure-hair'd!

If I indeed am thine, and if thou boast
Thyself my father, grant that never more
Ulysses, leveller of hostile towers,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair,
Behold his native home! but if his fate
Decree him yet to see his friends, his house,
His native country, let him deep-distress'd
Return and late, all his companions lost,
Indebted for a ship to foreign aid,
And let affliction meet him at his door.

He spake, and Ocean's sovereign heard his prayer.
Then lifting from the shore a stone of size
Far more enormous, o'er his head he whirl'd
The rock, and his immeasurable force
Exerting all, dismiss'd it. Close behind
The ship, nor distant from the rudder's head,
Down came the mass. The ocean at the plunge
Of such a weight, high on its refluent flood
Tumultuous, heaved the bark well-nigh to land.

But when we reach'd the isle where we had left
Our numerous barks, and where my people sat
Watching with ceaseless sorrow our return,
We thrust our vessel to the sandy shore,
Then disembark'd, and of the Cyclops' sheep
Gave equal share to all. To me alone
My fellow-voyagers the ram consign'd
In distribution, my peculiar meed.
Him, therefore, to cloud-girt Saturnian Jove
I offer'd on the shore, burning his thighs
In sacrifice; but Jove my hallow'd rites

Reck'd not, destruction purposing to all
My barks, and all my followers o'er the Deep.
Thus, feasting largely, on the shore we sat
Till even-tide, and quaffing generous wine;
But when day fail'd, and night o'ershadow'd all,
Then on the shore we slept; and when again
Aurora, rosy daughter of the Dawn,
Look'd forth, my people, anxious, I enjoin'd
To climb their barks, and cast the hawsers loose.
They, all obedient, took their seats on board
Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.
Thus, 'scaping narrowly, we roam'd the Deep
With aching hearts and with diminish'd crews.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

Ulysses, in pursuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the island of Æolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occasion of his return thither. The monarch of the winds dismisses him at last with much asperity. He next tells of his arrival among the Læstrygonians, by whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are destroyed, his own ship and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the island of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into swine. Assisted by Mercury, he resists her enchantments himself, and prevails with the Goddess to recover them to their former shape. In consequence of Circe's instructions, after having spent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the infernal regions.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK X.

We came to the Æolian isle; there dwells
Æolus, son of Hippotas, beloved
By the Immortals, in an isle afloat.
A brazen wall impregnable on all sides
Girds it, and smooth its rocky coast ascends.
His children in his own fair palace born,
Are twelve; six daughters, and six blooming sons.
He gave his daughters to his sons to wife;
They with their father hold perpetual feast
And with their royal mother, still supplied
With dainties numberless; the sounding dome
Is fill'd with savoury odours all the day,
And with their consorts chaste at night they sleep
On stateliest couches with rich arras spread.
Their city and their splendid courts we reach'd.
A month complete he, friendly, at his board
Regaled me, and enquiry made minute
Of Ilium's fall, of the Achaian fleet,
And of our voyage thence. I told him all.
But now, desirous to embark again,

I ask'd dismission home, which he approved,
And well provided for my prosperous course.
He gave me, furnish'd by a bullock flay'd
In his ninth year, a bag; every rude blast
Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag
Imprison'd held; for him Saturnian Jove
Hath officed arbiter of all the winds,
To rouse their force, or calm them, at his will.
He gave me them on board my bark, so bound
With silver twine that not a breath escaped,
Then order'd gentle Zephyrus to fill
Our sails propitious. Order vain, alas!
So fatal proved the folly of my friends.
Nine days continual, night and day we sail'd,
And on the tenth my native land appear'd.
Not far remote my Ithacans I saw
Fires kindling on the coast; but me with toil
Worn, and with watching, gentle sleep subdued;
For constant I had ruled the helm, nor given
That charge to any, fearful of delay.
Then, in close conference combined, my crew
Each other thus bespake—He carries home
Silver and gold from Æolus received,
Offspring of Hippotas, illustrious Chief;—
And thus a mariner the rest harangued.
Ye Gods! what city or what land soe'er
Ulysses visits, how he is beloved
By all, and honour'd! many precious spoils
He homeward bears from Troy; but we return,
(We who the self-same voyage have perform'd,)

With empty hands. Now also he hath gain'd
This pledge of friendship from the Kings of winds.
But come—be quick—search we the bag, and learn
What stores of gold and silver it contains.
So he, whose mischievous advice prevail'd.
They loosed the bag; forth issued all the winds,
And caught by tempests o'er the billowy waste,
Weeping they flew, far, far from Ithaca.
I then, awaking, in my noble mind
Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side
Immersed to perish in the flood, or calm
To endure my sorrows, and consent to live.
I calm endured them; but around my head
Winding my mantle, lay'd me down below,
While adverse blasts bore all my fleet again
To the Æolian isle; then groan'd my people.
We disembark'd and drew fresh water there,
And my companions, at their galley's sides
All seated took repast; short meal we made,
When, with an herald and a chosen friend
I sought once more the hall of Æolus.
Him banquetting with all his sons we found,
And with his spouse; we, entering, on the floor
Of his wide portal sat, whom they amazed
Beheld, and of our coming thus enquired.
Return'd? Ulysses! by what adverse Power
Repulsed hast thou arrived; we sent thee hence
Well-fitted forth to reach thy native isle,
Thy palace, or what place soe'er thou would'st.
So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied.

My worthless crew have wrong'd me, nor alone
My worthless crew, but sleep ill-timed, as much.
Yet heal, O friends, my hurt; the power is yours!
So I their favour woo'd. Mute sat the sons,
But thus their father answer'd. Hence—be gone—
Leave this our isle, thou most obnoxious wretch
Of all mankind. I should, myself, transgress,
Receiving here, and giving conduct hence
To one detested by the Gods as thou.
Away—for hated by the Gods thou comest.
So saying, he sent me from his palace forth,
Groaning profound; thence, therefore, o'er the Deep
We still proceeded sorrowful, our force
Exhausting ceaseless at the toilsome oar,
And through our own imprudence, hopeless now
Of other furtherance to our native isle.
Six days we navigated, day and night,
The briny flood, and on the seventh reach'd
The city erst by Lamus built sublime,
Proud Læstrigonia, with the distant gates.
[1] The herdsman, there, driving his cattle home,
Summons the shepherd with his flocks abroad.
The sleepless there might double wages earn,
Attending, now, the herds, now, tending sheep,

[1] It is supposed by Eustathius that the pastures being infested by gad-flies and other noxious insects in the day-time, they drove their sheep a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the insects had withdrawn. It is one of the few passages in Homer that must lie at the mercy of conjecture.

For the night-pastures, and the pastures grazed
By day, close border, both, the city-walls.
To that illustrious port we came, by rocks
Uninterrupted flank'd on either side
Of towering height, while prominent the shores
And bold, converging at the haven's mouth
Leave narrow pass. We push'd our galleys in,
Then moor'd them side by side; for never surge
There lifts its head, or great or small, but clear
We found, and motionless, the shelter'd flood.
Myself alone, staying my bark without,
Secured her well with hawsers to a rock
At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged steep,
And spying stood the country. Labours none
Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,
Nor aught beside saw we, but from the earth
Smoke rising; therefore of my friends I sent
Before me two, adding an herald third,
To learn what race of men that country fed.
Departing, they an even track pursued
Made by the waggons bringing timber down
From the high mountains to the town below.
Before the town a virgin bearing forth
Her ewer they met, daughter of him who ruled
The Læstrygonian race, Antiphatas.
Descending from the gate she sought the fount
Artacia; for their custom was to draw
From that pure fountain for the city's use.
Approaching they accosted her, and ask'd
What King reign'd there, and over whom he reign'd.

She gave them soon to know where stood sublime
The palace of her Sire; no sooner they
The palace enter'd, than within they found,
In size resembling an huge mountain-top,
A woman, whom they shudder'd to behold.
She forth from council summon'd quick her spouse
Antiphatas, who teeming came with thoughts
Of carnage, and arriving seized at once
A Greecian, whom, next moment, he devoured.
With headlong terrour the surviving two
Fled to the ships. Then sent Antiphatas
His voice through all the town, and on all sides,
Hearing that cry, the Læstrygonians flock'd
Numberless, and in size resembling more
The giants than mankind. They from the rocks
Cast down into our fleet enormous stones,
A strong man's burthen each; dire din arose
Of shatter'd galleys and of dying men,
Whom spear'd like fishes to their home they bore,
A loathsome prey. While them within the port
They slaughter'd, I, (the faulchion at my side
Drawn forth) cut loose the hawser of my ship,
And all my crew enjoin'd with bosoms laid
Prone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd woe.
They, dreading instant death, tugg'd resupine
Together, and the galley from beneath
Those [2]beetling rocks into the open sea
Shot gladly; but the rest all perish'd there.

[2] The word has the authority of Shakespeare, and signifies overhanging.

Proceeding thence, we sigh'd, and roam'd the waves,
Glad that we lived, but sorrowing for the slain.
We came to the Ææan isle; there dwelt
The awful Circe, Goddess amber hair'd,
Deep skill'd in magic song, sister by birth
Of the all-wise Æætes; them the Sun,
Bright luminary of the world, begat
On Perse, daughter of Oceanus.
Our vessel there, noiseless, we push'd to land
Within a spacious haven, thither led
By some celestial Power. We disembark'd,
And on the coast two days and nights entire
Extended lay, worn with long toil, and each
The victim of his heart-devouring woes.
Then with my spear, and with my faulchion arm'd,
I left the ship to climb with hasty steps
An airy height, thence, hoping to espie
Some works of man, or hear perchance, a voice.
Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point
I stood, and on the distant plain, beheld
Smoke which from Circe's palace through the gloom
Of trees and thickets rose. That smoke discern'd,
I ponder'd next if thither I should haste,
Seeking intelligence. Long time I mused,
But chose at last, as my discreter course,
To seek the sea-beach and my bark again,
And, when my crew had eaten, to dispatch
Before me, others, who should first enquire.
But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,
Some God with pity viewing me alone

In that untrodden solitude, sent forth
An antler'd stag full-sized into my path.
His woodland pastures left, he sought the stream,
For he was thirsty, and already parch'd
By the sun's heat. Him issuing from his haunt,
Sheer through the back beneath his middle spine
I wounded, and the lance sprang forth beyond.
Moaning he fell, and in the dust expired.
Then treading on his breathless trunk, I pluck'd
My weapon forth, which leaving there reclined,
I tore away the osiers with my hands
And sallows green, and to a fathom's length
Twisting the gather'd twigs into a band,
Bound fast the feet of my enormous prey,
And, slinging him athwart my neck, repair'd
Toward my sable bark, propp'd on my lance,
Which now to carry shoulder'd as before
Surpass'd my power, so bulky was the load.
Arriving at the ship, there I let fall
My burthen, and with pleasant speech and kind,
Man after man addressing, cheer'd my crew.
  My friends! we suffer much, but shall not seek
The shades, ere yet our destined hour arrive.
Behold a feast! and we have wine on board;—
Pine not with needless famine; rise and eat.
  I spake; they readily obey'd, and each
Issuing at my word abroad, beside
The galley stood, admiring, as he lay,
The stag, for of no common bulk was he.
At length, their eyes gratified to the full

With that glad spectacle, they laved their hands,
And preparation made of noble cheer.
That day complete, till set of sun, we spent
Feasting deliciously without restraint,
And quaffing generous wine: but when the sun
Went down, and darkness overshadow'd all,
Extended then on Ocean's bank we lay;
And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, convening all my crew
To council, I arose, and thus began.
My fellow-voyagers, however worn
With numerous hardships, hear! for neither West
Know we, nor East, where rises, or where sets
The all-enlight'ning sun. But let us think,
If thought perchance may profit us, of which
Small hope I see! for when I lately climb'd
Yon craggy rock, plainly I could discern
The land encompass'd by the boundless Deep.
The isle is flat, and in the midst I saw
Dun smoke ascending from an oaken bower.
So I, whom hearing, they all courage lost,
And at remembrance of Antiphatas
The Læstrygonian, and the Cyclops' deeds,
Ferocious feeder on the flesh of man,
Mourn'd loud and wept, but tears could nought avail.
Then, numbering man by man, I parted them
In equal portions, and assign'd a Chief
To either band, myself to these, to those
Godlike Eurylochus. This done, we cast
The lots into the helmet, and at once
Forth sprang the lot of bold Eurylochus.

He went, and with him of my people march'd
Twenty and two, all weeping; nor ourselves
Wept less, at separation from our friends.
Low in a vale, but on an open spot,
They found the splendid house of Circe, built
With hewn and polish'd stones; compass'd she dwelt
By lions on all sides and mountain-wolves
Tamed by herself with drugs of noxious powers.
Nor were they mischievous, but as my friends
Approach'd, arising on their hinder feet,
Paw'd them in blandishment, and wagg'd the tail.
As, when from feast he rises, dogs around
Their master fawn, accustom'd to receive
The sop conciliatory from his hand,
Around my people, so, those talon'd wolves
And lions fawn'd. They, terrified, that troop
Of savage monsters horrible beheld.
And now before the Goddess' gates arrived,
They heard the voice of Circe singing sweet
Within, while, busied at the loom, she wove
An ample web immortal, such a work
Transparent, graceful, and of bright design
As hands of Goddesses alone produce.
Thus then Polites, Prince of men, the friend
Highest in my esteem, the rest bespake.
  Ye hear the voice, comrades, of one who weaves
An ample web within, and at her task
So sweetly chaunts that all the marble floor
Re-echoes; human be she or divine
I doubt, but let us call, that we may learn.
  He ceased; they call'd; soon issuing at the sound,

The Goddess open'd wide her splendid gates,
And bade them in; they, heedless, all complied,
All save Eurylochus, who fear'd a snare.
She, introducing them, conducted each
To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,
With grated cheese, pure meal, and honey new,
But medicated with her poisonous drugs
Their food, that in oblivion they might lose
The wish of home. She gave them, and they drank,—
When smiting each with her enchanting wand,
She shut them in her sties. In head, in voice,
In body, and in bristles they became
All swine, yet intellected as before,
And at her hand were dieted alone
With acorns, chestnuts, and the cornel-fruit,
Food grateful ever to the groveling swine.
Back flew Eurylochus toward the ship,
To tell the woeful tale; struggling to speak
Yet speechless, there he stood, his heart transfixt
With anguish, and his eyes deluged with tears.
Me boding terrours occupied. At length,
When, gazing on him, all had oft inquired,
He thus rehearsed to us the dreadful change.
Renown'd Ulysses! as thou badest, we went
Through yonder oaks; there, bosom'd in a vale,
But built conspicuous on a swelling knoll
With polish'd rock, we found a stately dome.
Within, some Goddess or some woman wove
An ample web, carolling sweet the while.
They call'd aloud; she, issuing at the voice,

Unfolded, soon, her splendid portals wide,
And bade them in. Heedless they enter'd, all,
But I remain'd, suspicious of a snare.
Ere long the whole band vanish'd, none I saw
Thenceforth, though, seated there, long time I watch'd.
He ended; I my studded faulchion huge
Athwart my shoulder cast, and seized my bow,
Then bade him lead me thither by the way
Himself had gone; but with both hands my knees
He clasp'd, and in wing'd accents sad exclaim'd.
My King! ah lead me not unwilling back,
But leave me here; for confident I judge
That neither thou wilt bring another thence,
Nor come thyself again. Haste—fly we swift
With these, for we, at least, may yet escape.
So he, to whom this answer I return'd.
Eurylochus! abiding here, eat thou
And drink thy fill beside the sable bark;
I go; necessity forbids my stay.
So saying, I left the galley and the shore.
But ere that awful vale entering, I reach'd
The palace of the sorceress, a God
Met me, the bearer of the golden wand,
Hermes. He seem'd a stripling in his prime,
His cheeks cloathed only with their earliest down,
For youth is then most graceful; fast he lock'd
His hand in mine, and thus, familiar, spake.
Unhappy! whither, wandering o'er the hills,
Stranger to all this region, and alone,
Goest thou? Thy people—they within the walls

Are shut of Circe, where as swine close-pent
She keeps them. Comest thou to set them free?
I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return
Thyself, but wilt be prison'd with the rest.
Yet hearken—I will disappoint her wiles,
And will preserve thee. Take this precious drug;
Possessing this, enter the Goddess' house
Boldly, for it shall save thy life from harm.
Lo! I reveal to thee the cruel arts
Of Circe; learn them. She will mix for thee
A potion, and will also drug thy food
With noxious herbs; but she shall not prevail
By all her power to change thee; for the force
Superior of this noble plant, my gift,
Shall baffle her. Hear still what I advise.
When she shall smite thee with her slender rod,
With faulchion drawn and with death-threatening looks
Rush on her; she will bid thee to her bed
Affrighted; then beware. Decline not thou
Her love, that she may both release thy friends,
And may with kindness entertain thyself.
But force her swear the dreaded oath of Heaven
That she will other mischief none devise
Against thee, lest she strip thee of thy might,
And quenching all thy virtue, make thee vile.
So spake the Argicide, and from the earth
That plant extracting, placed it in my hand,
Then taught me all its powers. Black was the root,
Milk-white the blossom; Moly is its name
In heaven; not easily by mortal man

Dug forth, but all is easy to the Gods.
Then, Hermes through the island-woods repair'd
To heaven, and I to Circe's dread abode,
In gloomy musings busied as I went.
Within the vestibule arrived, where dwelt
The beauteous Goddess, staying there my steps
I call'd aloud; she heard me, and at once
Issuing, threw her splendid portals wide,
And bade me in. I follow'd, heart-distress'd.
Leading me by the hand to a bright throne
With ardent studs embellish'd, and beneath
Foot-stool'd magnificent, she made me sit.
Then mingling for me in a golden cup
My beverage, she infused a drug, intent
On mischief; but when I had drunk the draught
Unchanged, she smote me with her wand, and said.
Hence—seek the sty. There wallow with thy friends.
She spake; I drawing from beside my thigh
My faulchion keen, with death-denouncing looks
Rush'd on her; she with a shrill scream of fear
Ran under my raised arm, seized fast my knees
And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began.
Who? whence? thy city and thy birth declare.
Amazed I see thee with that potion drench'd
Yet unenchanted; never man before
Once pass'd it through his lips, and lived the same;
But in thy breast a mind inhabits, proof
Against all charms. Come then—I know thee well.
Thou art Ulysses artifice-renown'd,
Of whose arrival here in his return

From Ilium, Hermes of the golden wand
Was ever wont to tell me. Sheath again
Thy sword, and let us on my bed reclined,
Mutual embrace, that we may trust thenceforth
Each other, without jealousy or fear.
The Goddess spake, to whom I thus replied.
O Circe! canst thou bid me meek become
And gentle, who beneath thy roof detain'st
My fellow-voyagers transform'd to swine?
And fearing my escape, invitest thou me
Into thy bed, with fraudulent pretext
Of love, that there enfeebling by thy arts
My noble spirit, thou may'st make me vile?
No—trust me—never will I share thy bed
Till first, oh Goddess, thou consent to swear
That dread all-binding oath, that other harm
Against myself thou wilt imagine none.
I spake. She swearing as I bade, renounced
All evil purpose, and (her solemn oath
Concluded,) I ascended, next, her bed
Magnificent. Meantime, four graceful nymphs
Attended on the service of the house,
Her menials, from the fountains sprung and groves,
And from the sacred streams that seek the sea.
Of these, one cast fine linen on the thrones,
Which, next, with purple arras rich she spread;
Another placed before the gorgeous seats
Bright tables, and set on baskets of gold.
The third, an argent beaker fill'd with wine
Delicious, which in golden cups she served;

The fourth brought water, which she warm'd with
An ample vase, and when the simmering flood
Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,
And laved me with the pleasant stream profuse
Pour'd o'er my neck and body, till my limbs,
Refresh'd, all sense of lassitude resign'd.
When she had bathed me, and with limpid oil
Anointed me, and clothed me in a vest
And mantle, next, she led me to a throne
Of royal state, with silver studs emboss'd,
And footstool'd soft beneath ; then came a nymph
With golden ewer charged and silver bowl,
Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and placed
The polish'd board before me, which with food
Various, selected from her present stores,
The cateress spread, then, courteous, bade me eat.
But me it pleased not; with far other thoughts
My spirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent.
Soon, then, as Circe mark'd me on my seat
Fast-rooted, sullen, nor with outstretch'd hands
Deigning to touch the banquet, she approach'd,
And in wing'd accents suasive thus began.

Why sits Ulysses like the Dumb, dark thought
His only food? loaths he the touch of meat,
And taste of wine? Thou fear'st, as I perceive,
Some other snare, but idle is that fear,
For I have sworn the inviolable oath.

She ceased, to whom this answer I return'd.
How can I eat? what virtuous man and just
O Circe! could endure the taste of wine

Or food, till he should see his prison'd friends
Once more at liberty? If then thy wish
That I should eat and drink be true, produce
My captive people; let us meet again.
So I; then Circe, bearing in her hand
Her potent rod, went forth, and opening wide
The door, drove out my people from the sty,
In bulk resembling brawns of the ninth year.
They stood before me; she through all the herd
Proceeding, with an unctuous antidote
Anointed each, and at the wholesome touch
All shed the swinish bristles by the drug
Dread Circe's former magic gift, produced.
Restored at once to manhood, they appear'd
More vigorous far, and sightlier than before.
They knew me, and with grasp affectionate
Hung on my hand. Tears follow'd, but of joy,
And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang.
Even the awful Goddess felt, herself,
Compassion, and, approaching me, began.
Lærtes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Hence to the shore, and to thy gallant bark;
First, hale her safe aground, then, hiding all
Your arms and treasures in the caverns, come
Thyself again, and hither lead thy friends,
So spake the Goddess, and my generous mind
Persuaded; thence repairing to the beach,
I sought my ship; arrived, I found my crew
Lamenting miserably, and their cheeks
With tears bedewing ceaseless at her side.

As when the calves within some village rear'd
Behold, at eve, the herd returning home
From fruitful meads where they have grazed their fill,
No longer in the stalls contain'd, they rush
With many a frisk abroad, and, blaring oft,
With one consent all dance their dams around;
So they, at sight of me, dissolved in tears
Of rapturous joy, and each his spirit felt
With like affections warm'd as he had reach'd
Just then his country, and his city seen,
Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd.
Then in wing'd accents tender thus they spake.
  Noble Ulysses! thy appearance fills
Our soul with transports, such as we should feel
Arrived in safety on our native shore.
Speak—say how perish'd our unhappy friends?
  So they; to whom this answer mild I gave.
Hale we our vessel first ashore, and hide
In caverns all our treasures and our arms,
Then, hasting hence, follow me, and ere long
Ye shall behold your friends, beneath the roof
Of Circe banquetting and drinking wine
Abundant, for no dearth attends them there.
  So I; whom all with readiness obey'd,
All save Eurylochus; he sought alone
To stay the rest, and, eager, interposed.
  Ah whither tend we, miserable men?
Why covet ye this evil, to go down
To Circe's palace? she will change us all
To lions, wolves, or swine, that we may guard

Her palace, by necessity constrain'd.
So some were prisoners of the Cyclops erst,
When, led by rash Ulysses, our lost friends
Intruded needlessly into his cave,
And perish'd by the folly of their Chief.
He spake, whom hearing, occupied I stood
In self-debate, whether, my faulchion keen
Forth-drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,
To tumble his lopp'd head into the dust,
Although he were my kinsman in the bonds
Of close affinity; but all my friends
As with one voice, thus gently interposed.
Noble Ulysses! we will leave him here
Our vessel's guard, if such be thy command,
But us lead thou to Circe's dread abode.
So saying, they left the galley, and set forth
Climbing the coast; nor would Eurylochus
Beside the hollow bark remain, but join'd
His comrades, by my dreadful menace awed.
Meantime the Goddess, busily employ'd,
Bathed and refresh'd my friends with limpid oil,
And clothed them. We, arriving, found them all
Banquetting in the palace; there they met;
These ask'd and those rehearsed the wondrous tale,
And the recital made, all wept aloud
Till the wide dome resounded. Then approach'd
The graceful Goddess, and address'd me thus.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Provoke ye not each other, now, to tears.
I am not ignorant, myself, how dread

Have been your woes, both on the fishy Deep,
And on the land by force of hostile powers.
But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that so
Your freshen'd spirit may revive, and ye
Courageous grow again, as when ye left
The rugged shores of Ithaca, your home.
For now, through recollection, day by day,
Of all your pains and toils, ye are become
Spiritless, strengthless, and the taste forget
Of pleasure, such have been your numerous woes.
She spake, whose invitation kind prevail'd,
And won us to her will. There then we dwelt
The year complete, fed with delicious fare
Day after day, and quaffing generous wine.
But when (the year fulfill'd) the circling hours
Their course resumed, and the successive months
With all their tedious days were spent, my friends,
Summoning me abroad, thus greeted me.
Sir! recollect thy country, if indeed
The fates ordain thee to revisit safe
That country, and thy own glorious abode.
So they; whose admonition I received
Well-pleased. Then, all the day, regaled we sat
At Circe's board with savoury viands rare,
And quaffing richest wine; but when, the sun
Declining, darkness overshadow'd all,
Then, each within the dusky palace took
Custom'd repose, and to the Goddess' bed
Magnificent ascending, there I urged
My earnest suit, which gracious she received,
And in wing'd accents earnest thus I spake.

O Circe! let us prove thy promise true;
Dismiss us hence. My own desires, at length,
Tend homeward vehement, and the desires
No less of all my friends, who with complaints
Unheard by thee, wear my sad heart away.
So I; to whom the Goddess in return.
Laertes' noble son, Ulysses famed
For deepest wisdom! dwell not longer here,
Thou and thy followers, in my abode
Reluctant. But your next must be a course
Far different; hence departing, ye must seek
The dreary house of Ades and of dread
Persephone, there to consult the Seer
Theban Tiresias, prophet blind, but blest
With faculties which death itself hath spared.
To him alone, of all the dead, Hell's Queen
Gives still to prophecy, while others flit
Mere forms, the shadows of what once they were.
She spake, and by her words dash'd from my soul
All courage; weeping on the bed I sat,
Reckless of life and of the light of day.
But when, with tears and rolling to and fro
Satiate, I felt relief, thus I replied.
O Circe! with what guide shall I perform
This voyage, unperform'd by living man?
I spake, to whom the Goddess quick replied.
Brave Laertiades! let not the fear
To want a guide distress thee. Once on board,
Your mast erected, and your canvass white
Unfurl'd, sit thou; the breathing North shall waft

Thy vessel on. But when ye shall have cross'd
The broad expanse of Ocean, and shall reach
The oozy shore, where grow the poplar groves
And fruitless willows wan of Proserpine,
Push thither through the gulfy Deep thy bark,
And, landing, haste to Pluto's murky abode.
There, into Acheron runs not alone
Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,
From Styx derived; there also stands a rock,
At whose broad base the roaring rivers meet.
There, thrusting, as I bid, thy bark ashore,
O Hero! scoop the soil, opening a trench
Ell-broad on every side; then pour around
Libation consecrate to all the dead,
First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,
Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all.
Next supplicate the unsubstantial forms,
Fervently of the dead, vowing to slay,
(Return'd to Ithaca) in thy own house,
An heifer barren yet, fairest and best
Of all thy herds, and to enrich the pile
With delicacies such as please the shades;
But, in peculiar, to Tiresias vow
A sable ram, noblest of all thy flocks.
When thus thou hast propitiated with prayer
All the illustrious nations of the dead,
Next thou shalt sacrifice to them a ram
And sable ewe, turning the face of each
Right toward Erebus, and look thyself,
Meantime, askance toward the river's course.

Souls numerous, soon, of the departed dead
Will thither flock; then strenuous urge thy friends,
Flaying the victims which thy ruthless steel
Hath slain, to burn them, and to sooth by prayer
Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine.
While thus is done, thou seated at the foss,
Faulchion in hand, chase thence the airy forms
Afar, nor suffer them to approach the blood,
Till with Tiresias thou have first conferr'd.
Then, glorious Chief! the Prophet shall himself
Appear, who will instruct thee, and thy course
Delineate, measuring from place to place
Thy whole return athwart the fishy flood.
  While thus she spake, the golden dawn arose,
When, putting on me my attire, the nymph
Next, cloath'd herself, and girding to her waist
With an embroider'd zone her snowy robe
Graceful, redundant, veil'd her beauteous head.
Then, ranging the wide palace, I aroused
My followers, standing at the side of each—
  Up! sleep no longer! let us quick depart,
For thus the Goddess hath, herself, advised.
  So I, whose early summons my brave friends
With readiness obey'd. Yet even thence
I brought not all my crew. There was a youth,
Youngest of all my train, Elpenor; one
Not much in estimation for desert
In arms, nor prompt in understanding more,
Who overcharged with wine, and covetous
Of cooler air, high on the palace-roof

Of Circe slept, apart from all the rest.
Awaken'd by the clamour of his friends
Newly arisen, he also sprang to rise,
And in his haste, forgetful where to find
The deep-descending stairs, plunged through the roof.
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ
Outstretch'd he lay; his spirit sought the shades.
Then, thus to my assembling friends I spake.
Ye think, I doubt not, of an homeward course,
But Circe points me to the drear abode
Of Proserpine and Pluto, to consult
The spirit of Tiresias, Theban seer.
I ended, and the hearts of all alike
Felt consternation; on the earth they sat
Disconsolate, and plucking each his hair,
Yet profit none of all their sorrow found.
But while we sought my galley on the beach
With tepid tears bedewing, as we went,
Our cheeks, meantime the Goddess to the shore
Descending, bound within the bark a ram
And sable ewe, passing us unperceived.
For who hath eyes that can discern a God
Going or coming, if he shun the view?

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Ulysses relates to Alcinoüs his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tiresias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he saw there.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XI.

ARRIVING on the shore, and launching, first,
Our bark into the sacred Deep, we set
Our mast and sails, and stow'd secure on board
The ram and ewe, then, weeping, and with hearts
Sad and disconsolate, embark'd ourselves.
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvass-stretching breeze,
Pleasant companion of our course, and we
(The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling sat,
While managed gales sped swift the bark along.
All day, with sails distended, o'er the Deep
She flew, and when the sun at length, declined,
And twilight dim had shadow'd all the ways,
Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vast profound.
The city, there, of the Cimmerians stands
With clouds and darkness veil'd, on whom the sun
Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,
Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when
Earthward he slopes again his westering[1] wheels,

[1] Milton.

But sad night canopies the woeful race.
We haled the bark aground, and landing there
The ram and sable ewe, journey'd beside
The Deep, till we arrived where Circe bade.
Here, Perimedes' son Eurylochus
Held fast the destined sacrifice, while I
Scoop'd with my sword the soil, opening a trench
Ell-broad on every side, then pour'd around
Libation consecrate to all the dead,
First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,
Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all.
This done, adoring the unreal forms
And shadows of the dead, I vow'd to slay,
(Return'd to Ithaca) in my own abode,
An heifer barren yet, fairest and best
Of all my herds, and to enrich the pile
With delicacies, such as please the shades.
But, in peculiar, to the Theban seer,
I vow'd a sable ram, largest and best
Of all my flocks. When thus I had implored
With vows and prayer, the nations of the dead,
Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both
To bleed into the trench; then swarming came
From Erebus the shades of the deceased,
Brides, youths unwedded, seniors long with woe
Oppress'd, and tender girls yet new to grief.
Came also many a warrior by the spear
In battle pierced, with armour gore-distain'd,
And all the multitude around the foss
Stalk'd shrieking dreadful; me pale horror seized.

I next, importunate, my people urged,
Flaying the victims which myself had slain,
To burn them, and to supplicate in prayer
Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine.
Then down I sat, and with drawn faulchion chased
The ghosts, nor suffer'd them to approach the blood,
Till with Tiresias I should first confer.
The spirit, first, of my companion came,
Elpenor; for no burial honours yet
Had he received, but we had left his corse
In Circe's palace, tombless, undeplored,
Ourselves by pressure urged of other cares.
Touch'd with compassion seeing him, I wept,
And in wing'd accents brief him thus bespake.
Elpenor! how camest thou into the realms
Of darkness? Hast thou, though on foot, so far
Outstripp'd my speed, who in my bark arrived?
So I, to whom with tears he thus replied.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Fool'd by some dæmon and the intemperate bowl,
I perish'd in the house of Circe; there
The deep-descending steps heedless I miss'd,
And fell precipitated from the roof.
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ
Outstretch'd I lay; my spirit sought the shades.
But now, by those whom thou hast left at home,
By thy Penelope, and by thy sire,
The gentle nourisher of thy infant growth,
And by thy only son Telemachus
I make my suit to thee. For, sure, I know

That from the house of Pluto safe return'd,
Thou shalt ere long thy gallant vessel moor
At the Ææan isle. Ah! there arrived
Remember me. Leave me not undeplored
Nor uninhumed, lest, for my sake, the Gods
In vengeance visit thee; but with my arms
(What arms soe'er I left) burn me, and raise
A kind memorial of me on the coast,
Heap'd high with earth; that an unhappy man
May yet enjoy an unforgotten name.
Thus do at my request, and on my hill
Funereal, plant the oar with which I row'd,
While yet I lived a mariner of thine.
He spake, to whom thus answer I return'd.
Poor youth! I will perform thy whole desire.
Thus we, there sitting, doleful converse held,
With outstretch'd faulchion, I, guarding the blood,
And my companion's shadowy semblance sad
Meantime discoursing me on various themes.
The soul of my departed mother, next,
Of Anticleia came, daughter of brave
Autolycus; whom, when I sought the shores
Of Ilium, I had living left at home.
Seeing her, with compassion touch'd, I wept,
Yet even her, (although it pain'd my soul)
Forbad, relentless, to approach the blood,
Till with Tiresias I should first confer.
Then came the spirit of the Theban seer
Himself, his golden sceptre in his hand,
Who knew me, and, enquiring, thus began.

Why, hapless Chief! leaving the cheerful day,
Arrivest thou to behold the dead and this
Unpleasant land? but, from the trench awhile
Receding, turn thy faulchion keen away,
That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth.
He spake; I thence receding, deep infix'd
My sword bright-studded in the sheath again.
The noble prophet then, approaching, drank
The blood, and satisfied, address'd me thus.
Thou seek'st a pleasant voyage home again,
Renown'd Ulysses! but a God will make
That voyage difficult; for, as I judge,
Thou wilt not pass by Neptune unperceived,
Whose anger follows thee, for that thou hast
Deprived his son the Cyclops of his eye.
At length, however, after numerous woes
Endured, thou may'st attain thy native isle,
If thy own appetite thou wilt controul
And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark
Well-built, shall at Thrinacia's[2] shore arrive,
Escaped from perils of the gloomy Deep.
There shall ye find grazing the flocks and herds
Of the all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,
Which, if attentive to thy safe return,
Thou leave unharm'd, though after numerous woes
Ye may at length arrive in Ithaca.
But if thou violate them, I denounce
Destruction on thy ship and all thy band,

[2] The shore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *euphonicè* by Homer, Thrinacia.

And though thyself escape, late shalt thou reach
Thy home and [3] hard-bested, in a strange bark,
All thy companions lost; trouble beside
Awaits thee there, for thou shalt find within
Proud suitors of thy noble wife, who waste
Thy substance, and with promised spousal gifts
Ceaseless solicit her to wed; yet well
Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds.
That once perform'd, and every suitor slain
Either by stratagem, or face to face
In thy own palace, bearing, as thou goest,
A shapely oar, journey, till thou hast found
A people who the sea know not, nor eat
Food salted; they trim galley crimson-prow'd
Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar,
With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves.
Well thou shalt know them; this shall be the sign—
When thou shalt meet a traveller, who shall name
The oar on thy broad shoulder borne, a van [4],
There, deep infixing it within the soil,
Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,
A ram, and a lascivious boar, then seek
Thy home again, and sacrifice at home
An hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,
Adoring each duly, and in his course.
So shalt thou die in peace a gentle death,

[3] The expression is used by Milton, and signifies—Beset with many difficulties.

[4] Mistaking the oar for a corn-van. A sure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns.

Remote from Ocean; it shall find thee late,
In soft serenity of age, the Chief
Of a blest people.—I have told thee truth.
He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd.
Tiresias! thou, I doubt not, hast reveal'd
The ordinance of heaven. But tell me, Seer!
And truly. I behold my mother's shade;
Silent she sits beside the blood, nor word
Nor even look vouchsafes to her own son.
How shall she learn, prophet! that I am her's?
So I, to whom Tiresias quick replied.
The course is easy. Learn it, taught by me.
What shade soe'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,
Shall taste the blood, that shade will tell thee truth;
The rest, prohibited, will all retire.
When thus the spirit of the royal Seer
Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again
He enter'd Pluto's gates; but I unmoved
Still waited till my mother's shade approach'd;
She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words
Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began.
My son! how hast thou enter'd, still alive,
This darksome region? Difficult it is
For living man to view the realms of death.
Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,
But chief, the Ocean, which to pass on foot,
Or without ship, impossible is found.
Hast thou, long-wandering in thy voyage home
From Ilium, with thy ship and crew arrived,
Ithaca and thy consort yet unseen?

She spake, to whom this answer I return'd.
My mother! me necessity constrain'd
To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to consult
Theban Tiresias; for I have not yet
Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the shore
Of Ithaca, but suffering ceaseless woe
Have roam'd, since first in Agamemnon's train
I went to combat with the sons of Troy.
But speak, my mother, and the truth alone;
What stroke of fate slew *thee?* Fell'st thou a prey
To some slow malady? or by the shafts
Of gentle Dian suddenly subdued?
Speak to me also of my antient Sire,
And of Telemachus, whom I left at home;
Possess I still unalienate and safe
My property, or hath some happier Chief
Admittance free into my fortunes gain'd,
No hope subsisting more of my return?
The mind and purpose of my wedded wife
Declare thou also. Dwells she with our son
Faithful to my domestic interests,
Or is she wedded to some Chief of Greece?
I ceased, when thus the venerable shade.
Not so; she faithful still and patient dwells
Thy roof beneath; but all her days and nights
Devoting sad to anguish and to tears.
Thy fortunes still are thine; Telemachus
Cultivates, undisturb'd, thy land, and sits
At many a noble banquet, such as well
Beseems the splendour of his princely state,

For all invite him. At his farm retired
Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes
For aught; nor bed, nor furniture of bed,
Furr'd cloaks or splendid arras he enjoys,
But, with his servile hinds all winter sleeps
In ashes and in dust at the hearth-side,
Coarsely attired; again, when summer comes,
Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves
In any nook, not curious where, he finds
An humble couch among his fruitful vines.
There, stretch'd forlorn, nourishing grief, he weeps
Thy lot, enfeebled now by numerous years.
So perish'd I; such fate I also found;
Me, neither the right-aiming archeress struck,
Diana, with her gentle shafts, nor me
Distemper slew, my limbs by slow degrees
But sure, bereaving of their little life;
But long regret, tender solicitude,
And recollection of thy kindness past,
These, my Ulysses! fatal proved to me.
She said; I, ardent wish'd to clasp the shade
Of my departed mother; thrice I sprang
Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,
And thrice she flitted from between my arms
Light as a passing shadow or a dream.
Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd
With filial earnestness I thus replied.
My mother, why elud'st thou my attempt
To clasp thee, that even here, in Pluto's realm,
We might to full satiety indulge

Our grief enfolded in each other's arms?
Hath Proserpine, alas! only dispatch'd
A shadow to me, to augment my woe?
  Then, instant, thus the venerable form.
Ah, son! thou most afflicted of mankind!
On thee, Jove's daughter, Proserpine, obtrudes
No airy semblance vain; but such the state
And nature is of mortals once deceased.
For they nor muscle have, nor flesh, nor bone;
All those (the spirit from the body once
Divorced) the violence of fire consumes.
And, like a dream, the soul flies swift away.
But haste thou back to light, and taught thyself
These sacred truths, hereafter teach thy spouse.
  Thus mutual we conferr'd. Then, thither came,
Encouraged forth by royal Proserpine,
Shades female numerous, all who consorts, erst,
Or daughters were of mighty Chiefs renown'd.
About the sable blood frequent they swarm'd.
But I, considering sat, how I might each
Interrogate, and thus resolved. My sword
Forth drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,
Firm I prohibited the ghosts to drink
The blood together; they successive came;
Each told her own distress; I question'd all.
  There, first, the high-born Tyro I beheld;
She claim'd Salmoneus as her sire, and wife
Was once of Cretheus, son of Æolus.
Enamour'd of Enipeus, stream divine,
Loveliest of all that water earth, beside

His limpid current she was wont to stray,
When Ocean's God, (Enipeus' form assumed)
Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth
Embraced her; there, while the o'er-arching flood,
Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God
And his fair human bride, her virgin zone
He loosed, and o'er her eyes sweet sleep diffused.
His amorous purpose satisfied, he grasp'd
Her hand, affectionate, and thus he said.
Rejoice in this my love, and when the year
Shall tend to consummation of its course,
Thou shalt produce illustrious twins, for love
Immortal never is unfruitful love.
Rear them with all a mother's care; meantime,
Hence to thy home. Be silent. Name it not.
For I am Neptune, Shaker of the shores.
So saying, he plunged into the billowy Deep.
She, pregnant grown, Pelias and Neleus bore,
Both, valiant ministers of mighty Jove.
In wide-spread Iäolchus Pelias dwelt,
Of numerous flocks possess'd; but his abode
Amid the sands of Pylus Neleus chose.
To Cretheus wedded next, the lovely nymph
Yet other sons, Æson and Pheres bore,
And Amythaon of equestrian fame.
I, next, the daughter of Asopus saw,
Antiope; she gloried to have known
The embrace of Jove himself, to whom she brought
A double progeny, Amphion named
And Zethus; they the seven-gated Thebes
Founded and girded with strong towers, because,

Though puissant Heroes both, in spacious Thebes
Unfenced by towers, they could not dwell secure.
Alcmena, next, wife of Amphitryon
I saw; she in the arms of sovereign Jove
The lion-hearted Hercules conceived,
And, after, bore to Creon brave in fight
His daughter Megara, by the noble son
Unconquer'd of Amphitryon espoused.
The beauteous Epicaste[5] saw I then,
Mother of Oedipus, who guilt incurr'd
Prodigious, wedded unintentional
To her own son; his father first he slew,
Then wedded her, which soon the Gods divulged.
He, under vengeance of offended heaven,
In pleasant Thebes dwelt miserable, King
Of the Cadmean race; she to the gates
Of Ades brazen-barr'd despairing went,
Self-strangled by a cord fasten'd aloft
To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd
(Such as the Fury sisters execute
Innumerable) to her guilty son.
There also saw I Chloris, loveliest fair,
Whom Neleus woo'd and won with spousal gifts
Inestimable, by her beauty charm'd.
She youngest daughter was of Iasus' son,
Amphion, in old time a sovereign prince
In Minuëian Orchomenus,
And King of Pylus. Three illustrious sons
She bore to Neleus, Nestor, Chromius,
And Periclymenus the wide-renown'd,

[5] By the Tragedians called—Jocasta.

And, last, produced a wonder of the earth,
Pero, by every neighbour prince around
In marriage sought; but Neleus her on none
Deign'd to bestow, save only on the Chief
Who should from Phylace drive off the beeves
(Broad-fronted, and with jealous care secured)
Of valiant Iphicles. One undertook
That task alone, a prophet high in fame,
Melampus; but the Fates fast bound him there
In rigorous bonds by rustic hands imposed.
At length (the year, with all its months and days
Concluded, and the new-born year begun)
Illustrious Iphicles released the seer,
[6]Grateful for all the oracles resolved,
Till then obscure. So stood the will of Jove.
Next, Leda, wife of Tyndarus, I saw,
Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,
Castor the bold, and Pollux cestus-famed.
They prisoners in the fertile womb of earth,
Though living, dwell, and even there from Jove
High privilege gain; alternate they revive
And die, and dignity partake divine.
The consort of Aloëus, next, I view'd,
Iphimedeia; she the embrace profess'd
Of Neptune to have shared, to whom she bore
Two sons; short-lived they were, but godlike both,
Otus and Ephialtes far-renown'd.

[6] Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he should have no children till instructed by a prophet how to obtain them; a service which Melampus had the good fortune to render him.

Orion sole except, all-bounteous Earth
Ne'er nourish'd forms for beauty or for size
To be admired as theirs; in his ninth year
Each measured, broad, nine cubits, and the height
Was found nine ells of each. Against the Gods
Themselves they threaten'd war, and to excite
The din of battle in the realms above.
To the Olympian summit they essay'd
To heave up Ossa, and to Ossa's crown
Branch-waving Pelion; so to climb the heavens.
Nor had they failed, maturer grown in might,
To accomplish that emprize, but them the son[7]
Of radiant-hair'd Latona and of Jove
Slew both, ere yet the down of blooming youth
Thick-sprung, their cheeks or chins had tufted o'er.
Phædra I also there, and Procris saw,
And Ariadne for her beauty praised,
Whose sire was all-wise Minos. Theseus her
From Crete toward the fruitful region bore
Of sacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there,
For, first, she perish'd by Diana's shafts
In Dia, Bacchus[8] witnessing her crime.
Mæra and Clymene I saw beside,
And odious Eriphyle, who received
The price in gold of her own husband's life.
But all the wives of Heroes whom I saw,
And all their daughters can I not relate;
Night, first, would fail; and even now the hour

[7] Apollo.

[8] Bacchus accused her to Diana of having lain with Theseus in his temple, and the Goddess punish'd her with death.

Calls me to rest either on board my bark,
Or here; meantime, I in yourselves confide,
And in the Gods to shape my conduct home.
He ceased; the whole assembly silent sat,
Charm'd into ecstasy by his discourse
Throughout the twilight hall, till, at the last,
Areta ivory-arm'd them thus bespake.
Phæacians! how appears he in your eyes
This stranger, graceful as he is in port,
In stature noble, and in mind discrete?
My guest he is, but ye all share with me
That honour; him dismiss not, therefore, hence
With haste, nor from such indigence withhold
Supplies gratuitous; for ye are rich,
And by kind heaven with rare possessions blest.
The Hero, next, Echeneus spake, a Chief
Now antient, eldest of Phæacia's sons.
Your prudent Queen, my friends, speaks not beside
Her proper scope, but as beseems her well.
Her voice obey; yet the effect of all
Must on Alcinoüs himself depend.
To whom Alcinoüs, thus, the King, replied.
I ratify the word. So shall be done,
As surely as myself shall live supreme
O'er all Phæacia's maritime domain.
Then let the guest, though anxious to depart,
Wait till the morrow, that I may complete
The whole donation. His safe conduct home
Shall be the general care, but mine in chief,
To whom dominion o'er the rest belongs.

Him answer'd, then, Ulysses ever-wise.
Alcinoüs! Prince! exalted high o'er all
Phæacia's sons! should ye solicit, kind,
My stay throughout the year, preparing still
My conduct home, and with illustrious gifts
Enriching me the while, even that request
Should please me well; the wealthier I return'd,
The happier my condition; welcome more
And more respectable I should appear
In every eye, to Ithaca restored.
To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd.
Ulysses! viewing thee, no fears we feel
Lest thou, at length, some false pretender prove,
Or subtle hypocrite, of whom no few
Disseminated o'er its face the earth
Sustains, adepts in fiction, and who frame
Fables, where fables could be least surmised.
Thy phrase well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind
Proclaim *thee* different far, who hast in strains
Musical as a poet's voice, the woes
Rehearsed of all thy Greecians, and thy own.
But say, and tell me true. Beheld'st thou there
None of thy followers to the walls of Troy
Slain in that warfare? Lo! the night is long—
A night of utmost length; nor yet the hour
Invites to sleep. Tell me thy wondrous deeds,
For I could watch till sacred dawn, couldst thou
So long endure to tell me of thy toils.
Then thus Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Alcinoüs! high exalted over all

Phæacia's sons! the time suffices yet
For converse both and sleep, and if thou wish
To hear still more, I shall not spare to unfold
More pitiable woes than these, sustain'd
By my companions, in the end destroy'd;
Who saved from perils of disastrous war
At Ilium, perish'd yet in their return,
Victims of a pernicious woman's[9] crime.
Now, when chaste Proserpine had wide dispersed
Those female shades, the spirit sore distress'd
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appear'd;
Encircled by a throng, he came; by all
Who with himself beneath Ægisthus' roof
Their fate fulfill'd, perishing by the sword.
He drank the blood, and knew me; shrill he wail'd
And querulous; tears trickling bathed his cheeks,
And with spread palms, through ardour of desire,
He sought to enfold me fast, but vigour none,
Or force, as erst, his agile limbs inform'd.
I, pity-moved, wept at the sight, and him,
In accents wing'd by friendship, thus address'd.
Ah glorious son of Atreus, King of men!
What hand inflicted the all-numbing stroke
Of death on thee? Say, didst thou perish sunk
By howling tempests irresistible
Which Neptune raised, or on dry land by force
Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off
Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away,

[9] Probably meaning Helen.

Or fighting for Achaia's daughters, shut
Within some city's bulwarks close besieged?
I ceased, when Agamemnon thus replied.
Ulysses, noble Chief, Laertes' son
For wisdom famed! I neither perish'd sunk
By howling tempests irresistible
Which Neptune raised, nor on dry land received
From hostile multitudes the fatal blow,
But me Ægisthus slew; my woeful death
Confederate with my own pernicious wife
He plotted, with a show of love sincere
Bidding me to his board, where as the ox
Is slaughter'd at his crib, he slaughter'd *me*.
Such was my dreadful death; carnage ensued
Continual of my friends slain all around,
Numerous as boars bright-tusk'd at nuptial feast
Or feast convivial of some wealthy Chief.
Thou hast already witness'd many a field
With warriors overspread, slain one by one,
But that dire scene had most thy pity moved,
For we, with brimming beakers at our side,
And underneath full tables, bleeding lay.
Blood floated all the pavement. Then the cries
Of Priam's daughter sounded in my ears
Most pitiable of all, Cassandra's cries,
Whom Clytemnestra close beside me slew.
Expiring as I lay, I yet essay'd
To grasp my faulchion, but the traitoress quick
Withdrew herself, nor would vouchsafe to close
My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin

Even in the moment when I sought the shades.
So that the thing breathes not, ruthless and fell
As woman once resolved on such a deed
Detestable, as my base wife contrived,
The murther of the husband of her youth.
I thought to have return'd welcome to all,
To my own children and domestic train;
But she, past measure profligate, hath pour'd
Shame on herself, on women yet unborn,
And even on the virtuous of her sex.
He ceased, to whom, thus, answer I return'd.
Gods! how severely hath the Thunderer plagued
The house of Atreus, even from the first,
By female counsels! we for Helen's sake
Have numerous died, and Clytemnestra framed
While thou wast far remote, this snare for thee!
So I, to whom Atrides thus replied.
Thou, therefore, be not pliant overmuch
To woman; trust her not with all thy mind,
But half disclose to her, and half conceal.
Yet, from thy consort's hand no bloody death,
My friend, hast thou to fear; for passing wise
Icarius' daughter is, far other thoughts,
Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.
Her, going to the wars we left a bride
New-wedded, and the boy hung at her breast,
Who, man himself, consorts ere now with men
A prosperous youth; his father, safe restored
To his own Ithaca, shall see him soon,
And *he* shall clasp his father in his arms

As nature bids; but me, my cruel one
Indulged not with the dear delight to gaze
On my Orestes, for she slew me first.
[10]But listen; treasure what I now impart.
Steer secret to thy native isle; avoid
Notice; for woman merits trust no more.
Now tell me truth. Hear ye in whose abode
My son resides? dwells he in Pylus, say,
Or in Orchomenos, or else beneath
My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain?
For my Orestes is not yet a shade.
So he, to whom I answer thus return'd.
Atrides, ask not me. Whether he live,
Or have already died, I nothing know;
Mere words are vanity, and better spared.
Thus we discoursing mutual stood, and tears
Shedding disconsolate. The shade, meantime,
Came of Achilles, Peleus' mighty son;
Patroclus also, and Antilochus
Appear'd, with Ajax, for proportion just
And stature tall, (Pelides sole except)
Distinguish'd above all Achaia's sons.
The soul of swift Æacides at once
Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began.
Brave Laertiades, for wiles renown'd!

[10] This is, surely, one of the most natural strokes to be found in any poet. Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope, he mentions her with respect; but recollecting himself suddenly, involves even her in his general ill opinion of the sex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemnestra.

What mightier enterprize than all the past
Hath made thee here a guest? rash as thou art!
How hast thou dared to penetrate the gloom
Of Ades, dwelling of the shadowy dead,
Semblances only of what once they were?
He spake, to whom I, answering, thus replied.
O Peleus' son! Achilles! bravest far
Of all Achaia's race! I here arrived
Seeking Tiresias, from his lips to learn,
Perchance, how I might safe regain the coast
Of craggy Ithaca; for tempest-toss'd
Perpetual, I have neither yet approach'd
Achaia's shore, or landed on my own.
But as for thee, Achilles! never man
Hath known felicity like thine, or shall,
Whom living we all honour'd as a God,
And who maintain'st, here resident, supreme
Controul among the dead; indulge not then,
Achilles, causeless grief that thou hast died.
I ceased, and answer thus instant received.
Renown'd Ulysses! think not death a theme
Of consolation; I had rather live
The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread
Of some man scantily himself sustain'd,
Than sovereign empire hold o'er all the shades.
But come—speak to me of my noble boy;
Proceeds he, as he promised, brave in arms,
Or shuns he war? Say also hast thou heard
Of royal Peleus? shares he still respect
Among his numerous Myrmidons, or scorn

In Hellas and in Phthia, for that age
Predominates in his enfeebled limbs?
For help is none in me; the glorious sun
No longer sees me such, as when in aid
Of the Achaians I o'erspread the field
Of spacious Troy with all their bravest slain.
[11] Oh might I, vigorous as then, repair
For one short moment to my father's house,
They all should tremble; I would show an arm,
Such as should daunt the fiercest who presumes
To injure *him*, or to despise his age.
Achilles spake, to whom I thus replied.
Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard;
But I will tell thee, as thou biddest, the truth
Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy son;
For him, myself, on board my hollow bark
From Scyros to Achaia's host convey'd.
Oft as in council under Ilium's walls
We met, he ever foremost was in speech,
Nor spake erroneous; Nestor and myself
Except, no Grecian could with him compare.
Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around
Troy's bulwarks from among the mingled crowd
Thy son sprang foremost into martial act,
Inferior in heroic worth to none.

[11] Another most beautiful stroke of nature. Ere yet Ulysses has had opportunity to answer, the very thought that Peleus may possibly be insulted, fires him, and he takes the whole for granted. Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles sustained to the last moment.

Beneath him numerous fell the sons of Troy
In dreadful fight, nor have I power to name
Distinctly all, who by his glorious arm
Exerted in the cause of Greece, expired.
Yet will I name Eurypylus, the son
Of Telephus, an Hero whom his sword
Of life bereaved, and all around him strew'd
The plain with his Cetean warriors, won
To Ilium's side by bribes [12] to women given.
Save noble Memnon only, I beheld
No Chief at Ilium beautiful as he.
Again, when we within the horse of wood
Framed by Epeüs sat, an ambush chosen
Of all the bravest Greeks, and I in trust
Was placed to open or to keep fast-closed
The hollow fraud; then every Chieftain there
And Senator of Greece wiped from his cheeks
The tears, and tremors felt in every limb;
But never saw I changed to terror's hue
His ruddy cheeks, no tears, wiped *he* away,
But oft he press'd me to go forth, his suit
With prayers enforcing, griping hard his hilt
And his brass-burthen'd spear, and dire revenge

[12] Γυναίων εινεκα δώρων—Priam is said to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylus, to persuade him to the assistance of Troy, he being himself unwilling to engage. The passage through defect of history has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different senses to it, all conjectural. The Ceteans are said to have been a people of Mysia, of which Eurypylus was King.

Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy.
At length when we had sack'd the lofty town
Of Priam, laden with abundant spoils
He safe embark'd, neither by spear or shaft
Aught hurt, or in close fight by faulchion's edge,
As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt
Promiscuous, at the will of fiery Mars.
So I; then striding large, the spirit thence
Withdrew of swift Æacides, along
The hoary[13] mead pacing with joy elate
That I had blazon'd bright his son's renown.
The other souls of men by death dismiss'd
Stood mournful by, sad uttering each his woes;
The soul alone I saw standing remote
Of Telamonian Ajax, still incensed
That in our public contest for the arms
Worn by Achilles, and by Thetis thrown
Into dispute, my claim had strongest proved,
Troy and Minerva judges of the cause.
Disastrous victory! which I could wish
Not to have won, since for that armour's sake
The earth hath cover'd Ajax, in his form
And martial deeds superior far to all
The Greecians, Peleus' matchless son except.
I, seeking to appease him, thus began.
O Ajax, son of glorious Telamon!

[13] Κατ' ασφοδελον λειμωνα—Asphodel was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceased, and hence the supposition, that the Stygian plain was cloathed with asphodel. F.

Canst thou remember, even after death,
Thy wrath against me, kindled for the sake
Of those pernicious arms? arms which the Gods
Ordain'd of such dire consequence to Greece,
Which caused thy death, our bulwark! Thee we mourn
With grief perpetual, nor the death lament
Of Peleus' son, Achilles, more than thine.
Yet none is blameable; Jove evermore
With bitterest hate pursued Achaia's host,
And he ordain'd thy death. Hero! approach,
That thou may'st hear the words with which I seek
To sooth thee; let thy long displeasure cease!
Quell all resentment in thy generous breast!
I spake; nought answer'd he, but sullen join'd
His fellow ghosts; yet, angry as he was,
I had prevail'd even on him to speak,
Or had, at least, accosted him again,
But that my bosom teem'd with strong desire
Urgent to see yet others of the dead.
There saw I Minos, offspring famed of Jove;
His golden sceptre in his hand, he sat
Judge of the dead; they, pleading each in turn
His cause, some stood, some sat, filling the house
Whose spacious folding gates are never closed.
Orion next, huge ghost, engaged my view,
Droves urging o'er the grassy mead of beasts
Which he had slain, himself, on the wild hills,
With strong club arm'd of ever-during brass.
There also Tityus on the ground I saw
Extended, offspring of the glorious earth;

Nine acres he o'erspread, and, at his side
Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,
Scooping his entrails; nor sufficed his hands
To fray them thence; for he had sought to force
Latona, illustrious concubine of Jove,
What time the Goddess journey'd o'er the rocks
Of Pytho into pleasant Panopeus.
Next, suffering grievous torments, I beheld
Tantalus; in a pool he stood, his chin
Wash'd by the wave; thirst-parch'd he seem'd, but found
Nought to assuage his thirst; for when he bow'd
His hoary head, ardent to quaff, the flood
Vanish'd absorb'd, and at his feet, adust
The soil appear'd, dried, instant, by the Gods.
Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,
The luscious fig, and unctuous olive smooth:
Which when with sudden grasp he would have seized,
Winds whirl'd them high into the dusky clouds.
There, too, the hard-task'd Sisyphus I saw,
[14] Thrusting before him, strenuous, a vast rock.
With hands and feet struggling, he shoved the stone
Up to a hill-top; but the steep well-nigh
Vanquish'd, by some [15] great force, repulsed, the mass

[14] Βασαζοντα must have this sense interpreted by what follows. To attempt to make the English numbers expressive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Sisyphus. The Translator has done what he could.

[15] It is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain with precision what Homer meant by the word κραταϊς, which he uses only

Rush'd again obstinate down to the plain.
Again stretch'd prone, severe he toil'd, the sweat
Bathed all his weary limbs, and his head reek'd.
The might of Hercules I, next, survey'd;
His semblance; for himself their banquet shares
With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms
Enfolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair
Of Jove, and of his golden-sandal'd spouse.
Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead
Swarm'd turbulent; he gloomy-brow'd as night,
With uncased bow and arrow on the string
Peer'd terrible from side to side, as one
Ever in act to shoot; a dreadful belt
He bore athwart his bosom, thong'd with gold.
There, broider'd shone many a stupendous form,
Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flashing eyes,
Fierce combats, battles, bloodshed, homicide.
The artist, author of that belt, none such
Before, produced, or after. Me his eye
No sooner mark'd, than knowing me, in words
By sorrow quick suggested, he began.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Ah, hapless Hero! thou art, doubtless, charged,
Thou also, with some arduous labour, such
As in the realms of day I once endured.
Son was I of Saturnian Jove, yet woes
Immense sustain'd, subjected to a King
Inferior far to me, whose harsh commands

here, and in the next book, where it is the name of Scylla's dam. —Ἀναιδης—is also of very doubtful explication.

Enjoin'd me many a terrible exploit.
He even bade me on a time lead hence
The dog, that task believing above all
Impracticable; yet from Ades him
I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid
Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-eyed.
So saying, he penetrated deep again
The abode of Pluto; but I still unmoved
There stood expecting, curious, other shades
To see of Heroes in old time deceased.
And now, more ancient worthies still, and whom
I wish'd, I had beheld, Pirithoüs
And Theseus, glorious progeny of Gods,
But nations, first, numberless of the dead
Came shrieking hideous; me pale horror seized,
Lest awful Proserpine should thither send
The Gorgon-head from Ades, sight abhorr'd!
I, therefore, hasting to the vessel, bade
My crew embark, and cast the hawsers loose.
They, quick embarking, on the benches sat.
Down the Oceanus[16] the current bore
My galley, winning, at the first, her way
With oars, then wafted by propitious gales.

[16] The two first lines of the following book seem to ascertain the true meaning of the conclusion of this, and to prove sufficiently that by Ὠκεανὸς' here, Homer could not possibly intend any other than a river. In those lines he tells us in the plainest terms, that *the ship left the stream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open sea.* Diodorus Siculus informs us, that Ὠκεανὸς had been a name anciently given to the Nile. See Clarke.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

Ulysses, pursuing his narrative, relates his return from the shades to Circe's island, the precautions given him by that Goddess, his escape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis; his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having slain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward shipwrecked and lost; and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the mast of his vessel at the island of Calypso.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XII.

And now, borne seaward from the river-stream
Of the Oceanus we plow'd again
The spacious Deep, and reach'd the Ææan isle,
Where, daughter of the dawn, Aurora takes
Her choral sports, and whence the sun ascends.
We, there arriving, thrust our bark aground
On the smooth beach, then landed, and on shore
Reposed, expectant of the sacred dawn.
But soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
Look'd forth again, sending my friends before,
I bade them bring Elpenor's body down
From the abode of Circe to the beach.
Then on the utmost headland of the coast
We timber fell'd, and sorrowing o'er the dead,
His funeral rites water'd with tears profuse.
The dead consumed, and with the dead his arms,
We heap'd his tomb, and the sepulchral post
Erecting, fix'd his shapely oar aloft.
Thus, punctual, we perform'd; nor our return
From Ades knew not Circe, but attired

In haste, ere long arrived, with whom appear'd
Her female train with plenteous viands charged,
And bright wine rosy-red. Amidst us all
Standing, the beauteous Goddess thus began.
Ah miserable! who have sought the shades
Alive! while others of the human race
Die only once, appointed twice to die!
Come—take ye food; drink wine; and on the shore
All day regale, for ye shall hence again
At day-spring o'er the Deep; but I will mark
Myself your future course, nor uninform'd
Leave you in aught, lest through some dire mistake,
By sea or land new miseries ye incur.
The Goddess spake, whose invitation kind
We glad accepted; thus we feasting sat
Till set of sun, and quaffing richest wine;
But when the sun went down and darkness fell,
My crew beside the hawsers slept, while me
The Goddess by the hand leading apart,
First bade me sit, then, seated opposite,
Enquired, minute, of all that I had seen,
And I, from first to last, recounted all.
Then thus the awful Goddess in return.
Thus far thy toils are finish'd. Now attend!
Mark well my words, of which the Gods will sure
Themselves remind thee in the needful hour.
First shalt thou reach the Sirens; they the hearts
Enchant of all who on their coast arrive.
The wretch, who unforewarn'd approaching, hears
The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones

Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return;
But him the Sirens sitting in the meads
Charm with mellifluous song, while all around
The bones accumulated lie of men
Now putrid, and the skins mouldering away.
But, pass them thou, and lest thy people hear
Those warblings, ere thou yet approach, fill all
Their ears with wax moulded between thy palms;
But as for thee—thou hear them if thou wilt.
Yet let thy people bind thee to the mast
Erect, encompassing thy feet and arms
With cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,
So shalt thou, raptured, hear the Sirens' song.
But if thou supplicate to be released,
Or give such order, then, with added cords
Let thy companions bind thee still the more.
When thus thy people shall have safely pass'd
The Sirens by, think not from me to learn
What course thou next shalt steer; two will occur;
Deliberate chuse: I shall describe them both.
Here vaulted rocks impend, dash'd by the waves
Immense of Amphitrite azure-eyed;
The blessed Gods those rocks, Erratic, call.
Birds cannot pass them safe; no, not the doves
Which his ambrosia bear to Father Jove,
But even of those doves the slippery rock
Proves fatal still to one, for which the God
Supplies another, lest the number fail.
No ship, what ship soever there arrives,
Escapes them, but both mariners and planks

Whelm'd under billows of the Deep, or, caught
By fiery tempests, sudden disappear.
Those rocks the billow-cleaving bark alone,
The Argo, further'd by the vows of all,
Pass'd safely, sailing from Ææta's isle;
Nor she had pass'd, but surely dash'd had been
On those huge rocks, but that, propitious still
To Jason, Juno sped her safe along.
These rocks are two; one lifts his summit sharp
High as the spacious heavens, wrapt in dun clouds
Perpetual, which nor autumn sees dispersed
Nor summer, for the sun shines never there;
No mortal man might climb it or descend,
Though twice ten hands and twice ten feet he own'd,
For it is levigated as by art.
Down scoop'd to Erebus, a cavern drear
Yawns in the centre of its western side;
Pass it, renown'd Ulysses! but aloof
So far, that a keen arrow smartly sent
Forth from thy bark should fail to reach the cave.
There Scylla dwells, and thence her howl is heard
Tremendous; shrill her voice is as the note
Of hound new-whelp'd, but hideous her aspect,
Such as no mortal man, nor even a God
Encountering her, should with delight survey.
Her feet are twelve, all fore-feet; six her necks
Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head
Terrific, and each head with fangs is arm'd
In triple row, thick-planted, stored with death.
Plunged to her middle in the hollow den

She lurks, protruding from the black abyss
Her heads, with which the ravening monster dives
In quest of dolphins, dog-fish, or of prey
More bulky, such as in the roaring gulfs
Of Amphitrite without end abounds.
It is no seaman's boast that e'er he slipp'd
Her cavern by, unharm'd. In every mouth
She bears upcaught a mariner away.
The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find
Humbler, a bow-shot only from the first;
On this a wild fig grows broad-leaved, and here
Charybdis dire ingulfs the sable flood.
Each day she thrice disgorges, and each day
Thrice swallows it. Ah! well-forewarn'd beware
What time she swallows, that thou come not nigh,
For not himself, Neptune, could snatch thee thence.
Close passing Scylla's rock, shoot swift thy bark
Beyond it, since the loss of six alone
Is better far than shipwreck made of all.
So Circe spake, to whom I thus replied.
Tell me, O Goddess, next, and tell me true!
If, chance, from fell Charybdis I escape,
May I not also save from Scylla's force
My people, should the monster threaten them?
I said, and quick the Goddess in return.
Unhappy! can exploits and toils of war
Still please thee? yield'st not to the Gods themselves?
She is no mortal, but a deathless pest,
Impracticable, savage, battle-proof.
Defence is vain; flight is thy sole resource,
For should'st thou linger putting on thy arms

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Beside the rock, beware, lest darting forth
Her numerous heads, she seize with every mouth
A Greecian, and with others, even thee.
Pass therefore swift, and passing, loud invoke
Cratais, mother of this plague of man,
Who will forbid her to assail thee more.
Thou, next, shalt reach Thrinacia; there, the beeves
And fatted flocks graze numerous of the Sun;
Seven herds; as many flocks of snowy fleece;
Fifty in each; they breed not, neither die,
Nor are they kept by less than Goddesses,
Lampetia fair, and Phäethusa, both
By nymph Neæra to Hyperion borne.
Them, soon as she had train'd them to an age
Proportion'd to that charge, their mother sent
Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep
Inviolate their father's flocks and herds.
If, anxious for a safe return, thou spare
Those herds and flocks, though after much endured,
Ye may at last your Ithaca regain;
But should'st thou violate them, I foretell
Destruction of thy ship and of thy crew,
And though thyself escape, thou shalt return
Late, in ill plight, and all thy friends destroy'd.
She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd.
Then, all-divine, her graceful steps she turn'd
Back through the isle, and at the beach arrived,
I summon'd all my followers to ascend
The bark again, and cast the hawsers loose.
They, at my voice, embarking, fill'd in ranks
The seats, and rowing, thresh'd the hoary flood.

And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,
Pleasant companion of our course, and we
(The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling sat,
While managed gales sped swift the bark along.
Then, with dejected heart, thus I began.
Oh friends! (for it is needful that not one
Or two alone the admonition hear
Of Circe, beauteous prophetess divine,)
To all I speak, that whether we escape
Or perish, all may be at least forewarn'd.
She bids us, first, avoid the dangerous song
Of the sweet Sirens and their flowery meads.
Me only she permits those strains to hear;
But ye shall bind me with coercion strong
Of cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,
And by no struggles to be loosed of mine.
But should I supplicate to be released
Or give such order, then, with added cords
Be it your part to bind me still the more.
Thus with distinct precaution I prepared
My people; rapid in her course, meantime,
My gallant bark approach'd the Siren's isle,
For brisk and favourable blew the wind.
Then fell the wind suddenly, and serene
A breathless calm ensued, while all around
The billows slumber'd, lull'd by power divine.
Up-sprang my people, and the folded sails
Bestowing in the hold, sat to their oars,
Which with their polish'd blades whiten'd the Deep.
I, then, with edge of steel severing minute

A waxen cake, chafed it and moulded it
Between my palms; ere long the ductile mass
Grew warm, obedient to that ceaseless force,
And to Hyperion's all-pervading beams.
With that soft liniment I fill'd the ears
Of my companions, man by man, and they
My feet and arms with strong coercion bound
Of cordage to the mast-foot well secured.
Then down they sat, and rowing, thresh'd the brine.
But when with rapid course we had arrived
Within such distance as a voice may reach,
Not unperceived by them the gliding bark
Approach'd, and thus harmonious they began.
  Ulysses, Chief by every tongue extoll'd,
Achaia's boast, oh hither steer thy bark!
Here stay thy course, and listen to our lay!
These shores none passes in his sable ship
Till, first, the warblings of our voice he hear,
Then, happier hence and wiser he departs.
All that the Greeks endured, and all the ills
Inflicted by the Gods on Troy, we know,
Know all that passes on the boundless earth.
  So they with voices sweet their music poured
Melodious on my ear, winning with ease
My heart's desire to listen, and by signs
I bade my people, instant, set me free.
But they incumbent row'd, and from their seats
Eurylochus and Perimedes sprang
With added cords to bind me still the more.
This danger past, and when the Siren's voice,
Now left remote, had lost its power to charm,

Then, my companions freeing from the wax
Their ears, deliver'd me from my restraint.
The island, left afar, soon I discern'd
Huge waves, and smoke, and horrid thunderings heard.
All sat aghast; forth flew at once the oars
From every hand, and with a clash the waves
Smote altogether; check'd, the galley stood,
By billow-sweeping oars no longer urged,
And I, throughout the bark, man after man
Encouraged all, addressing thus my crew.
We meet not, now, my friends, our first distress.
This evil is not greater than we found
When the huge Cyclops in his hollow den
Imprison'd us, yet even thence we 'scaped,
My intrepidity and fertile thought
Opening the way; and we shall recollect
These dangers also, in due time, with joy.
Come, then—pursue my counsel. Ye your seats
Still occupying, smite the furrow'd flood
With well-timed strokes, that by the will of Jove
We may escape, perchance, this death, secure.
To thee the pilot thus I speak, (my words
Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves,)
This smoke, and these tumultuous waves avoid;
Steer wide of both; yet with an eye intent
On yonder rock, lest unaware thou hold
Too near a course, and plunge us into harm.
So I; with whose advice all, quick, complied.
But Scylla I as yet named not, (that woe
Without a cure,) lest, terrified, my crew
Should all renounce their oars, and crowd below.

Just then, forgetful of the strict command
Of Circe not to arm, I cloath'd me all
In radiant armour, grasp'd two quivering spears,
And to the deck ascended at the prow,
Expecting earliest notice there, what time
The rock-bred Scylla should annoy my friends.
But I discern'd her not, nor could, although
To weariness of sight the dusky rock
I vigilant explored. Thus, many a groan
Heaving, we navigated sad the streight,
For here stood Scylla, while Charybdis there
With hoarse throat deep absorb'd the briny flood.
Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,
Like water cauldron'd o'er a furious fire
The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray
On both those rocky summits fell in showers.
But when she suck'd the salt wave down again,
Then, all the pool appear'd wheeling about
Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the sea
Drawn off into that gulf disclosed to view
The oozy bottom. Us pale horror seized.
Thus, dreading death, with fast-set eyes we watch'd
Charybdis; meantime, Scylla from the bark
Caught six away, the bravest of my friends.
With eyes, that moment, on my ship and crew
Retorted, I beheld the legs and arms
Of those whom she uplifted in the air;
On me they call'd, my name, the last, last time
Pronouncing then, in agony of heart.
As when from some bold point among the rocks
The angler, with his taper rod in hand,

Casts forth his bait to snare the smaller fry,
He swings away remote his guarded[1] line,
Then jerks his gasping prey forth from the Deep,
So Scylla them raised gasping to the rock,
And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them loud-
Shrieking, and stretching forth to me their arms
In sign of hopeless misery. Ne'er beheld
These eyes in all the seas that I have roam'd,
A sight so piteous, nor in all my toils.

From Scylla and Charybdis dire escaped,
We reach'd the noble island of the Sun
Ere long, where bright Hyperion's beauteous herds
Broad-fronted grazed, and his well-batten'd flocks.
I, in the bark and on the sea, the voice
Of oxen bellowing in hovels heard,
And of loud bleating sheep; then dropp'd the word
Into my memory of the sightless Seer,
Theban Tiresias, and the caution strict
Of Circe, my Ææan monitress,
Who with such force had caution'd me to avoid
The island of the Sun, joy of mankind.
Thus then to my companions, sad, I spake.

Hear ye, my friends! although long time distress'd,
The words prophetic of the Theban seer
And of Ææan Circe, whose advice
Was oft repeated to me to avoid
This island of the Sun, joy of mankind.
There, said the Goddess, dread your heaviest woes,
Pass the isle, therefore, scudding swift away.

[1] They passed the line through a pipe of horn, to secure it against the fishes' bite.

I ceased; they me with consternation heard,
And harshly thus Eurylochus replied.
Ulysses, ruthless Chief! no toils impair
Thy strength, of senseless iron thou art form'd,
Who thy companions weary, and o'erwatch'd
Forbidd'st to disembark on this fair isle,
Where now, at last, we might with ease regale.
Thou, rash, command'st us, leaving it afar,
To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waste;
But winds to ships injurious spring by night,
And how shall we escape a dreadful death
If, chance, a sudden gust from South arise
Or stormy West, that dash in pieces oft
The vessel, even in the Gods' despight?
Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins,
Our evening fare beside the sable bark,
In which at peep of day we may again
Launch forth secure into the boundless flood.
He ceased, whom all applauded. Then I knew
That sorrow by the will of adverse heaven
Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
I suffer force, Eurylochus! and yield
O'er-ruled by numbers. Come, then, swear ye all
A solemn oath, that should we find an herd
Or numerous flock, none here shall either sheep
Or bullock slay, by appetite profane
Seduced, but shall the viands eat content
Which from immortal Circe we received.
I spake; they readily a solemn oath
Sware all, and when their oath was fully sworn,
Within a creek where a fresh fountain rose

They moor'd the bark, and issuing, began
Brisk preparation of their evening cheer.
But when nor hunger now nor thirst remain'd
Unsated, recollecting, then, their friends
By Scylla seized and at her cave devour'd,
They mourn'd, nor ceased to mourn them, till they slept.
The night's third portion come, when now the stars
Had traversed the mid sky, cloud-gatherer Jove
Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempest charged,
Menacing earth and sea with pitchy clouds
Tremendous, and the night fell dark from heaven.
But when Aurora, daughter of the day,
Look'd rosy forth, we haled, drawn inland more,
Our bark into a grot, where nymphs were wont
Graceful to tread the dance, or to repose.
Convening there my friends, I thus began.

My friends! food fails us not, but bread is yet
And wine on board. Abstain we from the herds,
Lest harm ensue; for ye behold the flocks
And herds of a most potent God, the Sun!
Whose eye and watchful ear none may elude.

So saying, I sway'd the generous minds of all.
A month complete the South wind ceaseless blew,
Nor other wind blew next, save East and South,
Yet they, while neither food nor rosy wine
Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die.
But, our provisions failing, they employ'd
Whole days in search of food, snaring with hooks
Birds, fishes, of what kind soe'er they might,
By famine urged. I solitary roam'd
Meantime the isle, seeking by prayer to move

Some God to show us a deliverance thence.
When, roving thus the isle, I had at length
Left all my crew remote, laving my hands
Where shelter warm I found from the rude blast,
I supplicated every Power above;
But they my prayers answer'd with slumbers soft
Shed o'er my eyes, and with pernicious art
Eurylochus, the while, my friends harangued.
My friends! afflicted as ye are, yet hear
A fellow-sufferer. Death, however caused,
Abhorrence moves in miserable man,
But death by famine is a fate of all
Most to be fear'd. Come—let us hither drive
And sacrifice to the Immortal Powers
The best of all the oxen of the Sun,
Resolving thus—that soon as we shall reach
Our native Ithaca, we will erect
To bright Hyperion an illustrious fane,
Which with magnificent and numerous gifts
We will enrich. But should he choose to sink
Our vessel, for his stately beeves incensed,
And should, with him, all heaven conspire our death,
I rather had with open mouth, at once,
Meeting the billows, perish, than by slow
And pining waste, here in this desert isle.
So spake Eurylochus, whom all approved.
Then, driving all the fattest of the herd
Few paces only, (for the sacred beeves
Grazed rarely distant from the bark) they stood
Compassing them around, and, grasping each
Green foliage newly pluck'd from saplings tall,

(For barley none in all our bark remain'd)
Worshipp'd the Gods in prayer. Prayer made, they slew
And flay'd them, and the thighs with double fat
Investing, spread them o'er with slices crude.
No wine had they with which to consecrate
The blazing rites, but with libation poor
Of water hallow'd the interior parts.
Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had shared
His portion of the maw, and when the rest
All slash'd and scored hung roasting at the fire,
Sleep, in that moment, suddenly my eyes
Forsaking, to the shore I bent my way.
But ere the station of our bark I reach'd,
The savoury steam greeted me. At the scent
I wept aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd.
  Oh Jupiter, and all ye Powers above!
With cruel sleep and fatal ye have lull'd
My cares to rest, such horrible offence
Meantime my rash companions have devised.
  Then, flew long-stoled Lampetia to the Sun
At once with tidings of his slaughter'd beeves.
And he, incensed, the Immortals thus address'd.
  Jove, and ye everlasting Powers divine!
Avenge me instant on the crew profane
Of Laertiades; Ulysses' friends
Have dared to slay my beeves, which I with joy
Beheld, both when I climb'd the starry heavens,
And when to earth I sloped my "westring wheels,"
But if they yield me not amercement due
And honourable for my loss, to Hell
I will descend, and give the ghosts my beams.

Then, thus the cloud-assembler God replied.
Sun! shine thou still on the Immortal powers,
And on the teeming earth, frail man's abode.
My candent bolts can in a moment reach
And split their flying bark in the mid-sea.
These things Calypso told me, taught, herself,
By herald Hermes, as she oft affirm'd.
But when, descending to the shore, I reach'd
At length my bark, with aspect stern and tone
I reprimanded them, yet no redress
Could frame, or remedy—the beeves were dead.
Soon follow'd signs portentous sent from heaven.
The skins all crept, and on the spits the flesh
Both roast and raw bellow'd, as with the voice
Of living beeves. Thus my devoted friends
Driving the fattest oxen of the Sun,
Feasted six days entire; but when the seventh
By mandate of Saturnian Jove appeared,
The storm then ceased to rage, and we, again
Embarking, launch'd our galley, rear'd the mast,
And gave our unfurl'd canvas to the wind.
The island left afar, and other land
Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,
Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
Hung a cœrulean cloud, darkening the Deep.
Not long my vessel ran, for blowing wild,
Now came shrill Zephyrus; a stormy gust
Snapp'd sheer the shrouds on both sides; backward fell
The mast, and with loose tackle strew'd the hold;
Striking the pilot in the stern, it crush'd
His skull together; he a diver's plunge

Made downward, and his noble spirit fled.
Meantime, Jove thundering, hurl'd into the ship
His bolts; she, smitten by the fires of Jove,
Quaked all her length; with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,
And o'er her sides headlong my people plunged
Like sea-mews, interdicted by that stroke
Of wrath divine to hope their country more.
But I, the vessel still paced to and fro,
Till, sever'd by the boisterous waves, her sides
Forsook the keel now left to float alone.
Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the mast had fallen,
But fell encircled with a leathern brace,
Which it retained; binding with this the mast
And keel together, on them both I sat,
Borne helpless onward by the dreadful gale.
And now the West subsided, and the South
Arose instead, with misery charged for me,
That I might measure back my course again
To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,
And when the sun arose, at Scylla's rock
Once more, and at Charybdis' gulf arrived.
It was the time when she absorb'd profound
The briny flood, but by a wave upborne
I seized the branches fast of the wild-fig[2].
To which, bat-like, I clung; yet where to fix
My foot secure found not, or where to ascend,
For distant lay the roots, and distant shot
The largest arms erect into the air,
O'ershadowing all Charybdis; therefore hard
I clench'd the boughs, till she disgorged again

[2] See line 120.

Both keel and mast. Not undesired by me
They came, though late; for at what hour the judge,
After-decision made of numerous strifes[3]
Between young candidates for honour, leaves
The forum for refreshment' sake at home,
Then was it that the mast and keel emerged.
Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,
Fast by those beams I dash'd into the flood,
And seated on them both, with oary palms
Impell'd them; nor the Sire of Gods and men
Permitted Scylla to discern me more,
Else had I perish'd by her fangs at last.
Nine days I floated thence, and on the tenth
Dark night, the Gods convey'd me to the isle
Ogygia, habitation of divine
Calypso, by whose hospitable aid
And assiduity, my strength revived.
But wherefore this? ye have already learn'd
That history, thou and thy illustrious spouse;
I told it yesterday, and hate a tale
Once amply told, then, needless, traced again.

[3] He had therefore held by the fig-tree from sun-rise till afternoon.

END OF VOL. XIII.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

A COMPLETE EDITION

OF

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

TO BE PUBLISHED

IN MONTHLY VOLUMES,

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND VIGNETTE,

IN THE SAME FORM AND MANNER AS THE LIFE AND WORKS OF COWPER,

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

THIS edition, which the Author has arranged and revised with the same care as if it were intended for posthumous publication, will be comprised in Ten Volumes, including many pieces which have either never before been collected, or have hitherto remained unpublished.

The first volume will contain Joan of Arc, carefully corrected, and with a preface in which the circumstances of its original composition and sub-

sequent alterations are related. This poem has been placed first, both as a juvenile work, and as being that by which the Author first became known to the public. The second and third volumes will contain his juvenile and minor poems. Vol. 4. Thalaba the Destroyer. Vol. 5. Madoc. Vol. 6. and 7. Ballads and Metrical Tales. Vol. 8. The Curse of Kehama. Vol. 9. Roderick the Last of the Goths. Vol. 10. The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo; The Lay of the Laureate, &c.; and the Vision of Judgment.

Preliminary notices will be affixed to the long poems, the whole of the notes retained, and such additional ones incorporated as the author since the first publication has seen occasion to insert.

The frontispieces and vignettes will consist of views appropriate to the respective volumes.

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Wake the loud echo; the glad husband tears
The mantling aloe from his consort's face,
And children, now deliver'd from the dread
Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
Hail the good omen, and expect the sun
Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.

While thus in Orleans hope had banished sleep,
The Maiden's host perform'd their evening prayer,
And in the forest took their rest secure.
And now the morning came. At earliest dawn
Lightly upstarting and bedight in arms,
The Bastard moved along, with provident eye
Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they march;
And now the sun shot from the southern sky
His noontide radiance, when afar they hear
The hum of men, and see the distant towers
Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
And many a streamer wantoning in air.
These as they saw and thought of all the ills
Their brethren had endured, closely pent there
For many a month, such ardor for the fight
Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt
Then when Mohammed of the assembled tribe
Ask'd who would be his Vizir. Fierce in faith,
Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,
" Prophet of God! lo.. I will be the man!"
And well did Ali merit that high post,
Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
And on mount Ohud, and before the walls
Of Chaibar, when down-cleaving to the chest
His giant foe, he grasp'd the massy gate,